

# MCCALL'S

MAY  
1928  
TEN  
CENTS



*The Story of*  
**MARY, WIFE OF LINCOLN**  
begins in this issue

*Trans. C. R. L. J. L.*

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## BE YOUR OWN INTERIOR DECORATOR



Renew your linoleum  
for about 1½c sq. ft.

What beauty lurks in Valspar! If you could dip your brush in the rainbow you couldn't have more fascinating colors to work with!

And it's so easy! Why, the very first time you use Valspar you can turn out a job that you will be proud of. For Valspar flows smoothly and dries quickly without brush marks or bubbles or those drooping festoons on edges and undersurfaces that mark the work of the novice using inferior materials.

What vivid joy you'll discover in taking old but cherished pieces of furniture and changing them with your own hands into something new . . . bright . . . colorful . . . gay.



A Valsparred Front  
Door for about 70c

V A L S P A R

clear and in colors,  
is the famous water-  
proof varnish that will  
not turn white..With  
it you can work won-  
ders, quickly, easily,  
and at small cost.

A trifling expense . . . a few hours' easy work . . . and you have given to chair or desk or table a fresh new beauty that many dollars wouldn't duplicate.

The thrill of pleasure as you stand and eye your work! Compliments on your cleverness! Enjoyment in having yourself made something more attractive! These repay you richly for your efforts.



"A New Bed"  
for about 75c

Use the coupon below for sample cans of the regular Valspar colors:—Light Red, Deep Red, Vermilion, Medium Green, Deep Green, Light Blue, Medium Blue, Deep Blue, Gray, Ivory, Orange, Brown, Bright Yellow. Also Clear, Black, White, Gold, Bronze, Aluminum and Flat Black. Any two or more of these colors can be mixed to produce an infinite variety of fascinating tints and shades.

### Valspar Polish (Special Offer)

A new Valspar product which has met with instant favor — for automobiles, furniture, glass and all household surfaces. Use coupon below to take advantage of our Special Offer of one 50c can of Valspar Polish for 25c.

This Coupon is worth 20 to 85 cents

VALENTINE & COMPANY, 386 Fourth Ave., New York, N.Y.

I enclose dealer's name and stamps—20c for each—40c sample can of colors specified at right. (Not over three samples of Valspar supplied per person at this special price.)

Special:—One 50c can of Valspar Polish for 25c.

Print full mail address plainly.

Dealer's Name.....

Address.....

Your Name.....

Address..... City.....

Send me these Valspar

Colors at 20c each

1.....

2.....

3.....

Send 50c can Valspar

Polish for 25c.....☐

McCall's 5-28



See U.S. Pat. Off.  
The famous Valspar  
boiling water test

**VALENTINE'S**  
**VALSPAR**  
The Varnish That Won't Turn White  
CLEAR AND IN COLORS



# If your gums are the least bit tender start with IPANA tonight!

**Y**OUR teeth may be as white as ivory—yet faced with grave and serious trouble.

There may not be a cavity in your mouth, or a filling in your head, yet you may need the attention of a good dentist and the use of the correct way of caring for your teeth.

For your gums may be tender—they may even show a tendency to bleed. If your tooth brush "shows pink"—even slightly or occasionally—it is a sure sign that something is amiss and that your gums need immediate care.

## WHAT TO DO IF YOUR GUMS NEED ATTENTION

Talk to your dentist. Probably he will explain the matter to you in some such terms as this:

*"The food you eat is to blame. For it is too soft for the teeth and gums. It lacks fibre and roughage. It gives the gums no friction, no stimulation, no work. The blood does not circulate properly through the tissues and the gums become anaemic and undernourished. And this often leads to more serious troubles."*

But your dentist can do more than explain the cause of the difficulty; he will point out to you, too, the correct way to offset the bad effects of your diet.

In all probability, he will order gum massage. For today thousands of good dentists say to their patients:

*"Massage the gum tissue with Ipana at the same time you brush your teeth. If your gums are tender to the brush, massage them gently with Ipana on the*



HEALTHY GUMS ARE FIRM IN TEXTURE, PINK IN COLOR

*finger tips. For Ipana is as helpful to the gums as it is cleansing to the teeth."*

## HOW IPANA AND MASSAGE HELP the HEALTH of TEETH and GUMS

The pressure and the friction of a light massage stirs the dormant blood within the gum walls, and speeds fresh, clean blood to take the place of the stagnant old. The use of Ipana tones the outer walls of the gums, for its gentle healing ingredient (zirato), a well-known antiseptic and hemostatic is helpful in restoring to the gums their needed and normal tonic.

Massage and Ipana can make your gums firm and healthy. Their color will be right. You avoid "pink tooth brush." You improve the health and beauty of your mouth.

## GET A FULL-SIZE TUBE AT THE DRUG STORE

We have placed a coupon in the corner of this page. It offers you a trial tube, enough for about ten days. Use it if you will. Certainly this tube will prove to you Ipana's delicious flavor, its incomparable power to keep your teeth clean, white and beautiful.

But ten days are all too short to show you what Ipana can do for the health of your gums. At least a month is needed—a full-size tube will show you a far better result. So, we urge you to go to your drug store and buy a full-size tube (about 120 brushings). Use it to the last squeeze! Then will you know what Ipana can do to tone and strengthen your gums—to improve the health of *all* your mouth!

**IPANA Tooth Paste**  
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF SAL HEPATICA



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. E58, 73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....



Photo by Barron Callen, N. Y.

## Song of Spring

Children's laughter—the laughter of healthy, romping and carefree play is the eternal song of spring. Ever new it sparkles up like a fountain, catches the precious and fleeting sunbeams of the first years and then it is scattered, tinkling off down the days and weeks and twelvemonths which shape themselves into a lifetime. That this Spring Song might have a better hearing in our

### THE CHILD'S BILL OF RIGHTS

*The ideal toward which we should strive is that there shall be no child in America:*

- That has not been born under proper conditions*
- That does not live in hygienic surroundings*
- That ever suffers from undernourishment*
- That does not have prompt and efficient medical attention and inspection*
- That does not receive primary instruction in the elements of hygiene and good health*
- That has not the complete birthright of a sound mind in a sound body*
- That has not the encouragement to express in fullest measure the spirit within which is the final endowment of every human being*

HERBERT HOOVER

land, May Day, ancient festival of fruition and earthly singing, was chosen by the American

Child Health Association for annually celebrating our children's well being. Before children can sing they must be well.

The Association and its wise and famous president, Herbert Hoover, drew up the child's bill of rights for May Day, 1928. This they present to America that

there may be better Children for our Nation; a Better Nation for our Children.





# BEAUTY CREATIONS COTY

REVEALING LOVELINESS



COTY FACE POWDER

*Blanc—Natural—Rose No. 1—Rose No. 2—Rachet No. 1  
Rachet No. 2—Ocre—Ocre Rose—Mauve.*

*Popular size and double size.*



COTY ROUGES

*In the new East Indian box. Bright  
No. 64, Light No. 72, Medium No. 68,  
Dark No. 76 and Invisible No. 80.*

*REFILLS—Obtainable everywhere.*



OLYMPIC LIPSTICK

*The delightful New Double Size in Light,  
Medium, Dark, Cerise, Invisible.*  
*REFILLS—Obtainable everywhere.*

*Give your own beauty its due—flatter  
it delicately with the exact shades  
of powder and rouge which intensify  
its subtle, individual loveliness. Smart  
make-up decrees this perfect harmony of  
colouring. The tones of COTY Rouges  
and Face Powders are the artistic  
standard for every type—with the  
COTY Lipstick to touch your  
mouth with the final vivid  
exclamation point of  
charm.*



"ROUGE"  
*how to use it for greatest beauty  
—a booklet illustrated by  
CHARLES DANA GIBSON*

COTY INC.  
714 Fifth Avenue, New York.  
CANADA—55 McGill College Ave., Montreal



*The little Country Church's real glory has departed*

## FOR RENT, 25,000 CHURCHES!

*By John Clover Monsma*

ILLUSTRATED BY THOMAS FOGARTY

MANY of us, now definitely caught in the rush and crush of modern life, have had our life's beginnings in surroundings of idyllic beauty and a great, undisturbed peace. The scene is still fresh in our memory: church time on the old homestead. Father harnessing the two bay mares and getting the old surrey out of the shed, and then cutting across the barnyard to the house to don his well-worn Sunday coat and to exchange his tattered straw hat for a slouch felt. Mother and Sis leaving the spacious bedroom, their skirts pleated and trailing, stiffly corseted, with a dash of Florida water on the tiny lace-edged handkerchiefs, spreading that romantic Sunday odor that was peculiar to the church-going country women of a bygone day.

Then the long ride, over winding woodland roads. Glorious day, with all nature a song! On the roadside, wood thrushes skipping from bough to bough. A lone bumblebee buzzing madly around the surrey wheels as they grind through the sandy ruts. A stretch of corn with fresh plumage and green silken tassels wet with dew. Cattle grazing around the stumps. Two young colts racing up the hillside, manes flying, and snorting in youthful defiance. The perfume of a warm midsummer's day hanging over all.

And then, from distant hills, the soft silvery sound of a church bell. A cross road. More carriages; surreys, top buggies, two-wheeled carts, and even lumbering farm wagons; all headed for the church. In another half hour the church yard is crowded and all astir. Small groups of people stand around the main entrance exchanging the current news of the farm world or discussing the new pastor and his rather citified young wife. Then they begin to saunter in. More carriages arrive. The little building is filling fast. Old Bert, the janitor, grabs the bell rope, and from the ancient belfry sounds once more the call to worship; a flock of high-toned, jubilant notes, with the clear, quiet Sabbath air all to themselves, racing out and away in all directions over field and hill and dale.

Yes, we all remember. In our pensive moments, after the day's usual grind, with the buzz of evening noises in the street below quieted down and only an occasional "elevated" thundering by, the old scene comes back to us, and perhaps a shade of melancholy comes upon us, and we meditate more or less understandingly on the poet's plaint about heaven having receded and being farther off than when he was a boy.

We, millions of us, have started life just that way,

with all the rustic pleasures of Whittier's barefooted boy, and with Sabbath mornings that now seem to have been spent in the very portals of heaven. Dr. Pitts' famous little lyric about the "Little Brown Church" grips us every time we hear it sung. It was *our* church he sang about. It was the tens of thousands of little churches throughout the country that stirred his muse.

I for one catch myself time and again humming those simple little lines:

There's a church in the valley by the wildwood,  
No lovelier place in the dale,  
No spot is so dear to my childhood  
As the little brown church in the vale.

How sweet, on a bright Sabbath morning,  
To list to the clear ringing bell;  
Its tones so sweetly are calling,  
Oh, come to the church in the vale!

IT must be very disturbing news to many of us that the condition of the American country church today is little short of tragic. The famous "Little Brown Church" itself illustrates the general situation.

How those people worked, a couple of generations back, down there in Chickasaw County, Iowa, to build a house of worship! Enthusiasm ran high and there was a "will to work," reminding one of the spirited activity of the Jews under Ezra and Nehemiah when they rebuilt their temple. Those early pioneers had no money, but they fought their way through just the same. The members themselves quarried the rock for the church's foundation. One of the members gave enough trees from his native timber to furnish the lumber. Other members owned a sawmill, and the sawing, too, was done free of charge.

At the time of the dedication Dr. W. S. Pitts, who conducted a singing class in the neighborhood, paid a visit to the church and then and there, for the first time and from the original manuscript, sang his famous song that was to be taken up shortly afterwards by millions, *The Little Brown Church in the Vale*.

Half a century later, in 1916, the composer of the

song visited the "Little Brown Church" once more. But what a change had taken place! In the natural course of events there should have been a strong, flourishing church by this time, with a good resident pastor. Instead of that Dr. Pitts found a ramshackle organization, infrequent and poorly attended services, and no full-time, resident pastor. The last regular man had left the pulpit long before the beginning of the present century.

Oh, I am well aware of the Gospel meetings that are now being held in the little building Sunday afternoons. Also of the fact that hundreds of romantic young couples journey to the church every year to have their marriage knots tied on that hallowed ground. But that really means very little. The little country church's real glory has departed. The structure is very little more than an interesting relic of former generations, a memento of the faith and hope of a bygone day.

AS I have already stated, the experience of the "Little Brown Church" was symptomatic of a general situation in the American rural church world.

It is hard to visualize the extent of this enormous disaster. We churchmen have done a great deal of surveying and investigating in late years. Thousands of men and women were employed in this connection, and the latest and best scientific methods were applied in trying to obtain the facts in the case. The great mass of figures, statistics, charts and tabulations now at our disposal would startle the most phlegmatic observer. They spell ruin for the American country church unless some radical remedy is applied without delay.

By actual count it was discovered that exactly 561 church buildings in the state of Ohio alone stand wholly forsaken, with many of them in a semi-dilapidated condition and others transformed into barns or tool-sheds, and that in 194 other buildings in the same state no services were held at any time, though they had been kept in moderate repair and served occasionally as meeting halls for social or other purposes. One may add too that there are some 250 other buildings in which services are held so infrequently that the buildings may practically be termed vacant. All of which makes a total of about 1,000 churches in this one state alone on whose sides you might nail a "For Rent" shingle.

A conservative estimate would place the number of vacant rural churches in the United States, that is, churches whose doors have either been nailed shut or that serve their original purpose only [Turn to page 115]



for Economical Transportation



## A Car for Her, too!

The time has now come when "a car for her, too" is a necessity. And no car is so ideally fitted for her personal use as the Bigger and Better Chevrolet. The weight of a hand on the steering wheel . . . a gentle pressure on the accelerator . . . and it glides in and out of traffic with an easy certainty that inspires confidence in the most timid driver. Its improved valve-in-head motor is smooth, powerful and instantly responsive to the throttle. Its easy-acting, non-locking 4-wheel brakes are always dependable . . . always velvety in operation. And the ball-bearing steering mechanism provides delightful handling ease under every condition of highway and traffic. Small wonder that women everywhere have hailed this distinctive new automobile as their personal choice for their personal car!

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN  
Division of General Motors Corporation

*The Roadster, \$495; The Touring, \$495; The Coach, \$585; The Coupe, \$595;  
The 4-Door Sedan, \$675; The Sport Cabriolet, \$665; The Imperial  
Landau, \$715. All prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan*



QUALITY AT LOW COST

# His answer on milk

**Y**OU need to know about your milk supply—that it is pure and rich and absolutely safe, free from anything that could harm health. The man who knows about that speaks with all the authority of modern science behind him. He guesses at nothing. His word and his reasons are so convincing as to leave no further question.

## His Answer

Evaporated Milk is the one and only form of pure milk that is both protected and perfected in purity—that is always uniformly rich—more than twice as rich as ordinary milk—that is always absolutely safe—free from anything that endangers health.

## These are the Reasons

Sixty per cent. of the water of ordinary milk is taken out of Evaporated Milk. It is concentrated, by scientific method, to a standard of richness fixed by the United States Government. Nothing is added to it. It is surely safe because it is sterilized in sealed cans. It is always pure and fresh because the purity of the fresh milk is carefully protected from the time it comes

from the cow. Then the purity is perfected by the sterilization in the sealed can. Evaporated Milk comes to you as pure and fresh as when it left the farm—as safe as if there were not a germ in the universe.

## The Most Nearly Perfect Food

In all essential points of quality Evaporated Milk is extraordinary milk. Rich enough to use in place of cream, it makes better, more wholesome food than cream can make. Cream is rich in only one of the food elements of milk—butterfat. Evaporated Milk is rich in all the food substances of milk—the substances which

make milk—not cream—the most nearly perfect of all foods.

Because the cream never separates—is always in the milk—Evaporated Milk is never skimmed milk. Dilute it for any milk use, it is still whole milk.

## Modern in Convenience and Economy

Evaporated Milk keeps fresh and sweet on your pantry shelf—any quantity you need to meet any demand you have for cream or milk. Undiluted, it takes the place of cream—at less than half the cost of cream. Diluted to suit the milk use, it costs no more—in many places less—than ordinary milk.

Let us send you, without cost, our booklets demonstrating the superiority of Evaporated Milk for every cream and milk use. Address the  
EVAPORATED MILK ASSOCIATION  
976 MERCHANTS BANK BLDG., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

# EVAPORATED MILK

Richer~safer~more convenient~more economical than any other milk

Keeps fresh and sweet on your pantry shelf







## FOR DECORATION DAY

By Margaret E. Sangster

*Illustrated by* GRATTAN CONDON

*They are not dead, the ones so calmly lying,  
Where we leave flowers and swift, wistful tears;  
The outer part of them, alone, knew dying,  
Their spirits travel, still, along the years!  
They are not dead—the brightness of them lingers  
In sweet, remembered smiles, and words once said,  
They touch our souls with fragrant, vanished fingers—  
They are not here—but, oh, they are not dead!*

*They, who have given us the gifts of laughter,  
Of deep affection, and of vivid mirth,  
Lean toward us, on this hour, from the Hereafter,  
Bound gently, by their love of us, to earth.  
And though our eyes are dim, and though we miss them,  
We know that they are just a step away,  
And that our blossoms are the lips that kiss them,  
Our pledge of faith, on Decoration Day!*



## Toward the Dog Days

### How dogs do change

By Dorothy Parker

THERE will always, I suppose, be people who go about declaring that the city is no place for dogs. There will also always be, I expect, forest fires, wet rice pudding with raisins, influenza, motion picture magazines, and fancy galoshes. You can't hope to get away from them, and it is best to abandon endeavor. They all come under the head of This Living.

Perhaps it is well to admit, either for the sake or the suppression of argument, that the city is no place for dogs. Then the matter can rest right there, and everything may go along as usual. Neither the city nor the pups will mind in the least. They will just keep right on getting along beautifully with one another.

Some of my best friends are city-dwelling dogs, and I have yet to hear a word of complaint from any one of them. True, they are not above making something of a spectacle of themselves when they get back to Mother Nature for an unleashed run in the grass, yet the general attitude seems to be that the country is all right for a visit, but they wouldn't live here if you gave them the place. And it is obvious that the city must offer an ambitious young dog far more opportunities than he could find on the farm, for more and more dogs are coming to New York every day. The streets are thronged with them. The outlands must be practically deserted.

I do believe that you should select for your personal use, if you live in the city, a dog whose size recommends him for metropolitan life. Anything larger than a Shetland pony is perhaps a shade impractical. It is true that the sights of the town include the three beautiful, exquisitely conditioned Great Danes who are daily led up Fifth Avenue for their walk in the park, and I know intimately an Irish deer-hound who has lived all his life in a studio apartment, is practically bubbling over with health and high spirits, and is the delight of his home circles. But these may be exceptions. A big dog may get on delightfully, himself, in town, yet the strain on the family life may prove too intense. There was that Airedale I had once, I remember. It was during his reign that my apartment came to be known, among my friends, as the Black Hole of Calcutta.

You see, when he came into my life, he was seven weeks old and about the size of a three-dollar Teddy bear. And an Airedale would appear to be an entirely suitable dog for city wear; you see thousands of them—and I mean thousands—walking carefree and unconcerned along the avenues, usually with very pretty ladies respectfully occupying the other end of their leashes. But this was a sort of super-Airedale. In the wholesome air and sunlight of Manhattan, he grew and he grew until many people advised my entering him in the horse show. We would go out for a little walk, he



and I, and my feet would never be on the ground during the entire excursion. Indoors, he developed the habit of sofa-eating; he became, indeed, a veritable addict. Give that dog an ordinary sofa, such as your furniture dealer would be glad to let you have for a nominal sum, and he could make a whole meal off it. If you ran out of sofas, he would be philosophical about the matter—he was always delightfully good-humored—and make a light snack of a chintz-covered armchair. Once, I recall, he went a-gypsying and used a set of Dickens, the one with the

Cruikshank illustrations, for a picnic lunch.

"Now don't you worry about me," he would say. "You know how I am about what I eat—pot luck suits me best. For goodness' sake, don't make company of me. Anything you've got in the house will do."

It was eventually decided—and maybe you think that tears weren't shed over that decision!—that he was not the dog for an apartment existence. Given a stretch of countryside—a prairie, say—where he could run off his energies, he might be saved from the furniture habit. So he was awarded to a friend in the country. There was a sad scene at our parting. I was the sad scene. He never gave so much as a backward look. But that is ever my story. My dearest wish would be to be one to whom dogs gave all their devotion; but they always cast me off like a withered violet when anyone else comes in the room. It is their indifference, I suppose, that holds me.

The trifter in question is at present leading a model and contented life in a New Jersey village, where, I believe, he is thinking of running for post-master.

But he is the only dog from whom I have been parted by other than an act of Providence. I have always lived in the city and I have never been without a dog for more than two weeks at a stretch, a fortnight, I find, is as long as I can possibly go on in a dogless condition. The present incumbent alleges to be a Scottish terrier (the Scots get pretty bitter when the breed is referred to as Aberdeen terriers), although it is a bit difficult to ascertain upon what she

bases her claims. She is, many admit, somewhat on the general model of a Scottie, but on a clear day you can see a remarkably definite strain of cocker spaniel. But it does not matter. She has It.

Daisy, her name is—possibly on the assumption that she won't tell. It is not the name that I should have selected; she was

named that when I got her, on which day she immediately took over the management of my life. But her name doesn't matter, either. She couldn't be annoyed to answer to it, no matter what it was. She is, on the whole, a genial dog. The only things she really hates are horses; so strong is her feeling that she has dedicated her career to barking at them. It is her plan thus to frighten them out of town, indeed to put such a scare into them that they will never return. She is not quite nine inches tall.

There are those who say that she is not extraordinarily bright, but they are not to be believed for a moment. Why, that dog is practically a Phi Beta Kappa! She can sit up and beg, and she can give her paw—I don't say she will, but she can. And when you ask her if she wants to go out, do you know what she does? (I have always hoped that maybe some day she would say "No", but it has never happened yet.) She goes and fetches her leash, that's what she does. But there—you shouldn't have let me get started talking about her. Next thing you know I'll be showing you snapshots.

Possibly she insists upon being called a Scottish terrier because, at the moment, Scottish terriers are high in fashion—it is queer, isn't it that there should be fashions in dogs? Scotties are a sane style; they are, so to say, serviceable and they give good wear. They have all the compactness of a small dog and all the valor of a big one. And they are so exceedingly sturdy that it is proverbial that the only thing fatal to them is being run over by an automobile—in which case the car itself knows that it has been in a fight.

Now is the time to see the dogs of New York at their best; they come out, these sweet Spring mornings, as

thick as crocuses and as cocky as blue-jays. The gay, swift, city Spring is their time. In the Winter, they are a bit too preoccupied to respond to your admiration, as they are pulled along by mistresses hurrying through the thin, gray cold. And in the Summer, their ranks are greatly reduced, for the better-connected ones—I just stopped myself in time, for I was about to say the "doggier ones," and then, oh, what would you have thought of me?—have gone to the country, hunting rabbits in Westchester or retrieving rubber balls at the Hamptons, lured there, doubtless, by the promise that they will not have to stay long, and the additional proviso that nobody will offer to give them the place.







Perhaps you may find some ideas here for planning an alcove bedroom. The floor is truly modern, yet one in quiet good taste. It is Armstrong's Inset Jaspé No. J 14 laid with a plain blue linoleum border.

# Husbands can't call *this* floor an extravagance

*It's colorful and comfortable—a work-saver, a money-saver. It's warm in winter, cool in summer. And—it actually lasts a lifetime.*

JUST because the new designs in Armstrong's Linoleum Floors are so exquisite, so delightfully modern, you may *think* them expensive—tempting beauty that's beyond your budget.

Your husband's "We can't afford it!" however, can be quickly changed to "We can't afford to be without them," once you know and he knows all the advantages of these up-to-the-moment floors. Particularly is this so if you have old, worn floors in your home—splintery, cracked, and hard to keep clean.

For Armstrong Floors cover up the old boards, bring to your home a modern, practically one-piece floor of beauty

that keeps its rich color as long as your house stands. Their first cost is but little—not much more, perhaps no more, than you pay every time you have your old floors "fixed up." Yet this first cost of an Armstrong Floor is the last you ever have to pay.

Over the years you actually *save* money and have better-looking floors in the bargain. And always you walk on springy, quiet, comfortable floors, floors too, that, cemented over builders'

deadening felt, help to keep your rooms warm in winter, cool in summer. Any good department, furniture, or linoleum store merchant near you will be glad to demonstrate these facts.

*Welcome News!* By a special process, the Armstrong factory experts now protect Armstrong's Linoleum with an enduring, dirt-resisting lacquer finish called Accolac. Write for complete description or ask the merchant what Accolac means in floor-cleaning ease, in lasting floor beauty.

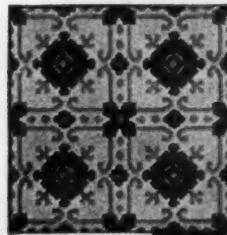
## Armstrong's Linoleum Floors

*for every room in the house*

### New book for home decorators

Hazel Dell Brown's new book, "The Attractive Home—How to Plan Its Decoration," brings you up-to-date suggestions for home decoration as well as floor facts that will save you money and housework. Illustrated in full color. Contains offer of free decorative service. Sent anywhere for 10c in stamps. (Canada 20c.) Address Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, 305 Lincoln Ave., Lancaster, Pa.

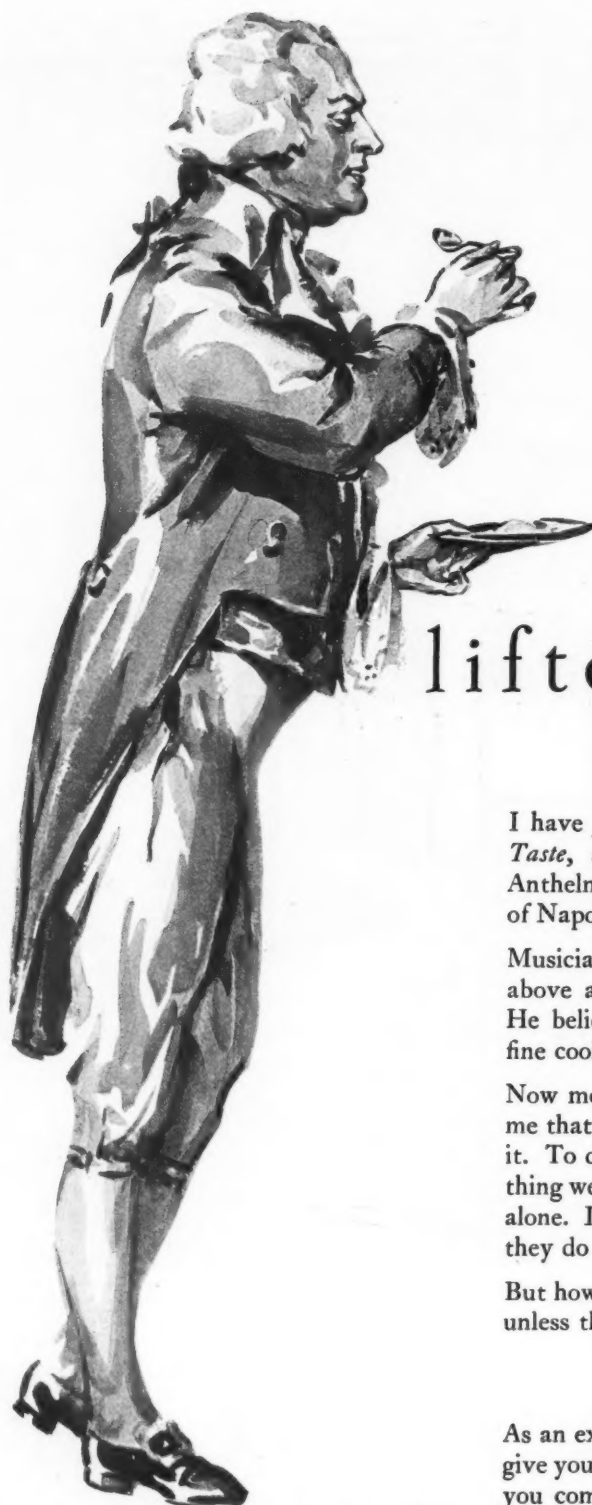
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Above — Embossed Inlaid, No. 3055

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# [THE IMPORTANCE OF Savarin's sense of lifted him to li

## Kentucky Chocolate Crullers

3 tablespoons Crisco  
1 1/4 cups sugar  
2 eggs, beaten  
1 1/4 squares chocolate  
(from 1/2-lb. cake)  
1 cup thick, sour milk  
1/2 teaspoon soda  
1 1/2 teaspoons vanilla  
5 cups pastry flour  
4 teaspoons baking powder  
1 teaspoon cinnamon  
1/2 teaspoon salt

Cream together Crisco, sugar and eggs. Add chocolate, melted. Add sour milk and soda beaten together, then vanilla. Last add flour, baking powder, cinnamon and salt sifted together. Take small amounts of the dough and roll to about 1/4 inch thickness. Cut and fry in deep hot Crisco (360° F., or when a small piece of bread browns in 60 seconds) until brown and well done. Drain on soft paper. When cold roll in confectioner's sugar. Makes about 50 crullers.

## District of Columbia Cheese Sticks

2 cups flour  
3 teaspoons baking powder  
1/4 teaspoon paprika  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
4 tablespoons Crisco  
1 1/2 cups grated cheese  
3/4 cup milk (you can use half water)

Sift flour, baking powder, salt, paprika twice. Rub Crisco in with fork, then stir in cheese with fork. Add milk; form into a ball of dough. Lay on floured board. Roll quite thin, about 1/4 inch. Cut in long narrow strips and drop in deep hot Crisco (360° F., or when a small piece of bread browns in 60 seconds). Fry on both sides until well browned. Sprinkle with salt. Makes about 60.

## New York Potatoes Rissolle

This is the way a French Chef prepares potatoes "roasted in the pan." Browning them in deep Crisco first, gives them a crisp, even brown all over—attractive and appetizing.

Take as many potatoes as you need, of uniform size (small ones are best), wash and peel them. Let stand in cold water an hour or two then drain and dry in towel. Drop into deep hot Crisco (395° to 400° F., or when a small piece of bread browns in 20 seconds). As soon as they brown all over remove with a spoon to baking pan. Sprinkle with salt and arrange around meat in roasting pan. Baste occasionally until done. They will need to bake about 20 minutes.

All measurements level. Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Crisco is the registered trade-mark of a shortening manufactured by The Procter & Gamble Co.

THE EPICURE JUDGES A DISH  
BY ITS TASTE

I have just finished reading *The Physiology of Taste*, a famous book on cooking by Jean Anthelme Brillat-Savarin, a French gentleman of Napoleon's time.

Musician, wit and officer of State, Savarin was, above all, the perfect judge of good cooking. He believed (and rightly, too, I'm sure) that fine cooks should rank with other artists.

Now most of us have to cook and it seems to me that we might as well try to make an art of it. To do that, we must remember that everything we cook is finally judged by *taste* and taste alone. If our dishes taste good we are artists; if they do not taste good, we are just poor cooks.

But how can we expect our foods to taste good, unless the things we make them of taste good?

## Taste your cooking fat

As an example, take French frying, for which I give you here some recipes and directions. When you come to think seriously of it, should you fry in a fat you are unwilling to taste? And Crisco is one shortening and cooking fat I have



1) All you need is an ordinary saucepan, a strainer and a 3-pound tin of Crisco. Put Crisco into a cold saucepan and heat slowly. When a cube of bread browns in 20 seconds your Crisco is ready for frying.



2) Don't wait for Crisco to smoke. Fill your strainer half full of potatoes, for example, and lower it into the Crisco. Increase the heat, as the cold potatoes naturally cool the Crisco a little.



3) When the potatoes are brown, lift strainer out of the fat, shake lightly, drain the potatoes on absorbent paper and sprinkle with salt.



4) Now strain Crisco back into the can and set aside to cool. You can use it over and over for anything you want to fry. The taste of one thing will not be carried to another.



# ANCE OF TASTING FIRST] n's delicate se of taste to literary fame

found that tastes actually sweet and pure just as it comes from the can.

Have you ever tasted Crisco in comparison with the fat you are now using? I wish you would.

Put a little Crisco on the tip of a spoon; on the tip of another a little of any other fat. Taste first Crisco, then the other fat.

Did you dream there could be such a difference in the taste of cooking fats? Imagine how Crisco's sweet, wholesome freshness will improve the flavor of your fried foods—your pies, your cakes, biscuits and muffins, as well.

Once you French-fry in Crisco and see how beautifully cooked your foods are, I am sure you will often cook this way. French-fried foods lend themselves to so many ways of garnishing and serving that you can transform inexpensive cuts of meat (and even left-overs) into attractive Frenchy dishes.

And remember, before you fry in Crisco, taste it just as it comes from the can.

WINIFRED S. CARTER



## Montana Chicken and Ham Croquettes

(If you prefer, use  $1\frac{3}{4}$  cups chicken alone or  $1\frac{3}{4}$  cups ham.)

2 tablespoons Crisco	$\frac{3}{8}$ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon minced onion	Dash of nutmeg
$\frac{3}{4}$ cup bread flour	3 egg yolks, beaten slightly
1 cup chicken broth (or milk)	$1\frac{3}{4}$ cups cold cooked chicken, cut in small pieces
1 teaspoon salt	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup cold boiled ham, cut in small pieces
$\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon paprika	

(Dry bread crumbs and 1 egg)

Cook onion in Crisco 3 minutes stirring constantly. Add flour; stir till well blended, then add gradually chicken broth or milk. Stir until smooth; bring to boiling point. Add seasoning, egg yolks, chicken and ham. Mix thoroughly; return to fire; stir until thoroughly heated. When quite cold shape into croquettes. Dip in bread crumbs, then in egg beaten with 2 tablespoons of cold water, then again in crumbs. Fry in deep hot Crisco ( $375^{\circ}$  to  $385^{\circ}$  F., or when a small piece of bread browns in 40 seconds). Drain on soft paper. Serve with cream sauce. Makes 12 croquettes.

## Oregon Cauliflower Fritters

These fritters are unusually good. You can use the Crisco they are fried in for frying anything else you like—even doughnuts, as Crisco does not add to or take from the flavor of any food.

1 large cauliflower	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
2 eggs, separated	1 cup milk
1 cup flour	1 tablespoon melted Crisco

Boil cauliflower in salted water until tender. Separate flowerets, sprinkle with salt and pepper, dip in batter prepared as follows: Mix salt with flour. Combine eggs, milk and melted Crisco. Stir liquid into dry ingredients. Beat until smooth. Dip each floweret into the batter and drop quickly into deep hot Crisco ( $360^{\circ}$  to  $370^{\circ}$  F., or when a small piece of bread browns in 60 seconds). Fry until brown. This will serve 8 people. For a small cauliflower use  $\frac{1}{2}$  of the batter recipe.

## Free: 12 Dozen Time-saving Recipes

A new and unusual cook-book. 144 tested recipes, all simple, easy and quick to prepare. Yet each makes a perfectly delicious dish. There are dozens of suggestions, too, that will save you endless time and trouble. To receive the book, simply fill in and mail the coupon below.



Cheese Sticks (above)  
Chicken and Ham Croquettes  
with Cauliflower Fritters  
(at right)

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Please send me free cook-book  
"12 Dozen Time-saving Recipes."

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HOW COSTLY THEY CAN BE!

"BUT NOT IF YOU WASH THEM THIS WAY"—SAY SALESPeOPLE EVERYWHERE

Smart doeskin gloves, sleekly-slim hose just the right shade for a frock, a brilliant scarf . . . trifles like these *make* a costume, the clever woman knows.

Yet what *costly* trifles, even when inexpensive to buy, if they are ruined in the washing!

But *if* they last and last—and still look charming, their cost is unimportant in the long run even though you've paid a lot for them. Here *care* comes in! To prolong the life of fine things, the right care is all-important.

What is the "right care"? When salespeople in the leading shops from New York to San Francisco were asked this question recently, the first thing a great majority of them said was: Be sure to use lukewarm water and *Ivory Soap*.

For example, in a smart New York shop

displaying soft washable doeskin gloves—the saleswoman said: "These wash beautifully, but be sure to use Ivory Flakes. That is a pure soap and will keep them a good color—also keep them from getting stiff and hard."

And in Philadelphia when a saleswoman showed cobwebby evening stockings, she said: "You should use tepid water and Ivory Soap for your stockings. Manufacturers say that Ivory is best for the colors."

And in Chicago: "Yes, I know this scarf will wash because I have washed one just like it—if you use lukewarm water and Ivory Flakes. Ivory Flakes is pure—just like Ivory Soap. I've noticed that other soaps seem to be stronger."

Whenever garments were especially charming or costly, or fragile, salespeople were almost certain to say: "Be sure to use *Ivory*." Why? You use Ivory on your face, so you know it is *extra-safe* for fine things.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

FREE—A little book: *Thistledown Treasures—their selection and care*, answers such questions as: Can it be washed? Will it shrink? Will it fade? How can I whiten yellowed silk and wool? How can I cleanse sweaters, georgettes, etc.? It is yours free if you will send a post card to Winifred S. Carter, Dept. 14-EF, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

"IVORY IS KIND TO

EVERYTHING IT TOUCHES"

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"Do you dare to defy me?" snarled Gustave Despard in an icy tone

## LIVE BAIT

*The Knave plays the Pawn against Love*

By Ethel M. Dell

Illustrated by HENRY RALEIGH

SO you are not dancing tonight!" The girl addressed started slightly, sending a swift look upwards from eyes so heavily shaded by their lashes as to look almost black. Her face was pale, and her fingers played continually with her fan. Having sent that brief glance towards the man who had accosted her, she raised one shoulder very slightly and made measured reply.

"As you see."

This treatment, however, did not seem to have any discouraging effect upon him. He remained standing beside her, watching the scene himself with somewhat furrowed brows.

Eventually, with a gesture which seemed to indicate a certain amount of boredom, he dropped down into a seat by her side.

She did not stir at his action, but continued to gaze steadily at the throng of dancers, though the nervous movement of her fingers on the carved sticks of her fan became more accentuated. By no other sign did she betray the fact that she was aware of his proximity.

The Englishman, for so he was, also sat in silence, and to a casual observer he too would have appeared to be watching the dancers, but his face was quite expressionless. He might equally have been completely lost to his surroundings and immersed in thought. No

casual observer would have looked at him twice. His personality had nothing at all arresting about it at first sight. He had always been the same in that respect. As a schoolfellow had once remarked of him after a brief but decisive encounter: "He looks such a sheep that no one would ever believe what a devil he really is till they came up against him."

It was perhaps somewhat uncharitable to say that he looked like a sheep, seeing that he had the broad brow and deep-set eyes that make for concentrated thought, but he certainly did not look like a fighter, and the faintly ironical lines about his mouth seemed to suggest that his strength lay rather in brain than muscle.

The crowd were dispersing to the little tables that were placed between the pillars and the walls of the ballroom. He reached out as he sat and deliberately drew one of these tables towards him with a proprietary air. Then, very quietly, he spoke.

"Miss Despard!"

She started, was silent for a second or two; then:

"What do you want?" she asked rather breathlessly.

He smiled a little behind the cigarette smoke. "I only want to know when I may have another game of poker with your father."

She turned abruptly towards him, almost as if at bay. Her small pale face with its regular features had an odd trapped look.

"Why don't you ask him?" she said.

"Because I am asking you, *mademoiselle*," he replied, with the air of one supplying an unanswerable rejoinder.

She spoke after a few brief moments of rapid thought. "He is engaged tomorrow—the day after, perhaps. But the day after that—if you would care—"

"Thank you," he said, and took a notebook from his pocket.

The music began again, and the dancers came thronging back.

Among them was a stout, middle-aged Frenchman, so broad for his height as to be nearly deformed, who came straight to the girl and bowed obsequiously before her.

She made a motion as if she would rise, but, oddly, checked herself and looked towards the Englishman. He leaned slowly forward, encountering the newcomer's eyes for an instant ere he turned his own upon the girl.

"You are dancing this with me, *mademoiselle*," he said, in the tone of one making a statement rather than proffering a request.

She bent her head.

He rose with the unstudied assurance that characterized all his movements. For a moment he looked down upon his rival, not triumphantly, but with a species of half-cynical amusement, as though the victory gained held little that was worth having; then he also bowed and offered his arm ceremoniously to the girl.

AS a dancer she was exquisite. Every line of her moved in complete unison with the movements of her partner. But in every other respect she was utterly unresponsive. Her still white features were a mask of silent endurance. She looked tired of life.

When the music stopped, she stood passive while everyone else on the floor clamored for an encore.

"Du Vallons has given it up. We will go outside," he said.

She accompanied him, unprotesting. They passed through a side door and came out into a cold flood of moonlight. His hand had found her arm and held it, lightly, but with a certain authority. They went down some stone steps and found a tinkling fountain that bubbled from the fantastic figure of a faun.

The man lighted another cigarette, standing with one foot on the marble. He looked down deliberately upon the girl's smooth head, but her face, as before, remained averted.

He spoke at length very quietly, with a remote kindness. "Miss Despard, why don't you give it up?"

She stirred, but she did not lift her head. "Give up what?" she said half-sullenly.

"This life you lead," he made unmoved reply. "This life you hate so much."

Her head remained bent; she seemed to be gazing into the crystal depths of the moonlit water. "I don't understand you," she said. "What other life could I lead?"

He did not answer her directly. "You are an English girl," he said. "This foreign atmosphere does not suit you."

"My father is French," she said with a certain obstinacy.

"I am not talking of your father," he said.

"I know." She spoke with a sort of dull resentment.

"There is so little that can be said of him, except that he encourages you to gamble beyond your means."

"And permits us to console ourselves with his daughter's company when the game is over," he pointed out. "That I take it, is Monsieur du Vallons' high-souled object at the present moment, is it not?"

"And what is yours?" she flung at him, dashing her hand into the water with a force that sent up a shower of spray that splashed him as he stood.

He did not move or betray any surprise at her action. "I have already told you," he said, "that du Vallons' aims and my own are not identical."

"I can't imagine why you come," she said, her voice low and resentful. "You have no money, and you are not like the rest—a born gambler."

"I am staying," said Wroxton simply.

She looked up at him suddenly, and her dark eyes glowed with a curious fire. "You are a fool!"

He smiled a little. "A matter of opinion!" he said.

She got to her feet abruptly and stood before him. Her hands were clenched, almost as if she were on the verge of violence.

"Oh, can't you see?" she said again, and her voice was shaking. "Can't you see? You are a man who has fought for his country. You are a man who counts. Do you think I can stand and see you—fool as you are—make a second sacrifice of yourself? Do you think I will be the bait for such as you? Oh, go away! Don't get drawn into this net! It's only meant for the old men—like du Vallons—who have lived their lives and don't matter to anyone."

"I see," said Wroxton. "They are fair prey, being old and senile. You are willing to be the bait for them, knowing full well that the hook will strike before they are able to close their jaws. I congratulate you, *mademoiselle*, on your high principles. They do you credit."

Her hands were still clenched, her nostrils dilated. "Will you go?" she breathed.

He continued to smile, as though he would provoke her to desperation. "Certainly, if you desire it, *mademoiselle*!" he said. "But, equally certainly, I shall return. Who knows? I may yet succeed in swallowing the bait without being caught by the hook!"

He swung round with the words and calmly walked away without turning his head.

As for the girl, she watched him out of sight ere she sank down again upon the stone edge of the pool into which the fountain fell, and beat her clenched fists in impotent agony upon her bowed head.

ON a sharp slope of the coast not far from the gay Mediterranean town of Monte Garda was a little shining villa with climbing pink roses and bright green shutters, set in a garden of flowers so dazzling and abundant as to be almost beyond belief. It had its own steep flight of steps down to the beach, whereon the tideless sea made its endless music in and out of the rocks with a slumberous monotony, and bright-eyed rats peeped and scurried among the crevices.



"You are a tool—a cat's paw"

It was a very beautiful scene, with the type of beauty depicted on the back-cloth of a theater, and there had been a time when it had seemed to Stephanie Despard the acme of all that could be desired. She looked upon it now as one regards the gaudy blossom of a poisonous plant. Its very richness seemed to add to its deadliness. When she sat in the little shelter smothered with purple flowers which stood at the top of the steps, her eyes always looked out to the skyline with inexpressible longing. She did not see the splendors near at hand.

It was so on the morning following the dance at the *Palais de Joie*. With lagging feet she came to the shelter, shielding herself from the blinding noonday sun with a white umbrella which she furled as she entered. In her simple morning garb she looked younger than she had looked in the glare of the ballroom, scarcely more than a child indeed, save for the utter tragedy of her eyes, the unchanging stillness of her pose.

An elderly man, gray and gaunt, but dressed with scrupulous nicety, came slowly round the side of the shelter and entered. He moved with dignity despite the fact that he was crippled, one leg being considerably shorter than the other. As the girl rose, he stretched out his free hand and laid it on her shoulder.

"Well, Stephanie," he said, "and how many fat fish did you sweep into the net for me last night?"

She did not shrink from his touch, neither did she respond to it. She merely stood passive as she answered him.

"I met very few people at the *Palais*. M. du Vallons was there—of course. I did not dance with him. He will probably come tonight to learn the reason."

"Ah!" He laughed a little, softly, somehow with the effect of a gourmand smacking his lips. "That was quite a clever move, my child. You did not insult him, I hope?"

"No, I didn't speak to him." She spoke indifferently. "I didn't dance very much. I was tired."

"Was Dudley Wroxton there?" he asked abruptly.

A tinge of color warmed the waxen pallor of her face.

"Yes," she said briefly.

"Ah!" He spoke as one enlightened. "And is he also coming tonight?"

"No." She turned from him and gazed again over the almost unbearably blue expanse of sea. "I didn't think you would want him. So I told him not till the day after tomorrow. I doubt if he comes again at all."

Her companion sat down in a patch of shadow and took off his hat. His gray face, aquiline, aristocratic as it was, had a curiously furtive, calculating look.

"Yes," he said, after a moment, "I think he will come again, *ma chère*. He is attracted by you—as they all are. When he comes—if he comes—you will be a little gracious to him. Is that understood?"

She did not look at him. "Why?" she said.

"Because I think it advisable." He raised a delicate hand and stroked his imperial with a meditative air. "He has no money; of that I am aware. But he has influence. He is a cousin of Lord Bramstead. He may prove of value to us."

"He will do nothing of the kind." Her voice sounded automatic, but it grated a little as though the machinery that produced it did not run quite smoothly. "He is an Englishman and he has fought for his country. He is not lawful prey—like these others."

Silence followed her words, a heavy, intense silence like the brooding stillness before a storm. Then, with an incredibly swift movement, a claw-like hand shot out and fastened upon the girl's bare arm.

"Do you dare to defy me?" snarled Gustave Despard in an icy tone.

His grip was cruel and she made a sharp, instinctive movement to free herself. Then with an odd, fatalistic gesture she submitted. Her eyes came to his, eyes of deepest, darkest blue whose shadowed depths held something unfathomable, something unassailable.

She did not flinch, but her lips parted a little, showing her white teeth clenched. Her face went slowly scarlet.

He spoke again sharply, in those whip-like tones. "Is it enough? Or do you need any more?"

She did not answer though the blood had begun to ooze between his fingers. The color faded from her face more quickly than it had come. But still she did not flinch.

For a space he held her so, then with a snarling laugh he let her go. "If you want more, [Turn to page 105]

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*I regarded her as something precious and fragile*

# GETTING REACQUAINTED WITH MOTHER

To a mother the grown-up son is ever the little boy of long ago and so the two together sail on a voyage of the heart

By John K. Winkler

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LA GATTA

I HAVE just returned from a holiday with a strange woman. When we set forth, I scarcely knew her. Our trip bridged a gap and revived a comradeship that once was the most precious thing in our lives—and is again.

This strange lady took me from the noise and confusion, the jangles and jars of an environment almost rowdy in its explosiveness and led me into a magic valley of contentment. Through the calm, sweet strength of her spirit a glimpse, at least, of the true measure of life has been caught by one never far from things that lie within sight of eye.

By imperceptible process—marriage, business, what not—many mothers and sons in this age of mechanics have slipped out of touch, spiritually. I venture a recipe for the recapture of some of the rapture of ten or twenty or thirty years ago: fling off on a holiday together, just you two, whether for a week or a year!

CIRCUMSTANCE, during long years, had held mother and me apart save at hurried intervals. A southern town claimed her in Winter, a New England village in Summer. Between seasons she dipped, ephemerally, into my world of ringing phones in New York. For my part, I regarded her as something precious and fragile. I felt her charm, even when I was not with her. Some day, I told myself abstractly between fleeting newspaper assignments here, there and everywhere, I must really find time for closer acquaintance.

Then, one morning, the postman's ring decided the matter for me.

"Dear Son," began the letter in a flowing, feminine hand, "this old widow lady has come to a decision that may surprise you. I am going to Europe! Why don't you come along? Just for a holiday. But keep the Big Secret all by yourself! You know how people would talk at the idea of my taking such a long trip alone."

Mother sailing away over the sea alone! Of course, mother is the youngest middle-aged woman I know. But the very idea of a gently-nurtured woman of any age venturing upon such a journey with no one at her side was preposterous, unthinkable.

brooks into a peaceful pond. Our souls sang to the sweetness of remembered things.

FOR our weeks in Paris, mother led me to a *pension* in the *rue Galilée*, a clean, white rambling old building with a patio garden, lovely with ivy, flowers, shade trees, bird boxes and shiny little tables and chairs, fresh-painted a magnolia leaf green. It was as comfortable as it was reasonable, this little haven off the *Champs Elysées*.

The name of the *pension* and the rates and a dozen other details occupied an entire page in mother's little blue notebook. I came to feel personal affection for this small volume of record, the way Aladdin must have regarded his lamp. Mother's little blue book was our open sesame unlocking the door to many delights. Its hundreds of jottings held the advice and the experiences of traveled friends who'd eagerly volunteered assistance when they learned of mother's project.

The little blue book avoided flashy, expensive hotels; gave us pleasing *pensions* and small, neat hostels; told us when to take tram rather than motor, when it was as comfortable to ride third class as first. Indispensable little blue book! You saved us hundreds and hundreds of dollars, but above all you demonstrated the sweet joy of friendly service.

In Paris I noted a curious phenomenon in myself. For years my life had been so ordered that the normal play time, when work is done, fell for me late at night. Paris, London also, is full of night clubs and cabarets, most of them conducted along strictly American lines. I had many friends in both cities. Yet, strange to say, I developed a curious antipathy toward playing around nights. I got a strange thrill passing the evenings in our little garden. After a late dinner, prepared and served as only the French can, the neat maids brought our coffee out under the shrubbery and we gossiped with our fellow guests. There were two young college instructors from the middle west; a keen English girl, an artist, with mind and complexion all her own; a red-headed bundle of energy in skirts who came from Omaha and was studying for the *Opera Comique*; and a New England rector who was employing his [Turn to page 112]

And so, one warm, luminous afternoon, we steamed out of New York Harbor, mother and I.

It was the beginning of a provocative adventure for me, an adventure that stirred embers I had long since thought were ashes.

Mother's friends made her departure an event. Her stateroom was piled high with fruit, flowers, steamer letters and telegrams, and nicely bound books of travel fluttering with marking ribbons—*Bits of Travel* by H. H.; Hawthorne's *Our Old Home*; Ruskin's *Seven Lamps of Architecture*; Lucas' *Wanderings, London and Paris*; Stevenson's *Edinburgh*; Hare's *Walks in Paris*; Kuhn's *Switzerland*; and, of course, *So You're Going to Paris!* and *A Satchel Guide to Europe*. (Later I learned that mother had a much-thumbed copy of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* hidden away in her luggage!)

The first day or two, habit led me to join the smoke-room rush at cocktail and cordial hours. There were types I knew well in New York: business men with nerves on edge, gay boys and girls eager to show their independence of America's moral "don'ts." So very soon I began to drift out into the clean, cool air, sitting, walking or lunching on deck with my lady.

There, in a world of our own, the wedges fell out one by one and our lives again flowed together like



"It looks kind of bare, Sue," he said, his eyes watching

her fa

## IN A CLEARING

*Flowers bloom forever in homes  
that hearts have built*



**A**HUNDRED years or more, ago, there stood in this clearing the beginning of a house . . .

It was a good-sized, log-walled cabin; but the sunlight, beating down on the new fields, left its bark roof in shadow, so that it looked small and pathetic under the old pine. A thin smoke, rising through the branches, was the only discernible filament of human existence.

The meadow land reached out here and there into the woods, feeling its way to other clearings on the

farm by means of wagon tracks which the sun found only at noon. Through one opening the silver green of Winter rye could be seen springing; through others the grey of rich woodland earth made ready for the corn and wheat.

It was early in May. The maples wore a faint blush, and all the woods were violet, and vague with the desire for leaves; except in the swamps to the north where the black tips of balsams made spear-points against the sky. A slight wind stirred above the clearing; but it blew too high to touch the heat upon the earth. Only the upper needles of the ancient pine stirred with a distant sibilance.

This tree alone, of the grove which had once covered

the open lot, remained. Double at the roots, each arm once more dividing, it had no value for lumber and had been spared for shade.

A brook meandered in and out of cold dark pools through the middle of the clearing, issuing mysteriously from the shadow, and escaping from the sunlight with a faint whimper under the knuckled roots of a butter-nut tree. One log bridge spanned it on the only road to town—a little place of houses, twelve miles through the woods.

**A**LONG this road, a cart came creaking out of the woods, swaying from side to side as the wheels found soft spots. The horses were dark with sweat and pulled with the deliberation of a team which feel a

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By W. D. Edmonds

Illustrated by FRANK HOFFMAN

heavy load against their collars. A young woman drove them. She wore a man's coat over her shoulders like a cape, for the forest shadows were yet chill with the night air. But as the sun came upon her back, she wriggled it off and sat upright with her eyes on the tiny cabin and the old unbroken tree. There was a dusty smell in the air, dry and acrid, as though the grass were stirring under the carpet of winter-kill, and was loosening it. She spoke to the team, and they stopped and allowed their heads to droop. One of them drew in his breath, and pricked his ears, as if he smelled the re-born grass.

In a moment an orderly procession of four cows, one of them tagged by a three months' calf, filed out in front of an attentively directing shepherd dog; and still a moment later two sows, each with a string to its hind leg, which a young man held in his right hand. Last of all, unburdened, a black and tan foxhound padded along the road, eyes half-closed, head raised, his nose examining his new surroundings curiously.

The man yanked the pigs until he came opposite the seat of the cart.

"It looks kind of bare, Sue," he said, watching her face, as if he were afraid of finding fear there.

Though she was small, she was well rounded and strongly built.

On her features rested an alert attentiveness; her blue eyes were clouded as if they possessed a vision of the slow growth of their home; for her husband had bought the land for them to live on, all their lives.

The sun found a gold gleam in her hair, and touched her and the new meadowland with promise of fruitfulness. Her fresh coloring deepened as she glanced down at her husband's tanned face, and she said:

"Yes it does, George; but there's a beginning there."

He looked where she pointed. Before the cabin door, the sunlight descended here and there through the old pine boughs; and one shaft found an answering light in



a tuft of double yellow daffodils—three blooms in all; but the color reached out through the shadow to the young couple like a cry in the stillness of the clearing. They stared at the flowers, thrilled, erect for the ritual of toil had not yet bent them.

Then the woman spoke to the team, and the procession moved on toward the bridge.

AS the horses' hoofs thumped on the logs, another team, harnessed to an old cart, came round the corner of the cabin. The cart was loaded high; and hitched to its tailboard, an old cow followed [Turn to page 92]

*"Lady of Lincoln,  
They wreathed her head  
With thorns when living,  
With nettles though dead."*



*Mary Todd when she was twenty*

# MARY, WIFE of LINCOLN

By Kate Helm

HER NIECE

*To Mrs. Robert Todd Lincoln, who loved Mary Todd Lincoln, this book is affectionately dedicated.*

A SMALL white pony galloped down the shady street, on his back a slender thirteen-year-old girl. Through the town and out along the dusty highway leading to "Ashland" they raced, the child's short, clustering, light brown curls, blown back by the swift movement of the pony, shining gold and bronze in the brilliant sunlight. The strings of her ruffled white sunbonnet were tied loosely under her chin—a very determined little chin—and the sunbonnet, pushed back from her vivid, rosy face, hung flapping down her back. About a mile from the town of Lexington she brought her pony to an abrupt halt before the handsome home of Mr. Henry Clay, and of the servant who appeared she requested an immediate audience with the great statesman.

"But," expostulated the butler, "Mr. Clay is entertaining five or six fine gentlemen."

Still the child persisted; so the old servant disappeared, soon returning to say that Mr. Clay begged to be excused, for he was entertaining distinguished strangers. It was then the child threw back her head imperiously announcing, "I can't help that. I've come all the way out to Ashland to show Mr. Clay my new pony. You go right back and tell him that Mary Todd would like very much to have him step out here for a moment."

Mr. Clay, tall, suave, polished in manner and mind, came out on the graveled driveway to greet his imperious little friend, the entire company trooping after.

"Look, Mr. Clay," she began, "my new pony. Father



*Mrs. Robert S. Todd*

bought him from those strolling players that were stranded here last week. He can dance—look!" The proud little owner touched the pony with a whip and up he went gracefully on his hind legs. The strangers laughed as Mary exclaimed: "Mr. Clay, my father says

you are the best judge of horse-flesh in Fayette County. What do you think about this pony?"

"He seems as spirited as his present diminutive jockey. I am sure nothing in the State can outdistance him," answered the courteous Mr. Clay. Then lifting Mary off the pony, "You are just in time for dinner."

"Yes, and just in time," said Mrs. Clay appearing at that moment, "to take a message to your mother. I was just about to send her a letter from her uncle, Mr. James Brown, but now you may take it to her after dinner."

Mary, not at all abashed at rushing in to dinner without a previous invitation, resigned her beloved pony to a negro boy, and holding tightly to Mr. Clay's hand went into the dining room where, seated by her hero, she was blissfully happy, listening with absorbed interest to the political discussion which animated the voices and faces of the diners. During a lull she exclaimed suddenly, "Mr. Clay, my father says you will be the next president of the United States. I wish I could go to Washington and live in the White House," she added rather wistfully. "I begged my father to be president, but he only laughed and said he would rather see you there than be president himself. He must like you more than he does himself. My father is a very, very peculiar man, Mr. Clay. I don't think he really wants to be president," said Mary, a note of disapproval in her voice.

"Well," laughed Mr. Clay, "if I am ever president I shall expect Mary Todd to be one of my first guests. Will you come?"

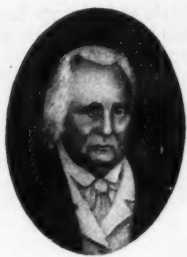
Mary accepted with enthusiasm. "If you were not already married," she said graciously, "I would wait for

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NOTE—Sixty-three years have passed since that fatal night in April when Abraham Lincoln lost the familiar proportions of a man and assumed the more unfamiliar pose of a god.

Several thousand books have been written in those sixty-odd years intervening; each, in turn, presenting some new, perhaps fancied, reflection of the man's profound character. As each book is born, taking its place in time beside its brothers already on the shelf, we seem to see the stern, arresting figure of Lincoln, the Mortal Man, receding farther and farther into the misty void of oblivion, while the masked monument of Lincoln, the Immortal Tradition, comes out to usurp its place.

It is significant that during these years people immediately related to Lincoln, those most competent to speak, have said little, written nothing. Others, less intimate, however, have told their stories; and we, in a mad frenzy to believe, have read them and so grown used to deifying the man who inspired their heroic efforts.

In spite of his deification, it is not wholly strange that much of the good which Lincoln did when living lies locked in the crypt at Springfield. But it is superbly tragic that the magnificence of his inspiration—"With malice toward none, with charity for all"—should have been lost upon those, who in their hasty reverence for Lincoln, have assailed the character and sacrificed the memory of one who was closest to him in life and even closer in death—his wife, Mary Todd.

How strangely fitting, then, that her proud family after a half-century of silence should tell its story of Abraham and Mary. Lincoln-like, they have borne their sorrow nobly; Lincoln-like, they have revealed the truth!—THE EDITOR



you." Mary felt this time that the burst of laughter must be at her expense; "so I must go now," she begged, slipping from her chair. "Poor mother is sick in bed and father is in Frankfort. Mammy told me I might ride the pony for a little while in front of our house. But I've been gone a long time. Mammy will be wild. This morning when I put salt in her coffee she called me a limb of Satan and said I was loping down the broad road leading to destruction." Mary dimpled into a little one-sided smile. "But Mammy is a good old soul. She promised to let me hold Baby Sam for ten or fifteen minutes if I didn't squirm too much. You've seen our new baby, Mrs. Clay? Don't you think he is too soft to be very healthy? I can't help but think he needs more starch. Teeny-weeny Margaret is all right, but Sam is flimsy." Then dropping a demure little courtesy to Mr. and Mrs. Clay she drawled in inimitable mimicry of a well-known society belle, "Thank you so much for your charming hospitality; I've had a most delightful time," and with a mischievous glance at Mr. Clay who had recognized the original of her caricature and was laughing heartily Mary was gone like a flash.

AFTER the death of Mr. Todd's first wife in July, 1825, and shortly after his second marriage less than two years later, wishing to indulge his bride and himself in their passion for flowers, he bought a commodious double brick house with a stable and servant's quarters on the grounds, and best of all, a large formal flower garden, beautifully planned and filled with bulbs and flowering shrubs.

To the left of the house was a conservatory opening from the library and leading into the wide garden walk.

A small stream, which meandered through the lower end of the place and in which the Todd youngsters waded and seined for minnows, gave them much pleasure in season, and out of season was the cause of many spankings. This stream has long since gone dry; the garden has been cut up into building lots; and the house, though still standing on Main Street in Lexington, Kentucky, has fallen sadly from its once eminent estate.

Mary Todd was eight years old when her father took for his second bride Miss Elizabeth Humphreys, the daughter of Dr. Alexander Humphreys of Staunton, Virginia. The second Mrs. Todd's ancestry boasted men and women of scholarly attainments and high ideals; she often repeated the familiar adage, and believed it, too, that it took seven generations to make a lady. Very calmly and competently then, she undertook the care and training of six step-children, ranging in age from eighteen months to fourteen years. And it was difficult.

Elizabeth at fourteen was already engaged in a romance with Ninian Wirt Edwards, a student at Transylvania University. At about sixteen she married him and went to Springfield, Illinois, to preside over the Governor's mansion, her father-in-law, Governor Ninian Edwards, being a widower.

Mary's grandmother, Mrs. Parker, bitterly resented the coming of a stepmother for her grandchildren and

never became reconciled to the second Mrs. Todd. Whether she influenced Mary, I do not know, but Mary was a bundle of nervous activity, wilful and original in planning mischief, so clashes with her very conventional young stepmother were inevitable. However, in later years they became very good friends, having many tastes in common. Both loved people, flowers and books.

Mr. and Mrs. Todd, being social favorites, entertained in the lavish way then in vogue among their friends, for in 1816 Lexington was considered the leading city of fashion in the west. A visitor at that time wrote: "Lexington is as large as Cincinnati. The inhabitants are as polished, and, I regret to add, as luxurious as those of Boston, New York or Baltimore, and their assemblies and parties are conducted with as much ease and grace as in the oldest towns in the Union." In other and more solid respects Lexington was also quite exceptional. Able and eloquent men filled the city's pulpits. Transylvania University had attracted professors of European renown, and the town was filled with students drawn from all over the middle west and south. The local newspapers were leaders of the state press, and the Lexington bar was probably the strongest in the United States.

Mrs. Todd's niece, Elizabeth Humphreys, who later married Judge Norris, of Batavia, Ohio, came to live in Mr. Todd's home to enjoy these superior advantages and Mary Todd and Elizabeth Humphreys immediately became the most intimate and devoted of friends. They shared the same room, the same friends and the same interests. Often they would stroll arm in arm through the garden, sometimes reading and studying there, breathing the luxurious perfume of the lilac hedge and the arbor of roses or

fragrant whiffs of spicy buster-pinks, heliotrope and lemon verbenas, wafted from the borders. Sometimes, Mary, bubbling over with fun, would plan some prank with Elizabeth's enthusiastic connivance. Mammy, the negro nurse, was suspicious of these moods in the children and would say, "The debil been whisperin' 'roun 'mong these chil'en." Then it was that she tasted her coffee with misgivings, expecting to find it salted or peppered.

When summoned from the garden in to supper, Mary and Elizabeth would have a rose tucked coquettishly over one ear, "for" (Elizabeth wrote) "Mary even as a child always loved to wear flowers in her hair."

"One Spring morning, hearing the peep of a little turkey, Mary and I flew out to the garden to find the little fellow. After hunting for some time we discovered the sound came from the honeysuckle vines which covered the latticed Summer house at the end of the garden walk. But the gentle, little peep suddenly turned



"Helm Place," near Lexington, where this biography was born

to the harsh note of the jay bird, and we saw the quick flicker of white in the wing of that masquerader, the mocking bird. The little rascal never tired of pretending to be some other feathered creature, now a field lark, now a cardinal. We had hunted half an hour for that little turkey."

Mary and Elizabeth were very studious too. With intent little faces they pored over their books every night, one on each side of a study table, a candle flickering between them. Now and then one or the other would stop long enough to pinch off with the snuffers a piece of the charred wick for a steadier light. "Mary," (Elizabeth wrote afterwards) "was far in advance of girls of her age. She had a retentive memory and a mind that enabled her to grasp and thoroughly understand the lesson she was required to learn. Ours was a hard task; yet long before I was through mine she had finished hers and was plying her knitting needles. We were required to knit ten rounds of sock every evening."

They were pupils of the celebrated Mr. Ward, a man of unusual ability as an educator. His requirements and rules were very strict and woe to her who did not conform to the letter. Mary accepted these conditions cheerfully, even eagerly, and never came under his censure. Frequently Mr. Ward required his pupils to recite some of their lessons before breakfast. On bright Summer mornings this was no hardship and Mary skipped blithely to her recitations, but she never murmured if conditions were not so pleasant, and when she had to get up out of her warm bed and dress by candle light, she and Elizabeth smiled and trudged sturdily through snow and sleet to the school which was several city blocks from their home.

Even though they had many good times together, children were allowed but few privileges in those days. Sunday school was a demure recreation, looked forward to with pleasure as an opportunity to recite glibly and a little more accurately than some other child, the shorter Catechism. Christmas was a time of great joy. On Christmas day the children, who had sprung out of bed early to empty mother's long stockings, borrowed for the occasion to give Santa Claus more room in which to store their few simple toys, were allowed to run around to their young friends in the neighborhood to wish "Merry Christmas" and "catch" them by screaming "Christmas gift" first out of excited lips. There was always church, followed by a big Christmas dinner, a house full of company and freedom from school tasks for a few days. So they were happy and satisfied.

Elizabeth writes to Mrs. Ben Hardin Helm (Mary's sister), "I love to think of the years I spent in your father's home. He was a man of unfailing courtesy and was remarkably kind to me. It was a charming house. Some very distinguished men came to Lexington in those days, and many of them were entertained at your father's home. Aunt was very delicate and I often wonder how she lived through some of those years."

"Jane Sanders, a negro slave, was a treasure. She was brought up and trained by Aunt's mother. She was our standby, especially as some of the other slaves were very trifling. Old Chaney was a delightful cook, but very cross and ill-tempered. Nelson, next to Jane in dependability, served very well in the dining room. Sally was a jewel of a black mammy. She alternately spoiled and scolded the children, but they loved her and never rebelled against her authority. Dear old Mammy Sally was very pious and loved to go to the 'white folks' church and sit in the gallery reserved for negroes, but she never seemed to come home from church in a very good humor, and always chided Judy, an assistant nurse owned by Mrs. Todd's mother, for some fancied neglect of the children. We also came in

for our share of the scolding. Such occasions afforded Mammy a fine opportunity to preach the gospel to us with impassioned oratory and great dramatic effect, and our youthful escapades called down upon our devoted heads such dire punishments in the future that we shivered with half-believing fear and stopped our ears with our fingers.

"Mary was so fascinated with Mammy's description of His Satanic Majesty that she made her repeat it time and time again, although we knew it by heart. We realized of course that Mammy mixed the Scriptures with many inappropriate proverbs and sayings which salved our fear of future torment.

"'Mammy,' Mary would innocently ask, taking her fingers out of her ears, 'do you think you could have dreamed that about the old bad man? I'm sure I saw you nod in church.'

"Mammy would bridle indignantly, 'Chile, you never saw me do no such ill mannered doin's.'

"Mary would glance mischievously at me, 'Mammy, didn't you say he has horns?'

"'Yes, honey,' Mammy would answer, 'just like that ole male cow animal out at your Uncle Stuart's house

years old the little girl became fascinated by the lovely, bouffant Summer dresses that puffed and swayed so entrancingly on the hoop-skirted ladies of the period. She looked in great disdain at her own plain gingham school dresses and simple white muslin frocks for Sunday. Her longing grew apace. She instinctively knew that her request for a hoop-skirt would be considered preposterous, would be refused, but she must have one and be in the admired fashion.

It was a terrible worry and caused a great amount of planning and thinking. At last her nimble wits found a way and she told Elizabeth of her plan. She would go to Mrs. Hostetter's and ask her for some of her weeping willow branches and she and Elizabeth would make hoop-skirts and wear them to Sunday school the following morning.

So at a convenient time one Saturday afternoon, she got her little pink sunbonnet, found a basket and slipped off. She was gone a long time, but when she came back she was abundantly supplied with the precious willows which she triumphantly showed Elizabeth and which they carefully hid in a closet in their bedroom. They were afraid to begin their preparations until after supper. With mysterious nods and glances the little conspirators waited impatiently, fearing mightily some interruption of their plan. But at last the time was ripe. They took a candle, went to their room and locked the door, took out of the closet the basket of willow switches and their narrow, little muslin frocks and, seated on the floor, lost no time in commencing the important work before them. Their progress was awkward and slow and they were surprised and startled when Mrs. Todd on her way to her bedroom tapped on the door and told them it was time they were in bed. Mary answered, "Yes, Mother," and she and Elizabeth waited as mice until they thought everybody must be asleep; then, relighting their candle, they worked nearly all night. At last, with a thrill of delight, they viewed their finished handiwork and proudly hung the hoop-skirted dresses in the closet. They were too excited to sleep, so it was easy to get down to breakfast in good time.

As soon as they could they flew upstairs and dressed hurriedly. Mary, with a buoyant vitality in all her movements, was dressed and out on the street before Elizabeth had reached the front door. One moment and they would have been safe, but alas, as Fate would have it, Mrs. Todd coming into the hall at that moment gave one amazed glance at Elizabeth. She reached the door in a second and called Mary back. "There we stood before her," said Elizabeth, many years later, "a burlesque on vanity, two of the most grotesque figures her eyes ever fell upon, with hoops that bulged in the front and at the back, while they fell in

at the sides, the narrow white muslin skirts stretched to the bursting point." The children had sewed in the willow branches just as they came of the tree, one end being large and rather stiff, and the other end tapering to a flexible tip. Mrs. Todd looked them over from head to foot with great amusement and laughed. "What frights you are. Take those awful things off, dress yourselves prop- [Turn to page 84]



Robert S. Todd



Mary Lincoln's sister, Margaret, and Mary Lincoln in 1860



Emilie Todd

in the country, and ole man Satan bellers and shakes his head and sharpens up his horns on the ground and paws up the dust with both his front feet at once."

"'But,' would interrupt Mary, 'What does he stand on when he is pawing with both feet? Has he four legs?'

"'No, honey,' Mammy would patiently explain, 'but he can stand on his tail and that makes him mo' fearsome like.'

"'I don't think his tail is the color you say it is,' would prod Mary. 'It would naturally be black.'

"'No, chile,' emphatically from Mammy, 'you must not demoralize the holy word which I heard out 'n the preacher's own mouth, right at pa's dinner table.' With the solemn voice and manner she always used when she thought she was quoting the gospel truth,

straight out of the Bible, she would intone, 'Neat but not gaudy as the devil said when he painted his tail pea green.' Here was the delicious point in the story where Mary always bubbled over with laughter and the scandalized old nurse would say indignantly, 'Well, I hopes and prays you won't never have to see his old green tail.' But, as if doubting the description herself, she would add, 'Course the old rapscallion might have told a lie about the color he painted his tail; it wouldn't a been past him to try to fool poor humans what would just naturally think his tail would be black.'

"How sorry I feel for children deprived of a loving black Mammy."

Elizabeth says she saw Mary exhibit temper only once. When she was ten



Mrs. Ninian Edwards



# ADVENTURES IN SEARCH of ADVENTURE

"For love of knowing  
what should not be known,  
We take the Golden Road  
to Samarkand."

By Beatrice Grimshaw



A Sepik ceremonial chair

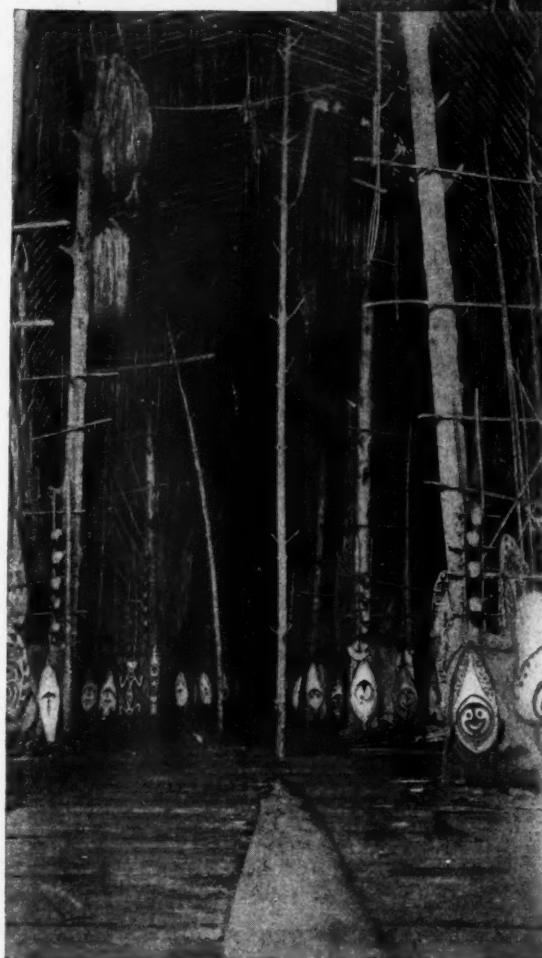
GREEN seas and blue seas and black seas laced with foam; the smell of ships, the rattle of cargo winches, the golden circle of carriers padding on ahead, naked and patient; the port framing always some new island or red-roofed tropic town—palms and plantations; white tents gleaming under giant trees at dusk; shining brown grass houses with snakes rustling in the roof; long days in the saddle, nights gliding down lagoons in a canoe, through swimming stars; months on far inland goldfields; minutes, month-long, on the deep-sea bottom among devil-fish and sharks; camp-fires where the buried camp-oven sends out smells of roasting game; glimpses of unknown country, shaking the heart with its wonder; meetings with terrified, unknown peoples; the glitter of farthest Orient where still the Middle Ages survive; the burning splendors of Malaya; years alone in deep tropic forests; years on lonely islands . . . It was the life I chose; the life I have lived.

I CANNOT speak of adventure, and not speak of this. It is the

"Something lost beyond the ranges,  
Something waiting for you,"

of Kipling; the "hound, the bay horse, the turtle-dove" which were "long ago lost" by Thoreau, and afterwards, sought by him through life. It is the call that draws a Shackleton, an Amundsen, into grips with the Poles; it sends the plump middle-aged American woman, in trousers and a boudoir cap, looking for "open spaces" with a furniture-loaded car (—my blessings go with her! There is nothing wrong with her but her methods.) It is at the root of most week-ending; it peers, pitifully, through the sordid futilities of "desert island" films turned out by the thousand to meet a ravenous, uncritical demand.

It is not, as psycho-analysts maintain, a Bolshevistic spirit that aims at destroying civilization, and civilization's "Intelligentsia," for you will find it among many who are highly educated, and in many more who are deeply and ortho-



A cannibal clubhouse, Maipua, Papua

doxly religious. It is not adventure, but adventure leads to it. For countless centuries, it has existed, more or less unconsciously, in the souls of men; the nineteenth century made it articulate, though a little ashamed and with the twentieth it is coming to its own. Never did interest in exploration rise so high, even to the point of welcoming hordes of bogus explorers; never did the cry of "Back to the land," the plaint for, "sun, more sun," sound so strongly. With one hand, civilization grasps at each new, intriguing, intricate toy; with the other reaches eagerly for the raw simplicities of primitive life—and it is never quite sure which it desires most; inasmuch that it is always dropping and picking up . . .

Those of us who have chosen, for always, the wilderness



life, the little frontier towns, know that our choice is good, but we find ourselves checked in saying so by want of words. The terms by which we wish to express are non-existent for the thing itself is too new. Perhaps the nearest approach lies in saying that the world today has lost it-

self in the multitude of its possessions and that in the lonely places lies its only chance of finding the thing better worth finding than all the gold of Africa, or the rubies of farthest Ind—a man's own self. Yet that is not all—not nearly all.

We are of use—we seemingly useless frontier folk who work just to make a home for ourselves, and, sometimes, to make amusing tales for others. We are leading people, whither we do not know, but we know that it is toward some good. Perhaps the end of the twentieth century will have defined that goal; will have expressed and explained the "call of the wild," the thirst for the unknown, which now moves us, blindly. Today, we can only say that this thirst is, at the least, no ignoble thing and that we who minister to it, even in a humble way, are honored by the task.

EVERY tale must have a beginning. This one begins in a country house among the Antrim mountains, half way up a blue hill from which you could see, smoking dully on the far horizon, Belfast.

There were dogs and horses, of which to write would take long. And a garden and woods, full of imaginations. To the dear people who shared the love of the dogs and horses, and the magic of the woods and flowers, I owe the free-est and happiest childhood and girlhood that ever a born wanderer could desire.

There was a forest a mile or so from the house. I think, now, that Collin Glen was by no means the Forest Primeval that it seemed to me; nevertheless, I wandered through it, delightfully alone, on many a holiday, hearing *Evangeline* murmur through my head like the sound of the branches above, and as I wandered I promised myself that some day I would see and live in the greatest forests of the world . . . Later, I kept the promise.

The Forest never loosed its hold upon me, though the sea was for many years disputed possession. Through the uninteresting years of dull Victorian schooling, and the mechanical "culture" of Bedford College, and much more live, more solid scholarship of Queen's University, Belfast, dreams of forest and of sea persisted. The classics were but food for this. When I wandered off to Dublin, the year I was of age, and began a desultory journalistic life. I saw most of Southern Ireland, in the days before such a division had been thought of. I had forgotten all about England, when a freak led me, one day, to take the Liverpool boat for a night; and for the first time consciously I joined hands with a great port.

I lost my heart to Liverpool then. She was and is, the very breath of adventure and romance. Who cannot see romance in the Overhead Railway, with its ringing names of docks, its strange [Turn to page 99]



Post-mortem portraits of a Sepik collector



*"But you won't ever be alone," she said, reading his thought*

# TARGET

With a vessel of dreams and a crew of phantom forms this old salt went down to sea in a ship

*By Stephen Morehouse Avery*

ANNAPOLIS drowsed in the warm breath of May. Only the white uniformed pairs and trios from the Academy, now moving briskly step in step toward the Circle which gathered the narrow streets into a central hub, offered any aspect of activity. Pleasant Colonial houses with red brick or white clap-

board façades, rose in ancient dignity close behind prim gates, and then came rows of small shop windows displaying boots, tobacco, naval insignia, magazines.

Bits of midshipmen's colloquial lingo trailed into the languor of the day. "Oh, he'll be found in the savvy half, all right . . . Absolutely hundred percent Red

*Illustrated by*  
**HARRY TOWNSEND**



Mike, Barton . . . Who's Collins going to drag? . . . Have it straight from Supe the Indiana's third ship for cruise . . . Comin' along to Smoke Hall, Prentiss?" Midshipman Prentiss shook his blond head. "After while, maybe. I've got to find June Week quarters for the very wonderful girl. Carvel Hall's been full up for months, and I've tried nearly every white person's house in town. But say, I've a savvy idea all right—old 'Antique.' Has a whole house all to himself."

"That old water-logged piece of timber? Go to it, Prentiss—but I'd hate to leave my Venus there."

OLD Antique . . . Commander Fitzhugh had overheard that once and he had never forgotten. He straightened his square, rugged figure and put new determination into his step as he walked down the street. Old Antique, eh? Well, it was different back in ninety-eight. He hadn't been so antique when he followed the Commodore into Manila Bay. But the Navy had ships then and men, not a lot of whippersnappers aboard floating fortresses. He jerked his cap more firmly upon his erect, white head, "Ships! . . . and men, by heavens!"

He marched along the river toward his diminutive cottage. He'd like to see 'em blow up Dewey with their modern guns. Dewey's eight inches would have a thing or two to say about that. The Olympia and the Boston and the Concord would show 'em an eight-inch shell wasn't exactly a firecracker. No, sir . . .

There was a ship! Not a prettier cruiser in the Navy today than the old Concord. Ah, he'd stood on the Concord's bridge when she slipped up the Boca Grande in the dark hours of morning and followed the flagship between Corregidor and Caballo without drawing a shot. Could one of these clumsy modern things do that?

The Navy, of course, did not agree with him. When twelve years ago he had been forced to retire at the age limit, he was only a Commander. Some of his classmates, more in sympathy with new ideas, bigger guns, bigger ships, had been made Rear Admirals. But it was all right; an officer in the United States Navy . . . that was enough. The Navy itself was the big thing.

"Not that it makes any difference after a man is retired. He's had his hour. But the Navy goes on. That's the big thing."

But it was becoming increasingly difficult to pull through the years. Fall came; new life entered the Academy, and the town spilled over with midshipmen. Week-end crowds filled the place with their laughter, and were gone. Football excitement and the Saturday hop seemed to involve everyone. But in none of this had he a part. Winter settled down and the Academy fell into its rigid routine of hard work and unrelenting discipline.

That was the hardest time of all for the Commander. The small activities of his day did not involve enough responsibility, he thought. True, there was his morning walk to the Academy gates, and whenever on the streets or in Charlie's he could find a listener, he would give one of these youngsters an insight into the old tradition. He felt that thus little by little he was infusing the Manila Bay spirit into the whole Academy. That was important.

Sometimes he knew that he had nothing to do. Leaning over the counter at Charlie's he would linger long over his purchase of the daily stipend of tobacco. He wondered if he would try Draven's this time instead of Insignia Cut. Of course he would not. It would be just as impossible for the Commander to prefer another brand of tobacco as it would be for him to prefer land to sea. But he liked to toy with the idea. It took time. But Charlie's wife was off him lately . . . "That old cruiser . . ." she spoke of him . . . "nutty . . . cuckoo over that Spanish War business . . ." She groused and scolded from the next room. The Commander, fleeing her sharp tongue, would plunge into the cold outside air and walk, down Prince George Street, past the little old Church of St. Anne, past the Academy grounds, briskly to the water's edge. There was a thin crust of ice on the Severn. Hundreds of tiny craft were drawn up in their Winter mooring. Fishermen sat idle. The Dewey, a weatherbeaten little sloop, lay on her side . . . asleep. He looked her over, pulled up the tarpaulin again, lit his pipe, and leaned against the



tipped-up hull. Old ships came to mind, old seas . . . old struggles, old enemies, old friends. And always Manila Bay. The glory of it!  
Darkness . . . That was Winter.

SPRING brought languorous, perfumed days and soft, expectant nights, and Annapolis went to make sailors' love over its garden gates. Commander Fitzhugh put an extra brush to his coat and walked wistfully through the streets. Some one perhaps would give him a pansy as he passed, some old acquaintance who had forgot him through the Winter. He might venture into Carvel Hall tea-time of a Saturday afternoon to watch a group of buoyant midshipmen with their pretty girls. Once a sailing party seeing him on the wharf had invited him to go along.  
And so through the lengthening days to Summer. Annapolis slept—in the houses, in the gardens, in the streets—the siesta of a sweet old lady whose son is far away at sea. The Commander spent his days on the Dewey, slipping up the river, around the hills to some quiet spot to fish; going on particularly stormy days for a run out to Bay; sometimes spending a happy hour just rigging her up. So the years were passing . . .

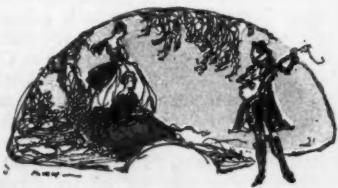
THIS afternoon the Commander was late. It was hot and he was tired.  
Blossom, his aged and mammoth darky servant, let him in, bowing and chattering, "Come on in heah, Mistah Cap'n. You' mid-afternoon is jes' sittin' an' waitin'" his mid-afternoon being a little something in a glass and a biscuit, a regular part of his ordered day. "And Mistah Cap'n—"  
He did not notice that excitement rolled the old darky's eyes. "Very well, Blossom. Set the tray in here. And you may go—"  
"I'se goin', Mistah Cap'n—but I asks you did you all meet in de town—"  
"Blossom!" The Commander was cross. "I met no one in the town."  
In vain for eleven years had the Commander striven to curb the old woman's garrulity with the strictest ship's discipline; in return for which she dominated and adored him. Today his irritation knew no patience. Blossom shuffled out mumbling, or he might have learned that Midshipman Prentiss had called in the afternoon.  
But he was thinking about something else. Perhaps it was the weather, sultry, enervating, unusually warm for May. Twice he'd had to stop between Charlie's and home for breath. He helped himself into a chair and partook of his "mid-afternoon." That was better. Blossom did understand a toddy . . . Yes, he mustn't let himself get out of condition. Suppose a war should break out, not a landmen's scuffle like this German affair, but a real sea-fighting war. He'd be expected to do something . . . His gaze lifted to a picture of the U. S. S. Concord, cleared for action, a froth of angry water flung from her proud bows as she drove through a massive sea, beautiful, spirited, ominous. It was a glorified oil painting, execrably done and graciously presented by an ensign who had been on board. But the old Commander's deep-set gray eyes caught something of the flash of it. He wondered where she was now—flying her flags in some far port probably, a specimen of the United States Navy, by all that's holy . . . If there were war, they would doubtless ask him to command the Concord to her place in the battle line . . .  
A fragrance of locusts came in through the window and the Commander dozed.  
He sat up in his chair suddenly and peered through the window. A midshipman was opening the gate. Dozens of midshipmen passed by the gate every day. This one was coming in. Commander Fitzhugh's hand slipped from the arm of his chair.  
He went to the door himself, and returned the young man's smart salute. Something official probably.  
"Midshipman Prentiss, Commander." The young man smiled but he seemed nervous. "I have a request to make of you, sir. I—"  
"A request?" Yes, quite naturally. "Well, come in, Mr. Prentiss—and sit down. My library here—"  
Midshipman Prentiss took a proffered chair as though he were measuring the distance for a leap to the door. "You see, Commander, I'm a First Classman, and—"  
"Of course, Mr. Prentiss. I can see that. A credit to your class, sir. I can well remember when I myself was

a First Classman little suspecting I was destined to teach the Spaniard in Manila Bay to remember the Maine." Commander Fitzhugh's smile was a shade self-conscious. "Of course you have seen the Concord, Mr. Prentiss. No? Well, there is a picture of her above you, a fair likeness though the ship herself has another gun in the port turret."  
The gleam of guile came into Midshipman Prentiss' eyes. "So that's the Concord, sir! I'll surely tell the fellows about this, Commander."  
"By all means, Mr. Prentiss." The stored up feeling of twelve years took possession of the Commander. "I'd prefer they see the cruiser herself if she ever returns to home waters. Will you have something to—but I forget these rules. Very good rules too, sir. Nothing? The ship had on her battle gray at Manila of course—"  
An hour later found them hunched over a third chair upon which was a paper diagramed and marked with forts, ships, batteries, lines of fire. Commander Fitzhugh's face was flushed and his breathing rapid. And he said for the seaman's spirit of Midshipman Prentiss that he too was flushed, and his eyes had caught fire.  
"That was the end of it, Mr. Prentiss. When the arsenal blew up they were done. No one realizes the destructive power of those eight-inchers, my boy. The Olympia put one through the stern of the Reina Christina and blew the Spanish flagship to smithereens, sir—smithereens!"  
It required the minutes of silence during which the old Commander paced the room to bring back to Midshipman Prentiss the purpose of his coming. He was not

afraid to ask the favor now, somehow. It seemed easy. "I've invited my aunt and a—a young lady for June Week, Commander. If you could put them up here—I know they'd get the real feeling of the Navy with you, sir. It's a lot to ask but I—didn't dare hope she'd come till the last minute. Carvel's filled and most of the places—"  
Midshipman Prentiss repeated himself. Commander Fitzhugh was adjusting his mind. "Here?" faintly. Then, "It's quite impossible, sir. The house is entirely too modest for the guests of the Navy." That anyone other than Blossom and himself could spend a night under his little roof was the last thing that he might have suspected.  
Crestfallen was Midshipman Prentiss' manner. "Oh sir, she'd have to stay in Baltimore or Washington then, and she's a pretty wonderful girl, sir."  
After all, reasoned the Commander, a certain social obligation was part of the tradition. "On the other hand, Mr. Prentiss," he said, "I have never turned aside to avoid any responsibility which the Navy has offered me. I shall be happy to do what I can—"  
Midshipman Prentiss, defeat turned into unexpected victory, was elated. "It's the biggest kind of favor, Commander, and whatever you choose to ask for the rooms—"  
"I beg your pardon, sir—?"  
The young man's face colored. "I mean—whatever you choose to say about it goes with me, Commander. I—"  
"When shall I expect these guests, [Turn to page 119]"



"Are we going to be sunk without striking a blow?"



Illustrated by  
JOSEPH SIMONT



*"What you did  
before we were  
married and what  
you do now are two  
different things"*

## BITTER HERITAGE

*Life smiles on "sweet-and-twenty"  
to break her heart anew*

By Margaret Pedler

QUINTIN LINDRIS had gambled once too often with money entrusted to him. The crash came and with it crumbled his honor and with his honor went his life, taken by his own hand. His daughter Herrick is left with only poverty as a companion, for the man she loves breaks their engagement because of her father's disgrace. Three years later while acting as a mannequin for a Parisian modiste she meets Lady Bridget who was the youthful sweetheart of Herrick's father. Lady Bridget adopts her and takes her to England where she soon finds herself more than a spectator in a little drama of loves and hates.

IT seemed almost incredible to Herrick that she had been at Windycroft six whole weeks, yet much had happened in that time, and it is by its fulness or emptiness that life must be measured.

The mutual liking betwixt herself and Carol Mortimer had rapidly deepened into a great affection, and her sympathy for the woman who had the misfortune to be Sir Francis' wife was beyond measure. She knew now that what Billy had told her of his tyranny fell far short of the actual facts. Carol's husband seemed to take a delight in curtailing her liberty, in making her life generally a burden, and even in his absence she was never actually free from a maddening surveillance.

It was easy enough now for Herrick to understand Mac's tremendous admiration for his sister. "I know just how splendid she is," he had told her that first afternoon at Windycroft, and often since she had gathered in how deep and unswerving estimation he held his sister.

And they had been together a great deal. Out hunting it was astonishing how frequently she found Mac Kenyon at her side, and how often they jogged home afterward side by side. They talked or were silent as the spirit moved them, while Flame walked delicately beside the bay Mac bestrode. A very pleasant comradeship had grown up—a comradeship which played a much bigger part in the happiness of this new life of

hers in England than Herrick was even vaguely aware.

She began to realize that, whereas Rex Dereham had taught her a half-contemptuous, half-shrinking distrust of men, Mac was gradually leading her to readjust her ideas. Broad-minded and tolerant, there was one respect in which he was inflexible. "Disloyalty—a double game—is the only thing I can never forgive," he had said on one occasion. So stern a code it was that sometimes it almost frightened her. Once she taxed him with it protestingly. "Aren't you rather a harsh judge?" she said. "I think you expect almost too much of poor human nature."

"I've had my lesson—once—how people pay for crooked going," he had answered in a curiously hard tone. "No one requires two lessons such as I had."

The harsh brevity of his reply had left her wondering. Something had happened in his life, and had crystallized a certain hardness and bitterness into his nature she was sure. Sometimes the thought struck her that perhaps, if he knew the whole truth about her—if he ever came to know that she was Herrick Lindris—it would mean a swift and certain ending to this new friendship which had come into her life. Then a little chill of fear would invade her heart. She tried to argue it away on the grounds that if Mim, who knew everything, could still trust and make a friend of her, surely Mac would not be less generous. She wished unthinkingly that she could be perfectly frank and candid about herself, that she had nothing to hide. Dad, to whom her happiness had meant so much, had probably never realized what a millstone he had hung about the neck

of the one person he had loved best in the world. . . .

Came the sound of some one whistling gaily up the drive, breaking across the wistful ten-

ure of her thoughts, and a moment later Billy appeared smiling in the doorway.

"The old bus is all fixed," he announced cheerily. "We're going to the Rectory to get the padre and then to the station. Barbara's coming home, and her train is about due," and he bundled Herrick in, and drove with such speed that it seemed only a minute before he

braked his car to a standstill at the Rectory door. The rector himself stood waiting beneath the old-fashioned porch, and Herrick took an immediate liking to him.

"Latest addition to the family, padre—Miss Waylen. Only no one ever dreams of calling her anything but Herrick."

The rector smilingly shook hands. Anything less like the typical cleric than Alec Fane could hardly be imagined. He was a big, long-limbed man, with a careless stoop of broad shoulders. A thatch of rumpled brown hair crowned his lean, eager face, with its humorous gray eyes, and straight-lipped mouth. He was clad in a suit of well-worn tweeds—as a matter of fact, Fane never appeared in correct clerical attire except when actually conducting a service. "No one should live exclusively in uniform," he was wont to declare.

He and Herrick sat together in the car and she found him as easy to talk to as an old friend.

"I guess you find our quiet little St. Heriot rather a change after Paris," he observed, presently.

Her eyes met his frankly. "Yes. But not quite in the way you mean. I wasn't having what's called a good time in Paris, you know. I was in a job there. As a matter of fact"—smiling—"I feel rather like Cinderella after she had been transplanted out of the kitchen."

Alec Fane took the explanation quite naturally. "That's good. Then you won't get bored with us so easily."

Herrick laughed outright. "No, I shan't get bored," she said. "When you've been cut off from friends and



all the things you love best for several years, and then a good fairy like Lady Bridget suddenly comes along and gives you them all back again, you don't get—bored."

The rector nodded understandingly. He had wondered whether Lady Bridget's warm heart might not have led her astray on this occasion. It was a far cry from the gay French capital to St. Heriot, and Alec Fane's keen mind had been busy visualizing all the possibilities that might result from the introduction of a frivolous, French imbued firebrand into the tranquility of his little country parish.

But now that he had seen Herrick and talked with her, he realized that his doubts had been groundless, and when the train bringing Barbara home pulled into the station, and he and Billy had greeted her, he made the two girls known to each other without any misgivings.

They presented a very complete contrast. There was a certain knowledge of the world in Herrick's face which was absent from Barbara's round, innocent young visage, with its pansy-brown eyes and childish dimples.

Barbara greeted her with a slight reserve, and her spirits rose considerably when she found that she was to occupy the front seat of the car beside Billy—"just as usual." For Barbara was a very modest little person and had not even yet quite got over the amazing fact that Billy—to whom, as it appeared to her, the whole world of girls must be open—had singled her out for the bestowal of his affections.

Her manner had completely thawed by the time they reached the Rectory, and the two were soon chattering together with the utmost friendliness. Presently the rector suggested that Herrick might like to come and look at a recent litter of pedigree spaniels which had

been added to the Rectory kennels, and, suspecting the invitation to have been prompted by an indulgent wish to give Billy and Barbara a few minutes alone together, she assented with alacrity.

"You must be glad to have your daughter home again," commented Herrick, a yelping black puppy in her arms.

"Yes. But"—with a rueful smile—"how long shall I be allowed to keep her, do you suppose?"

She smiled back at him a bit wistfully. "I think she and Billy would be very happy together," she said. "And there isn't such a big lot of happiness about that one can afford to waste any, is there?"

The kindly gray-brown eyes flashed keenly over her face. "You're rather young to have found that out already," he suggested.

She flushed a little. "I don't think youth or age have much to do with it," she answered bluntly. "It's just fate."

When Billy and Herrick had climbed back into the car and were speeding down the drive, Barbara and her father turned back into the Rectory arm in arm.

"Glad to have me back, padre?" she queried, as they entered his study, where a brisk, newly-lit fire was crackling in the grate.

He looked down at her with a quizzical smile. "I've had my own way a good deal lately," he submitted, teasingly.

She perched herself on her father's knee, and exploring his pockets, unearthed a pipe and baccy pouch and proceeded to fill the former for him with the assurance of long experience. "There," she said, when finally the pipe was lit and drawing well, "now tell me all about Herrick Waylen."

Alec smiled a little. "I can't tell you very much, can

I? Seeing that I've only met her myself today for the first time."

"Billy says she's the daughter of an old friend of his mother's. It seems—funny, doesn't it, that Lady Bridget has never spoken of the daughter of an old friend like that, don't you think?"

The rector gazed musingly into the fire. "Some old friendships don't bear talking about—when they're over," he said quietly. Instinct told him that her action in adopting Herrick was no mere caprice, but hung linked to some chain that stretched into the past.

"Billy says that Lady Mortimer has made great friends with Herrick," said Barbara presently.

"Does he? Well, goodness knows that poor little soul can do with all the friends heaven sends her."

"All the same," protested Barbara, "Herrick is nearer my age. Lady Mortimer is too old for her."

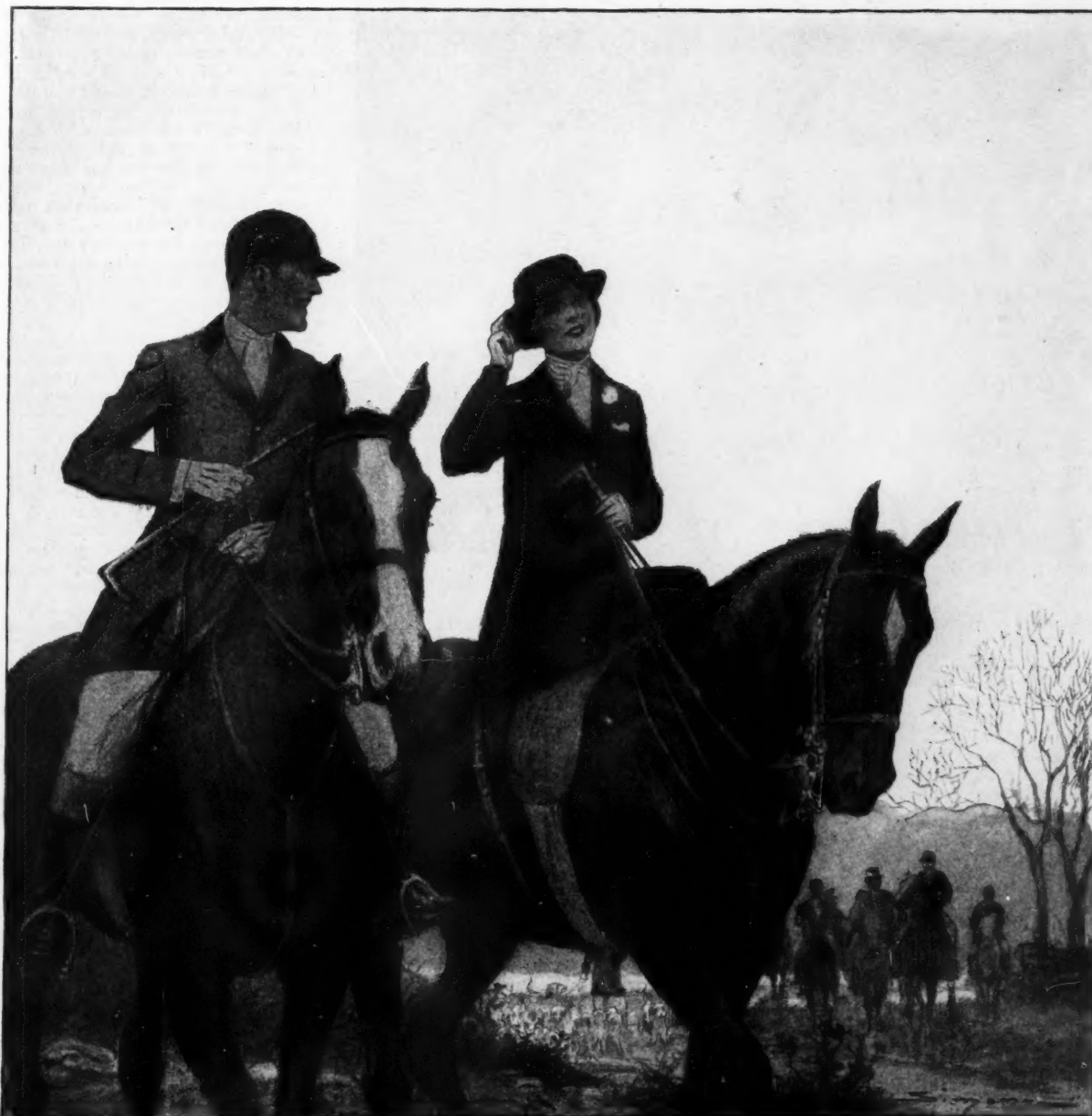
"Well, Herrick Waylen is—old in some ways. Older than her years, at any rate."

Barbara scrutinized her father. "Yes, I think she is," she acknowledged. "You're very clever, padre dear, to understand so much about other people. I wish I did."

He pinched her cheek. "Don't wish that, my chicken," he said, adding rather sadly: "Tolerance and understanding are the gifts of hard experience."

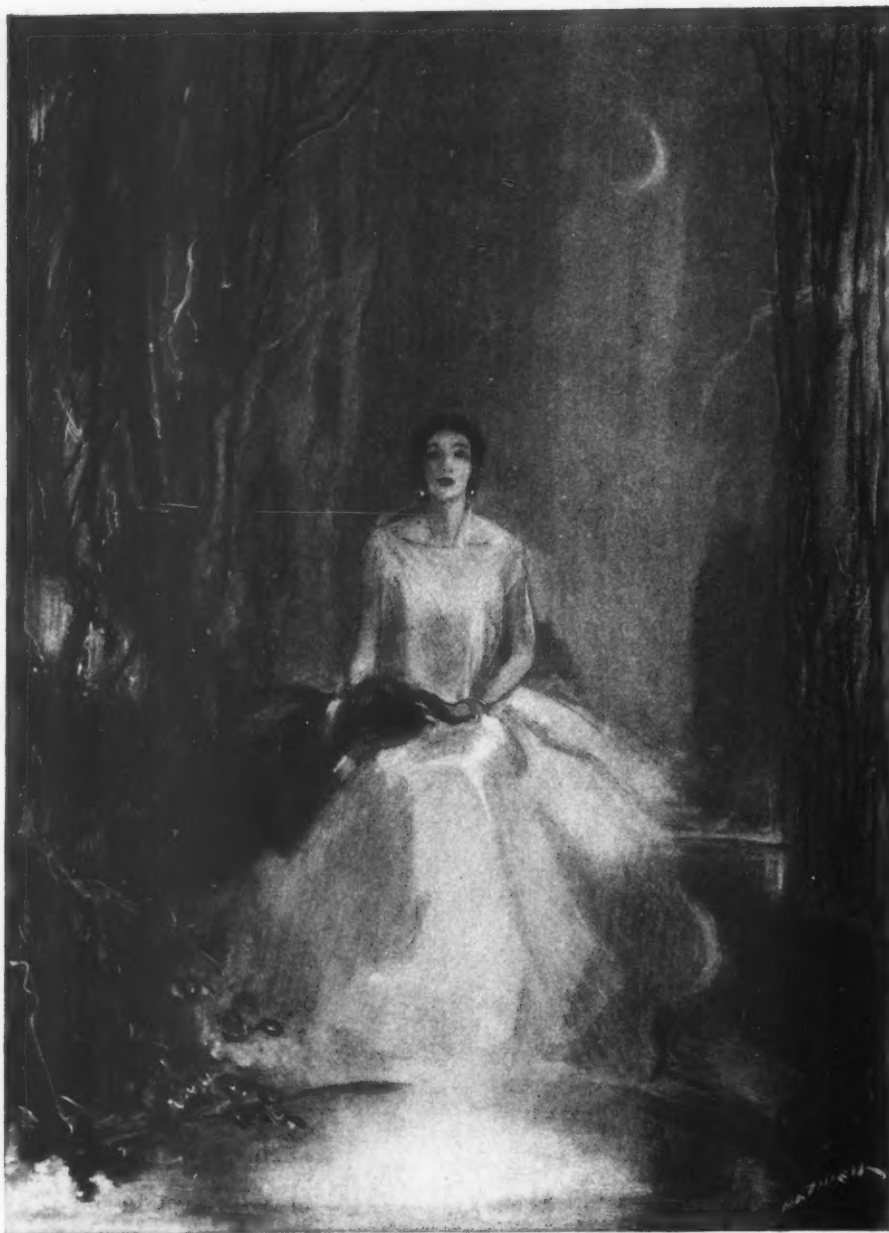
IT'S almost as warm as if it were Spring," remarked Herrick. She and Billy sped toward Tanborough along the broad country road. Overhead stretched a faint blue sky and the air was balmy with the clean fragrance of the earth.

Billy nodded. "Yes. Not so dusty," he admitted grudgingly, and sent the car along at a speed that even the absence of traffic on the road [Turn to page 93]



*A pleasant comradeship had grown up between Mac and Herrick*

Illustrated by  
HUBERT MATHIEU



*He was no longer the lover of her passionate longing*

## *In the Cool of the Day*

Is there ground so sacred that a man  
may walk with his soul alone  
and no woman enter in?

*By Katherine Newlin Burt*

**S**ELANGE, wife of Roger Everett, fought her strange battle against that which possessed him, and won her victory, single-handed and in silence. What it cost her, will be seen.

There are many rivals for such a love as that which Selange bore her husband; she had to fear not only the ubiquitous highway-women but the ambition, the career, that male spirit of adventure, that masculine will to be apart and free. But this mysterious rival of Selange's love had neither name nor face nor history. She did not know whether it was a man or a woman, ghost or devil, an enchantment, a mood or a memory. Only she knew, painfully, increasingly, as the year of her beautiful marriage slid by, that it kept her from the full possession

of her beloved, and that to possess Roger, body and heart and soul of him, without rivalry or reserve, was her necessity.

If Selange had had a child . . . but that hope of hers had been taken from her arms and buried in the ground. It was then first, seeing how Roger endured and won back his soul's shaken security without help from her, that she became aware of the small division, the rift between their minds, that secret which must keep them, perhaps forever, if she did not seal it up, from becoming altogether . . . one. Not that the cause of this was clear to Selange. She did not certainly know even that she had an enemy. It was only an aspect, an attitude of Roger's that she feared. She gave it various names. Sub-

consciously only, it was The Enemy and still only half consciously she knew that at twilight it came closest and that it had its evening habitation in the garden.

Roger's great-grandmother, a Quakeress, had planned and planted that small garden. Within its tall green walls of box it held a Summer of roses, of flowering shrubs where the bees could balance all day long, borders of marjoram and rosemary, of verbena and old rue, and for trees just one tall poplar, tremulous and silvered. In its center, where the four turf paths met, lay a little circular pool fern-fringed. The two long windows of the South Parlor opened out to it so that in early Spring an earthy sweetness of hyacinth and jonquils and narcissus stole like small chill ghosts across the thresholds. In those first evenings of open doors, they came in to Selange like messengers, like thieves, silent and stealthy, pilfering Roger's attention from herself.

This had always been her dearest hour. All day she was half aware of it, whatever else she did, dwelt upon it, made ready for it, remembering this or that to tell or to say. In those twilights she was loveliest, warm, gay and perilous. But her peril was only for Roger whom she loved.

He came home at about six o'clock from the office, which, with all its grave furnishings, together with its impressive, if local, clientèle, he had inherited, ready-made, from the father who had in his turn received it as an inheritance. The Everetts were a race of lawyers, had always been the leading barristers of Stockstone. With an English permanence they turned out the same tall, slender, well-knit men, with mobile faces and very clear and steady eyes. The older sons here at Stockstone, the younger, here or elsewhere, had soberly, deftly, successfully, practised the law. Roger, therefore, emerged almost by instinct from this office when the sun went down, and, as he came in at the door of his old white house, he would call a greeting to his wife. But he would then run upstairs to tub and change before he met her in the sweet dusk of their favorite room—in Winter with the light of the wood fire, in Summer with shutters open and the lamps unlit. In the fragrant twilight they met and kissed and talked. Roger told over the annals of Stockstone's business world and Selange retailed her oddments of adventure or philosophy, garnered from her woman's day. Their talk died gradually. Roger began to wear his look of withdrawal. Selange rose, crossed the room, sat down by her piano and laid her fingers on the keys. It was the fulness of her hour.

A straight blue thread of smoke rose from Roger's long, extended fingers. The moonstone light of evening shone on him from the window behind Selange's shoulders. She wondered if he were looking at her or past her to the opalescent garden, that lay so still out there between its walls. Selange was more and more aware of that garden, that penetrating sweetness, that silence that was like an expectation.

Her music possessed the room. It flowed over and about Roger, swirled and rose in a strong bewildering yet purposeful current in which, surely, no lover could keep his spirit detached save by a cruel effort of the will. In playing Selange had not abdicated control of her hour. The music was only an expression of herself. It was improvisation . . . it was Selange. In order to comprehend, a stranger need only to have listened intently, as though she used a language not quite foreign: to listen, that is, and to watch Roger, who seemed . . . or was he? . . . to be looking so absently at this white-throated woman with her moving fingers and her level brows.

The music was all of Selange. Roger, so the stranger would have thought, must have surrendered. He lay there along his chair—the smoky thread rising across his vision of the player like a little incense. The intricate treble dripped honey, the bass throbbed like an African drum, there was, somewhere, a slow and swinging bell, then a tangled elaboration of the theme, a crescendo which simplified itself, just as it became unbearable, to the announcement of a tender, somber victory. Selange's head remained almost still above her troubling music, the shining darkness of her eyes fixed, under their subtle Latin lids, on Roger.

He drew a slow deep breath, the incense trembled, disappeared. Selange's music, in spite of her, became a crying in the wilderness. For she saw he had not been looking at her, but beyond her through the open window, and that now he rose, moved slowly past her without a touch or glance of invitation and went out into the garden, a cool tall presence tranquilly withdrawn.

Selange's music broke itself into a silence. He had forgotten her. Her speech had fallen upon deaf ears. He had not understood.

So it happened, more and more frequently, without



variation or acknowledgment, until that evening when Selange, her music having faltered, conquered her pride and followed, without invitation, her husband into the garden.

He had left her only an instant before, so that she saw him of course, at once, moving with the air of a lover near to journey's end, out to the center of their small enclosure. He paused and so, involuntarily, did Selange, just outside her threshold, for it seemed to her that she had never seen a man so still.

The garden held no echo, no murmur of her tumultuous music nor of her urgent human love. It was at peace. Its solitary inmate . . . for she knew herself, in the deepest sense, an exile . . . bathed himself in serenity. He was, without her, happy and secure as love, such love as hers for him, thought Selange, should never allow a lonely human heart to be. Her music had left him cold as the stars, cold, empty of her, quite apart.

He lifted his head a little, startling her, and looked quietly about the garden. She knew then—and felt a sudden coldness at the knowledge—that he was not alone. Who was it in the garden? Who was it . . . stronger than her love? Her chilled blood grew hot in her throat and head, she threw herself back into the darker room and broke the quiet into flying chips and splinters of syncopated sound. Her anger leaped down into her fingers and shrieked among the keys.

In an instant he had come in, had wrapped his arms around her, stopping the noise. "What is that? Why are you playing it? . . . Selange!"

She drew herself up by his strength, not her own, wrapped herself about him, fastened her warm lips to his cool mouth, forcing him to bend to her, to hold her up from falling. . .

Afterward, hours afterward, waking in the darkness of her bedroom with her head against his shoulder, she was ashamed. Her soul and her body tingled with life but, the intricate and meddlesome intellect being chained like a sleeping dog, she was able to recognize the truth, that, except when she so captured his soul in a "rose mesh" of passion, she was alone, as he would never be, not if death took her from him, alone with a loneliness that could never be assuaged. But her mind, waking to free her from pain, began to analyze this nature of his. The preoccupation which had nothing to do with her, the exalted loneliness in which he indulged himself, was it not really the flaw in Roger's character and would it not be, if left to itself, the destruction of his life, the

cause of an eventual failure, not only in loving but in achievement too? The little drowsy garden, and all its secret meanings, held him more and more with the drugging and relaxing sweetness of an illicit love. If it divided him from her, so did it divide him from all other reality, and so it would more and more create and nourish in him that ghostly detachment which must endanger all advancement. Selange was suddenly consoled. Seeing her duty to her lover, clearly before her, as though she saw the face and feature of an enemy, she lay there, martial-minded, determined, planning a campaign.

JUNGLE-MUSIC, as appalling as that angry improvisation of Selange's, was being played at Mrs. Dunois' afternoon at home, several months later. Its clamor brought back the associated Selange, standing not far from the piano at Roger's side, and she felt pass through her again the impotent quiver of defeat. Roger clearly enjoyed the syncopated, muscle-contracting tumult. His eyes danced. He was, by gesture and expression, tossing an invitation to some girl across the room. His habitual air of detachment and tranquility was momentarily shaken by the tattoo of noise as a pool is under the drumming of rain. Selange's dark craving eyes rested on him for a second, then, smiling a little at his pleasure, turned and met the look on John Brandt's face. He might have been holding his spirit out to her like a beggar's bowl. Never did a man appear so utterly possessible. Yet here was one of these big, thickset, prosperous, surging New Yorkers who, leading the strenuous financial life, achieve acquisitive success before their forties at a fabulous price of concentration.

As Roger moved, abruptly graceful, across the room

to invite his partner out into the hall where Stockstone's energy danced, John Brandt achieved his introduction to the charm and loveliness that was Selange.

Brandt was nothing if not direct. A small profit and a quick turnover was his slogan.

He sighed. "Confound New York. Why don't I live in Stockstone? But, then—why don't you live in New York?"

"Roger . . . my husband, you know . . ."

"Oh, I know your husband, Roger Everett, very well. He was at Yale with me."

"He inherited his father's law practise. It goes with the house. He stepped into being Stockstone's leading barrister and he's—contented."

"You aren't, I'll wager."

"Yes . . . No . . . I was." Selange's eyelids were consciously or unconsciously very French.

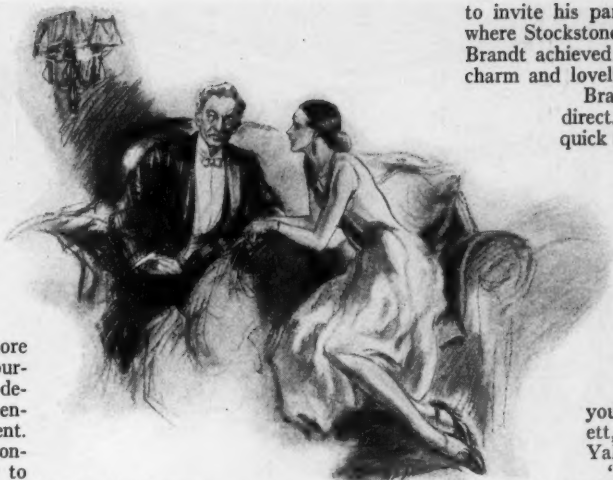
"You're outgrowing Stockstone. You would. More worlds to conquer, eh? Think only of your music now—New York!"

"I'm thinking more of Roger." She paused and Brandt lighted her cigarette.

"You would." This, it appeared, was his comprehensive compliment. It took for granted that if "it" was something that she would inevitably do or think or say, that it was also inevitably beautiful. Selange spoke soon again.

"He's too young, I think, to be so contented."

"That's an old grievance of mine, Mrs. Everett. He's full of brilliance, of power, being wasted on the Stockstone clients. We've always had our eye on him, you know. He represents just the particular combination we need. My partner, Grant, was speaking to me about Everett, curiously enough, just the [Turn to page 110]



"Admiral Dean," said Selange, "How is Cupid?"



Her music possessed the room. It flowed about Roger in a strong, bewildering current



*Mrs. Milburn's eyes were gray as grief itself. "He's dead," she said*

# THE LITTLE YELLOW HOUSE

*The little yellow house and the little red schoolhouse—  
both dear, both our very own*

By Beatrice Burton Morgan

THE Little Yellow House never showed its true dinginess because Mrs. Milburn refused to let anyone see it. Her love transformed it to a shining palace where sacrificing devotion made everything out of nothing. Emmy, the only daughter, weary of the humdrum street and the boy who lived there, and who had always loved her, excited by the attentions the wealthy man she worked for showered on her, decides to rent a tiny apartment of her own, where her employer could visit her, but the night she prepares to go, her mother tells her that they are all going to move into the Pentland mansion.

EMMY never knew what promises or pleas her mother had made to Grandmother Pentland nor just how she had worked the miracle. But she began to see that certain promises had been made.

"Dan, you'll have to learn to use the side door at your Grandmother's house," she would say to the boy. "You can't track up her fine rugs with your muddy shoes."

And when she and Emmy were packing their dishes away in barrels, she let another cat out of the bag. "It'll be child's play—keeping a few bedrooms in order," she said as if to herself, and then stopped abruptly.

"What do you mean?" asked Emmy.

"Well—I told your Grandmother I'd never let her keep an upstairs maid while I was in the house," she said, bending over and being very busy in the bottom of the barrel.

"I'm going to do the mending, too," she ran on cheerfully. "There won't be much. I'd be ashamed not to do any work around the house, when we're paying your grandmother so little toward the household expenses."

Well, that was fair enough, thought Emmy.

"I hope Father will not have any of his 'neuralgia' spells there," she said. "That would be terrible!"

"I'm sure he won't," Mrs. Milburn answered, "he's been better lately."

He had. Ever since he had heard they were all going to go to live in the big red brick house he had been a model of good behavior.

"Yes, we'll give up our home," he had remarked graciously, "and go to live with the Old Lady. It's the least we can do."

On Sunday night Robb came to say good-by. He was very blue.

"Aren't you silly, Robb?" Emmy asked him as they sat together on the piano bench. "We aren't going to the North Pole. We'll see each other just the same."

He shook his dark handsome head. "It'll never be the same again," he said. "Mrs. Pentland doesn't like me, and I'm not so thick-headed I can't see it. You're changing too, Emmy."

As his eyes met hers something hard and cold in her seemed to melt—something that had been growing within her ever since the day Wells Harbison walked into the office.

"Robb, I'll never change toward you," she said, "you'll always be the very best friend I have in the world, outside my own family. Why, no matter what trouble I was in, I think I'd come to you first with it, Robb Hollis."

They shook hands on that solemnly.

"Emmy, you've always had a home," Robb said, "so you don't understand how I feel about you all going away from here . . . I'll miss the white curtains and

the geraniums in the window and your mother out sweeping the sidewalk or weeding the flowers. She's just the kind of mother—" He choked up.

A surge of pity swept through Emmy. She put her arms around him and held him close—not as a woman holds her lover, but in the tender way a mother holds her child.

Dan and Mr. Milburn, on their way home from a picture show, came up the front steps and looked in through the curtainless windows. Emmy and Robb sprang apart.

"Well, well, no lights in here!" Mr. Milburn said, "better have some."

The notion of his daughter, Emmy, having a sweetheart was distasteful to him. She was so young . . . And a daughter should stay at home and be a comfort to her parents in their old age he always said.

On Monday morning before Emmy left for the office, the movers were at the house. The furniture was to be stored away in a warehouse. Mrs. Milburn, with an old sweater of Perry's around her shoulders, stood on the porch watching them. "There goes my pie-crust table," Emmy heard her say, "and that's Emmy's little white bed."

In one corner of the empty sitting room were the few things that she was taking to Grandmother Pentland's big house—her red geraniums, the Dying Gladiator, Mr. Milburn's blue tobacco jar and his thermos jug. Her blue eyes were misty and her face crumpled up as if she were going to cry.

"Mother, I do believe you're unhappy about leaving this horrible little place," Emmy said to her, "you're doing it for me—and it's breaking your heart."

"No," her mother answered with such staunchness that Emmy believed her, "I've thought it all over. If we stayed on here, I should be paying rent to Jim Tello, and I don't believe I'd enjoy that very much. I was



engaged to marry Jim Tello once."

Emmy's eyes popped open. "You were! Don't you feel sorry you didn't when you see him sail by in his big car?"

"I do not! Of course, I'm not sorry! Why should I when I've got a man like your father?"

Emmy kissed her and started off to work. At the foot of the street she turned and gave the house a look. "I hope I never set foot in you again!" she told it resentfully.

By the middle of April the Milburns were settled in four small rooms at the back of Grandmother Pentland's house—the rooms that had been the nursery when Rosy and Mark Pentland were babies.

"If I'd thought we were to be poked away like this, I'd never have come," Mr. Milburn remarked when he saw them. "We have sacrificed our own comfortable home for nothing, it seems to me."

But his wife showed him the little sewing room next door to their own room. And the Dying Gladiator which she had had wired for electric light, and his blue tobacco jar and his detective stories beside it.

In the velvet and mahogany desert of the house the little sewing room became an oasis of cheer and comfort. Even Grandmother formed the habit of coming in to play a melancholy game of solitaire there. The family never sat downstairs in the magnificent library or the red plush parlor, for Grandmother Pentland let them know, right from the beginning, that she did not want them there.

On their first evening in Prospect Street, she rose from the dining room table and spoke to them all.

"Well, I think I'll look over the papers for a while. I'll see you people later—upstairs," and she swept into the parlor closing the door sharply behind her.

Every night at nine o'clock she sent for Mrs. Milburn to help her get ready for bed and to read her to sleep.

Twice a week three of her old friends—Mrs. Brett, Mrs. Derby and Miss Bunts—came in to play a rubber

or two of bridge with her in a tiny card room behind the library. On those nights Mrs. Milburn stayed up until eleven o'clock to help her mother to bed.

Grandmother Pentland leaned on her a great deal these days. Too much, thought Mr. Milburn.

She makes a regular body-servant out of your mother," he complained to Emmy one night. "Your mother does the work of two servants around here, and we pay board besides."

Emmy knew that, in all probability, they were paying very little board money to Grandmother Pentland. She saw it really was Mrs. Milburn who was paying their way. She planned the meals and marketed. She did all the upstairs work, and the mending, waited hand, foot and finger on the old lady herself. She counted the things that came up from the laundry and put them away in the lavender-scented closets.

"Mother," Emmy said one night when she came in to kiss her goodnight, "father says you work harder here than ever you did at home. It hurts me to think that you're doing it for me."

"Oh, fiddle-faddle! What work is there in making a few beds and looking after your Grandmother? It's just child's play to me," Mrs. Milburn answered.

"You're happy here, aren't you, Emmy?" she asked anxiously.

Emmy was happy. Just to be out of Flower Street was a joy in itself. And besides, she had a brand-new interest in life.

By April she was so infatuated with Wells Harbison that he colored all her thoughts from the time she opened her eyes in the morning until she closed them at night.

And in the middle of April there came a Saturday of sunny skies, racing clouds and warm high winds—a day that seemed stolen from the golden heart of summer-time.

"If this isn't a day for buying a straw hat there never was one," Lucille Ingham observed at noon, as she locked up her desk for the week-end. "I think I'll

## Illustrated by F. R. GRUGER

go and buy the little red turban we saw yesterday. Want to go along?"

"Yes, I saw a black hat I'd like for myself," Emmy said, "and some gun-metal choker beads with a sapphire clasp."

To think she could go out into the shopping-district and buy these things for herself. Things she had always wanted—chiffon-silk stockings, beads, high-heeled slippers, pert little satin turbans, things that had never belonged to Marianna. She had seventeen dollars left for herself every week after she had given her mother five for her board, and seventeen dollars were untold riches to Emmy who seldom had had seventeen cents.

As she passed Wells Harbison's door it opened and he came out. He stopped her, pulling his watch from his pocket.

"Going to lunch, Miss Milburn?" he asked, and Emmy answered that she was, in a voice much more calm than she felt.

"Will you try to be back here at one?" he asked. "I've some letters to get out, and Miss Dunlap is gone." Miss Dunlap was his secretary—a sandy-haired, high-nosed spinster of middle age.

With a wildly beating heart Emmy ran down to join Lucille in the dressing room.

"Mr. Harbison wants me to take some letters for him this afternoon!" she said, "and I've got to be back here at one, so we'll have to hurry."

"Watch your step," said Lucille [Turn to page 104]



Emmy never took her eyes from Harbison's clear cut profile. "I love him," she kept thinking—

# WOMAN- AND A DECADENT JURY SYSTEM

## *Are women fit to judge guilt?*

By Mabel Walker Willebrandt

THE great number of articles appearing in current periodicals on the subject of woman, her limitations, her asserted superiorities, and her destiny, is enough to convince anyone of the fact that we are in a peculiar state of agitation and aimless thought over the whole subject.

Beneath the mouthings of prejudice and the careless thinking, however, there is an underlying life current moving on toward less and less differentiation of intellect, morals, and community activity between the sexes. It is carrying the protesting conservative, clinging stubbornly to his cherished bit of wreckage—his idea of the traditional woman—and pushing before it the iconoclasts who break all traditions, useful or otherwise, in the mistaken name of liberty.

If these deeper currents are sought for, I am confident they can lead us through the uncertain and shallow ideas of the protesting and fearful into a charted course of thinking which arrives at a recognition of woman as a citizen, and an appreciation of her contribution to the state, not only by the exercise of her reproductive functions, but by full participation in all civic activities, including jury service.

Some men, though, hate to yield the old notion that all really pure, gentle and inspirational qualities belong to women. To borrow a phrase from Dr. Bisch, they "get such a lot of emotional fun out of it." Besides, it's a fine-sounding, manly excuse for man's not striving to attain such qualities himself. It's much easier, and traditionally more virile to acquire spirituality vicariously by possessing a woman who has it! Some women also hate to yield the notion that they're nearer the divine than men. To be finer and more hallowed through the mere accident of birth or sex instead of by earnest effort, has a great deal of ego satisfaction. It's like reaping where one has not sown. All humans, men or women, like to do that.

In the article by Louis Bisch, M. D., to which I am invited to reply, the learned Doctor slips grievously into that common pitfall of reasoning—generalizing from a few specific instances. Instead of looking at the facts from the twenty-two states and territories where women are successfully serving their communities on juries, he forms his conclusions from a few women with whom his unusual practise as a psychoanalyst has brought him into contrast—restless, extreme, wealthy, socially maladjusted women. But how naive of the Doctor to presume all the twenty-nine millions of adult women from whom juries would be drawn in the United States are like that!

Most jurors, women just like men, are drawn from the middle class. Most are busy, earnest, hopeful, home-loving, moderately well educated and fairly well adjusted mentally, and are living without virulent complexes. The women usually are wives and mothers, with children old enough to be in school, club women, school teachers, sales women, engaged in respectable, frequently

THIS EMINENT WOMAN JURIST SAYS:—

*"Woman is not only eminently fit; she is imperatively needed to bring relief. Twenty-two states have looked to her and not in vain."*

Mrs. Willebrandt's article is the second of a series appearing in McCall's Magazine which has aroused nation-wide interest in an arresting national problem. Next month's issue will feature the views of Clarence Darrow, noted criminal lawyer, upon this same question: *Are women fit to judge guilt?* It is to be remembered that the opinions expressed in these articles are not to be construed as editorial convictions.

humble but busy means of making a livelihood.

Such women are eminently fit for jury service.

Human nature runs about the same in both sexes, but Dr. Bisch has been dealing with its feminine "lunatic fringe." I venture that for the one woman suffering from an unconscious sadistic murder desire toward a drinking husband, there are ten men so intense in their hatred of liquor that it blots out all other considerations

and interests. Even when I am prosecuting a liquor case, I use a challenge on that type of man. I have done so in numerous cases.

He is so single-tracked he arouses the antagonisms of other jurors. Yet no one would conclude therefrom that *all men* were incapable of judging.

Unfitness is an individual peculiarity, not a matter of sex. It arises from prejudices essentially personal. The law expects them, and has provided amply for their avoidance in a generous right of peremptory challenges of talesmen.

The Doctor made an unfortunate choice of illustration, too, when he used four women's comments about a triangle murder case to prove woman's biased judgment. He chose a case which is the exception, rather than the average of the litigation on which juries sit, and one where bias would most likely be revealed in women. Women, from the necessities of their life and training, feel much more keenly on the subject of the eternal triangle than men.

Most lawyers, in trying such a case, would scrutinize carefully the women who file into the jury box, and perhaps use more challenges on them than on the men. But the possibility of encountering greater prejudice from women in such cases is no argument against their general use on juries, for such cases form but a small percentage of those on which juries serve. In the State of Massachusetts only five percent of the total number of cases tried in a given year were criminal ones; and an infinitesimal percentage of the five percent involved the eternal triangle! The percentage in most states is about the same.

Equally great prejudice and a wide diversity of opinion may be obtained from men on a question which touches them deeply. For example, bias occurs as frequently among men on labor questions as it does among women on questions of sex. I recall particularly a discussion with five men concerning the guilt of members of a group of labor unions who conspired by extreme measures in a "sympathetic" strike to compel closed shop conditions. One man of the reactionary type, wealthy, a large employer, who had long fought labor unions in his own industry, said: "That crowd is the menace of America. They ought to be put away for life."

Across the table a noted psychiatrist looked up quickly, with the comment: "Why, those men ought to be examined; they are not criminals—they are mentally sick from imagined wrongs."

Then a journalist, having had a close-up of life at points of great strain, on the bleeding fronts during the war and in the frosty tents of striking coal miners during peace, observed: "It is the employers of such men who should be condemned. If you had seen the suffering of their wives and families as I have, you would know that the crime is with the economically dominant class."

A smug army officer, who spent much of his time in patriotic lectures, answered: "The dominant class provides by [Turn to page 113]



*Mabel Willebrandt and her daughter*





*Those afternoons with Ruth came to him now, a poignant memory*

# STAIRS of SAND

*Souls are welded in the crucible  
of the desert*

By Zane Grey

ILLUSTRATED BY DANIEL CONTENT

UNHAPPINESS has pursued Ruth from her birth. In the prime of her fresh youth and beauty she is wedded to a man she detests. Her only salvation lies in Adam Wansfell, whom men call the "Desert Wanderer." But fate wills it that this man whom she has grown to love is the brother of her husband. He remains near her, yet hiding his presence from his brother and from all men until one day when Ruth is found missing. Stone, an old lover of Ruth's, has also disappeared with a sum of her husband's money. The finger of suspicion points out that she and Stone have eloped as they had before.

MERRYVALE located the Indian in the saloon. Hindfoot, as they called him locally, was one of the many tragic derelicts of the desert, ruined by contact with the whites. He understood English, though he could speak only a little; he was capable in many ways, but so addicted to drink that he could not get work. When the saloon was open, from morning until late at night, Hindfoot could be counted upon to be there.

His dark sombre eyes gleamed from a gold coin in his palm to Merryvale's face.

"Come, follow me, but keep far behind," whispered Merryvale, and went out. He did not want to run the risk of being seen making for the desert with Hindfoot. There appeared small chance of that, however, for all of Lost Lake was in the freighting-post.

Merryvale went north along the road. When he had reached some smoke trees on the outskirts of the post, he turned and waited for the Indian.

"Huh! What you want?" queried Hindfoot.

"We go all round post," replied Merryvale, getting up. "Look for tracks made last night."

"What kind tracks?"

"Any kind."

"Come?" asked the Indian, pointing north, and then turning to the south with brown hand outstretched, he went on: "Go?"

"Shore, hoss an' wheel tracks," rejoined Merryvale, eagerly. "Then I want to know if any man or woman

vale, breathing with great difficulty.

"No. All seems quiet everywhere."

"Didn't you see Larey at all then?"

"No. He drink like fish long time

before that, then go way soon falling all over trail."

"All right, Hindfoot. Now we'll look for tracks. You go far round. Meet me Indian Jim's. I go this side."

They separated. Merryvale had chosen the upper half of Lost Lake to circle, and he strode off with searching eyes bent on the ground. In some sandy patches and likewise on hard-packed gravel, tracks would have been difficult to find. On the other hand, there were stretches of adobe clay which would have betrayed the imprint of the lightest foot. Merryvale did not sight any fresh tracks. Back of Ruth's yard he crossed his own and Adam's footprints made several days previous. From that point down and round to Indian Jim's there was no sign to be detected.

Hindfoot was waiting for Merryvale, though that fact would not have been evident to anyone else.

"No see more tracks," said the Indian.

"Where me get hoss to ride?" asked Merryvale, his mind leaping on to the next issue.

"Jim got mule."

"Saddle?"

"Injun saddle. Heap good."

"Hindfoot, go get Jim's mule an' saddle. Fetch over there," said Merryvale, pointing to his shack through the *palo verdes*.

"Huh!" replied the Indian.

Upon arriving at the shed, the shade of which was markedly welcome, Merryvale threw off his coat, and searched among his effects for his canteen, and finding it he sat down to rest and wait. His mind was full, though no longer whirling. It was imperative that he get to Adam that day, in time for them to return to Lost Lake and catch the stage in the morning. Adam, once in possession of all Merryvale had heard and seen and thought in connection with Ruth's disappearance, would act with the eagle-like swiftness for which he was famed. Merryvale did not know just what direction this action would take, beyond getting to Yuma.

with all possible speed, but he began to feel the old revelry in peril and mystery that the desert had bred in him.

Hindfoot arrived with the mule, a dilapidated ante-diluvian beast that Merryvale eyed askance. He despatched the Indian to fill his canteen at the post watering-trough, while he lengthened the stirrups. Soon, then, he was mounted, and riding in a detour through the trees, to avoid being seen.

Heat and glare and silence, the great openness without life, the silver sand, the red outcropping ledges, the copper sky—these closed in upon Merryvale, gradually to color his thought, and to alienate him from all that was in contrast to them.

Five miles or more up the slow heave of desert there was a break in the monotony. It was the mouth of a canyon. Merryvale entered and rode along a winding ditch of sand, where water ran in times of flood. He had come into the region of rock. The walls grew higher until they towered above, stained and seamed.

The canyon forked in an amphitheatre of ruined cliffs, of vast sections of wall, and slopes of weathered sandstone. Merryvale found Adam's trail well defined now, leading up the left fork. This was a dismal crack between two overhanging precipices. It might have been a gateway to an inferno.

Farther on there was a widening of the canyon, lighter, with less frightfully leaning rims and balancing crags and split shafts. Riding round a corner Merryvale came suddenly upon one of those amazing surprises to which the desert wilfully treats its faithful adherents upon rare occasions. The great walls formed an oval bowl, gold in line, with magnificent blank faces, sheering down to a beautiful floor of luscious sand and amber rock fringed by green growths. The glittering sun struck white light from a pool of water, set in solid rock.

As Merryvale rode into this paradise, guiding the mule toward the shady side, Adam suddenly stepped from behind a huge rock, gun in hand.

"You've bad news. I knew that when I first saw you."

"Pard, it couldn't be no worse. Ruth is gone again!"

In one stride Adam reached Merryvale, to lay those talon-like hands upon him.

"Yes, Adam. Gone! Gone again with Stone or—"

"No!" Adam's voice, high, ringing like a sonorous bell, clapped in echo from wall to wall.

Whereupon Merryvale poured out the story of Ruth's disappearance, confining himself sternly to what he had heard and seen and done.

"She never accompanied Stone—willingly," replied Adam, with such tremendous weight that Merryvale felt his slow sluggish blood quicken.

"It does seem impossible—now I see you, Adam," he said. "I hope to Gawd, I wasn't traitor to Ruth."

"You were, unfortunately . . . But you named my brother only in connection with his attack on Dabb—the lost money—and Stone?"

"Wal, you yelled for facts only," replied Merryvale, conscious of an obstacle that had strangely arisen to his opportunity to set the destroying angels loose upon Guerd Larey. Ruth's face—her look—her whisper! Merryvale could not voice what his sagacity had evolved.

"I'd rather it would be Ruth's dishonor than Guerd's crime," Adam wrung out.

Merryvale sprang up as if lashed by a whip. "Gawd Almighty! What're you sayin', Adam?—That girl, still good, fightin' the devil that was born in her an' the beasts of men who want her body! I'd die for her an' sell my soul to save her honor . . . Adam, you are mad."

"No, not yet," said Adam, lifting a face like ice. "I would love her the same—even more. I could save her . . . But if Guerd laid his lustful hand on her—so help me God . . . I'd tear out his heart!"

The great horny desert-talon hands gripped the air with appalling intensity as if feeling for Guerd's heart.

"An' that'd be good!" choked Merryvale, overcome by passion. He walked away, and paced under the wall until he had gained a semblance to composure.

"Merryvale, time is flying," spoke up Adam, gravely, as he approached.

"Wal, I was thinkin' of that," responded Merryvale. "How soon can we get to Yuma?"

"Down stage due today," replied Merryvale. "It leaves in the mawnin'."

"You go on that stage," said Adam, swiftly. "I'll pack my burros and leave here before dark. By sunup tomorrow I'll be at Bitter Seeps. I'll wait there. If my brother Guerd is on that stage you throw a paper or a bottle or anything out upon the road. If he's not I'll stop the stage and go with you."

"So far, so good. Suppose Guerd's on the stage?" queried Merryvale.

"Would he recognize me?" asked Adam, a spasm of agony crossing his face. "Do you remember the boy who came to Picacho—eighteen years ago? . . . It seems a lifetime. Have I not changed terribly? Who would know in Wansfell the boy Adam Larey? . . . Merryvale, would he know me?"

"Never in the world!" ejaculated Merryvale, shrilly.



He uttered a sharp cry and tried to swerve aside

"You could face him for an hour an' he'd not see anythin' familiar in you. Adam, pard, you forget the transformin' power of the desert."

"But I could not trust myself," went on Adam, his tragic supplicating gaze on Merryvale. "I will never confront Guerd—or let him confront me—unless it is to be the end!"

Mournful words! Merryvale suffered anew in the trail of his friend. Adam shook his frame like a rousing lion.

"Enough. If Guerd's on the stage, I will walk to Yuma," he decided. "Hide my packs and leave the burros at Bitter Seeps. Travel by night. Get to Yuma only twelve hours behind you. Meet you at Augustine's. You know his place. I befriended him. He owes me much. Augustine can find Ruth for us—no matter where they hide her, he'll be able to find her for us."

"Wal, pard, I'm on my way, pronto," replied Merryvale.

It was after dark when Merryvale rode into Lost Lake, unaware of fatigue or hunger. After returning the mule, Merryvale hurried to see Hunt, whom he found at supper, and who bade him sit and eat. Then Hunt plied him with queries.

"Wal, Ruth will probably be sittin' heah at your table again in less than a week," replied Merryvale, answering all questions at once.

"If I could be sure of that, I'd be relieved of a burden," returned Hunt, grateful, yet full of doubt.

"You can be shore, providin' Ruth is alive. No one can tell what's in store on this desert."

"Larey came up to see me," announced Hunt.

"You don't say? Surprises me. What did he want?" exclaimed Merryvale, powerfully interested.

"I was astonished myself," went on Hunt. "He seemed to have forgotten the scurvy way he'd treated me. He asked many questions about Ruth. He was curious, bitter, but evidently had gotten over his fury."

"Humph! How'd you know Larey was furious?" asked Merryvale, bluntly.

"I met Mrs. Dorn. You know what a gossip she is. Well, she had been to the post. According to her story Larey nearly tore the place down. He was like a madman. Indoors and outdoors he raved and cursed. The Indians ran away. The Mexicans were afraid of him, too."

"Ahuh, I savvy. Shoutin' it out to the skies, hey? His wife run off again with Stone?"

"Yes, Mrs. Dorn said as much. But here with me he was composed. He said Stone wasn't much to blame. A beautiful woman played hell with a man. Last he told me he'd go north on the stage to meet Collishaw at Salton Springs—that he would require Collishaw in Yuma, where he must hurry to catch Stone and Ruth. He would fetch Ruth back, and this time make her live with him."

"Wal, I'm a son-of-a-gun!" burst out Merryvale.

"It's clear enough to me," went on Hunt. "And if Ruth would only care enough for Larey to go back to him and make a decent man of him, it'd remove our burdens."

"It shore would, Mr. Hunt," returned Merryvale, with sarcasm.

"The up stage arrived early this afternoon and left very soon afterward," said Hunt. "I suppose Larey in his hurry was responsible for this unusual proceeding."

"The down stage in yet?" asked Merryvale, ponderingly, forgetting the cup of coffee he held.

"I haven't heard it. But it's overdue."

"Wal, I'll go see," said Merryvale, rising. "Don't worry too much, Mr. Hunt, it mightn't turn out so bad. Goodnight."

Merryvale strode out into the darkness, down the winding path, out toward the dim yellow lights of the post, reiterating one muttered exclamation. "What next? What next?"

Larey's move, at first flash, perplexed Merryvale. If Collishaw had already gone on to Yuma, Larey certainly was aware of it; and if so why did Larey go north to meet him? If Stone had been party to some underhand game of abducting Ruth, why would Larey trust him for longer than seemed necessary? Could it be possible that Larey was not in the secret? Merryvale did not credit this supposition. He would have staked anything on his belief that he saw Larey under his mask. It must be that Larey in his extremity, or under powerful suggestion from Collishaw, had resorted to more finesse, more cunning.

In front of the saloon, where the yellow light flared, Merryvale encountered the stage driver with whom he had previously scraped acquaintance.

"Come an' have a drink," invited Merryvale.

"Don't care if I do," responded the driver with alacrity.

"How about a seat to Yuma in the mawnin'?" asked Merryvale, over his glass in the bar.

"Plenty room, old timer. Only three aboard this trip down."

"Good. An' bein' a desert man who loves the open I'd like to set with you up on top. How about it?"

"You're welcome. You'll have fifteen hours of open, all right, 'specially if it's blowin'. I'm starting early—at six. Be sure you're ready on time." [Turn to page 100]



# WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD

## THE MUSICAL EVENT OF THE MONTH

### The American Opera Company

REVIEWED BY DEEMS TAYLOR

ABOUT a year ago the Rochester Opera Company slipped into New York for a week at the Guild Theater and managed to arouse the interest of even New York's opera-wearied music critics with its excellent performances of grand opera in English. This year the organization, having left the parental roof of the Rochester music school, arrived as the American Opera Company and succeeded in attracting and holding public attention for eight weeks instead of eight days.

This report, let me hasten to point out, is not wholly a disinterested one, as it is submitted by a newly fledged member of the company's producing board. Still, that membership is as yet neither very active nor of particularly long standing, so that this account, while undeniably interested, is, I hope, not prejudiced.

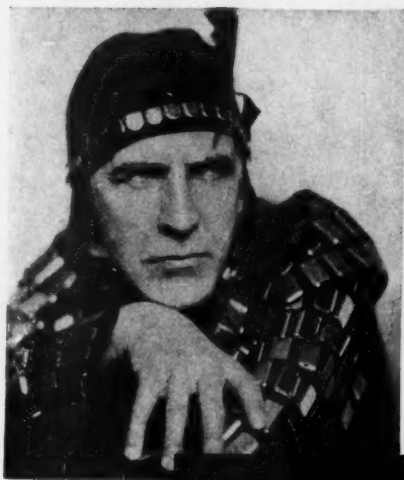
The general director is still Vladimir Rosing, the extraordinary young Russian-American who founded the company, and whose theory of operatic production has spread such sizeable ripples in the operatic millpond. It is a simple theory to have produced such revolutionary results, for, reduced to its lowest terms, it is merely this: that if grand opera is to become a genuinely popular art-form in America, it must be conceived and produced with an eye to the American point of view, in accordance with American intellectual and temperamental demands.

The best way to explain how Mr. Rosing has gone about solving the problem set by his theory is to describe the American Opera Company's production of Gounod's *Faust*, one of the most widely admired and hotly debated theatrical productions that New York has seen in several seasons.

First of all, Mr. Rosing decided, opera must be sung in the language of its audience. All operas produced in Germany are performed in German; the Italian hears his Gounod in Italian; the Russian hears his in Russian. Why, therefore, is it not the American's simple right to hear his in English? Opera is as much a dramatic as a musical art, and to offer *Faust* to an American in a language not his own is to make it difficult, if not impossible for him to follow its action with any particular comprehension or enjoyment. Accordingly, this *Faust* was sung in a brand-new English text prepared by Robert Simon, music critic of the *New Yorker*, who happens to know, not only music and French, but English, and good English at that.

But Mr. Rosing has caused much more than the words of *Faust* to be translated. He has looked at Gounod's late nineteenth century version of Goethe's early nineteenth century rendition of a mediaeval tale, looked at it with a twentieth century eye, and produced it for the enjoyment of a twentieth century audience—a theatrical, not an operatic audience. Not that he has produced *Faust* in modern clothes. The costumes, by Robert Edmund Jones, are authentically mediaeval and colorful and beautiful. But the action, and the acting, and the handling of groups, the mental approach, so to speak, is that of our own times.

Let me illustrate: Seeing this *Faust*, you may, if you like, still take literally the fairy tale of the old philosopher who sold himself to the devil in order to regain his lost youth and the girl he desired. But if you are skeptical of fairy tales, you may, if you please, thanks to Mr. Jones' scenery, take the whole thing as an old man's dream. *Mephistopheles*, as acted under Mr. Rosing's direction, is not the conventional red devil of bygone operatic days. He is a tall young fellow, somewhat sinister, but undeniably good-looking, who may be accepted as an evil companion, or as a symbol of *Faust's* evil nature. The famous first-act scene of *Mephisto's* confusion by the crucifix can be accepted on rational grounds, for while *Valentine* still menacingly holds aloft his cruciform sword-hilt, the grin-



Mr. Rosing has selected his actors and sets with rare discrimination. Above, John Moncrieff and Natalie Hall



ning *Mephisto* is in no wise disconcerted until he also finds himself surrounded by the sword-points of *Valentine's* companions.

In choosing his actors Mr. Rosing has selected them as much for their resemblance to the rôles as for their voices. And they act. Everybody acts including the chorus, which has evidently been enjoined, under drastic penalties, not to be caught singing to the conductor. The garden scene alone would be worth the trip to the Gallo Theater, for, as played by two slim, sincere and young singers, it has such tenderness and beauty and pathos that it rises infinitely above the conventional operatic love scene.

## THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

### The Outlawry of War

By REV. C. C. MORRISON, D. D.

REVIEWED BY  
REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON, Litt. D.



Rev. C. C. Morrison, D. D.

DR. MORRISON is the editor of *The Christian Century* which is to America what *The British Weekly* is to England—a great denominational journal, at once a focus of fellowship and a forum of discussion. Alike by his genius as an editor and his courage as a prophet, he has become one of the most influential religious leaders of the country, a force to be reckoned with in national affairs. Within the last two years he has made himself the champion, with Senator Borah, of the proposition to outlaw war, and in the sermon under review he tells what he means by it, challenging our faith. Hear his words:

"Organized religion—Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish—has it in its power to put an end to international war. It is religion that has kept war alive, and religion can kill it. The nations would not brew another war if the traditional support of religion were withdrawn. This

is not to say that religion is the only factor in war—that would be a stupid assertion—but the power of religion is so great that, if it were withdrawn, the nations would abandon the barbaric system of war and erect in its place a system of law and justice for settling disputes."

"The very life of ethical religion," says Dr. Morrison, "is at stake in the attitude the church takes toward the continuance of the war system. War blasts every faith of religion and blights every ideal. Indeed, it spells the doom of moral

religion, unless moral religion pronounces the doom of war. Man cannot believe in such a God of love and justice as Jesus and the Hebrew prophets revealed, and at the same time accept war as inevitable. If war goes on, religion will either sink into superstition, or wither away into a thin otherworldliness, and lose its meaning and power."

"Whatever is to be said of the past," Dr. Morrison continues, "we cannot escape the fact that another world war will mean the bankruptcy of moral religion. The church may carry on its institutional life; it may exhibit many virtues of personal piety and organized charity; but unless it does something fundamental about war, its impotence will be a confession that the world-church is morally unequal to the world responsibility—that the gates of hell do indeed prevail against it."

If another world war bursts upon us, Dr. Morrison holds, civilization, or the remnants of it, may survive, but the present social order will not. In the last war men held on because they believed something good would come out of it. If that faith is lacking, as it will be in another war with more deadly ways of killing, it needs no prophet to foretell that whirlwinds of rebellion will shake the world and shatter it.

What, then, can we do? The proposals for peace, Dr. Morrison tells us, boil down to three. First, the hope that war will be outgrown by the slow development of a better mind and spirit. Second, the prohibition of war by some supernational league or court of nations. Third, the voluntary renunciation of war by civilized nations as an instrument of national policy.

"The last named," Dr. Morrison explains, "will outlaw war, making it a sin in religion and a crime in the public law of the world. The proposal to outlaw war need not threaten the state; it need only work through the normal channels of public opinion—through enlightenment and law."

"Slavery is as old as war, but it was abolished. Dueling existed from time immemorial, but it was repudiated as a way of settling private disputes. War can be repudiated in the same way, once we open the fountains of religious passion and loyalty against it. Unless the church sees that it has the same stake in the outlawry of war that it had in the abolition of slavery, it simply does not understand its own gospel. Instead of tolerating war, trying to tame or moderate it, both of which are impossible, we must repudiate it by the moral sense of man in the name of the Prince of Peace."



Madge Kennedy plays her role understandingly in *Paris Bound*

## Paris Bound

### THE PLAY OF THE MONTH

BY PHILIP BARRY

REVIEWED BY STARK YOUNG

THERE is a certain limitation in our theater that must often be a source of regret to people of taste and cultivation, and to those who would like to see our American life widely and closely represented on our stage.

We see humorous life presented, mixed and rather made-up stage types, like those in such plays as *Abie's Irish Rose* and popular farces and comedies, however enjoyable they may be. We see in plays like those of George M. Cohan, a happy, lovable and very simple American scene, done gaily and with talent. We see war plays and crook plays. But we have nearly always failed to find on the stage the presentation of the people that most of us are apt to know in actual life, whose speech and thoughts we recognize as familiar, who are guided and molded by the instincts and ideas that move ourselves.

The charm of Mr. Philip Barry's writing will lie just in this direction. His characters and what they do and say, and the things that happen in their midst, are fresh and familiar. Our eyes and our ears recognize them. They do not of course remain merely natural, they are not photographic, for that would not be theatrical art at all nor even literary art. They are projected and made alive in theater terms. But they remain true and alive for us, and we follow them with gratitude and refreshment. It is just in this matter of stage projection that *Paris Bound*, carries over the footlights so vividly.

The story of the play concerns a young married couple, in comfortable circumstances, devoted to each other; their relationship is charming and happy, built soundly on sweet human ways and living. The first six years are nearly past, the test of their love and happiness

Years before, so it happens, his mother for just such a reason as this had divorced his father, though she loved him and he her. It is now the father who pleads with his son's wife not to take a hasty step, to search her heart, where she will find what she knows full well, that her husband loves her entirely, the slip has been merely a matter of casual circumstances; or, at any rate, to wait till her husband's return before she makes up her mind. She declares that she will tell her husband her decision the moment he returns.

Meanwhile the wife herself has been seeing a great deal of a young composer, and he on his part has fallen in love with her. Her despair over her own case and her pity for him, together no doubt with some strong, wayward attraction that he has for her, have brought her almost to the point of yielding to his desire, when her husband arrives ahead of the expected time. He sees that something is wrong; in fact, he has more than half an idea of what has developed in his absence. You learn from what he says that he has not seen the other woman again. The wife wishes to talk things out, to confess, to accuse. But he will hear nothing; he knows that what they have is too deep and strong to tamper with or risk. He sweeps her out into the Summer night, and off to the country where the children are.

Even from such a meager outline it will be evident

seems to have succeeded, when the young wife learns that the husband, on a previous business trip abroad, has been faithless with another woman, an old admirer of his. The wife learns this during the absence of her husband on another trip abroad.

that Mr. Barry's play is fresh and moving; it conveys the sense of a poetic understanding of human life and emotion, of the frail ships of our souls, of the frail flowers of our happiness. It is full of common sense and of delicate understanding. And is filled with engaging dialogue and effective character. We need a play like *Paris Bound* to make us realize how unreal, arbitrary, tricked and contrived is the usual run of the plays.

Miss Madge Kennedy plays the part of the wife with an understanding that grows more and more convincing as the play develops. Donald Macdonald could scarcely be better as the young composer, a character that is written very straight and American, with none of the usual stage nonsense about artists.

## THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

### The Bridge of San Luis Rey

BY THORNTON WILDER

REVIEWED BY LAURENCE STALLINGS

THE Incas of Peru had woven a bridge of osier across a great chasm between Lima and Cuzco. It was the finest bridge in all Peru. The Spaniards who conquered the Incas christened the bridge in honor of King Louis of France. On Friday noon, July the twentieth, 1714, the bridge broke and precipitated five travelers into eternity.

More than two hundred years after the accident, a young American novelist has filed a note on the details of the catastrophe. He calls it *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, and it is instantly hailed as a masterpiece of fiction. The editor of *The Bookman* will wager his critical reputation that first editions of this novel will be worth forty dollars in another decade. Arnold Bennett sums it up as *an absolutely first rate work*. It is not only the book of the year. It is the book to go on the shelf with James Branch Cabell and Anatole France.

Mr. Wilder, the novelist, files his report through the medium of a little priest, one Brother Juniper, who immediately following the accident became the inquiring reporter. This priest knew the break in the bridge to be an act of God. But his quest was to discover God's reason for hurling the five extraordinary travelers into eternity. Mr. Wilder adds his own quest to the inquiry. He as a philosophical novelist, one with wit and irony and style, sets out to discover the riddle of the universe in the precipitate deaths of the victims.

*The Bridge of San Luis Rey* thus contains the stories of five lives, each more or less touching another in the spaces of life. Mr. Wilder, writing with distinction and grace, weaves the fabric of life in the ancient capital of Peru. There is Uncle Pio, infatuated with the Perichole, dancer idol of the town.

There is an ugly Duchess, the Marquesa de Montemayor, who bears an overweening love for her daughter. There is a sailor, who has known the rivalry of love between two brothers for the hand of a girl. There is the girl Pepita. Lastly, there is Don Jaime, the child of the dancer.

It is difficult to trace in a review the lives of these five. Each in itself might make a great book, made quick and simple and vital by the superb report of brother Juniper, the priest investigator. *Either we live by accident and die by accident*, thought brother Juniper, *or we live by plan and die by plan*. Setting forth to divine this riddle, he gained all the information available, and still fell short of perfection in his answer.

Yet the novelist has not fallen short of perfection. I can recall no book that so delicately and with such grace presents the salient facts of so many lives in so brief a space. All fine novels contain an interweaving of lives and stories. *The Bridge of San Luis* [Turn to page 124]



The most talked-of young writer in America



# THE FILM OF THE MONTH

## The Last Command

DIRECTED BY JOSEF VON STERNBERG

REVIEWED BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

THEY have treated Emil Jannings well in Hollywood. Unlike many of the other transplanted stars—who have languished and faded in the California sunshine—he has been accorded the appreciation, respect and consideration that he deserves.

Mr. Jannings' second American-made picture, *The Last Command*, is a worthy companion to all the great dramas and all the great rôles with which the name Jannings has been honorably associated.

It is a powerful and extraordinary story, written especially for Mr. Jannings by Lajos Biro and directed by Josef von Sternberg. Its central character is that of a Russian general, a hard, uncompromising, ruthless but violently patriotic soldier who, in the early days of the war, served his Tzar and his country well. He became enraged, when the Tzar requisitioned precious regiments for showy parade purposes in Petrograd. He was an aristocrat, this general, a unit in the old regime: but above all he was a fighting man.

Revolution swept over Russia and the general, holding doggedly to his primitive ideals, went under. He fled to America and, like so many others, gravitated to Hollywood, where for years he was forced to content himself with the humiliating lowly wages of a movie extra.

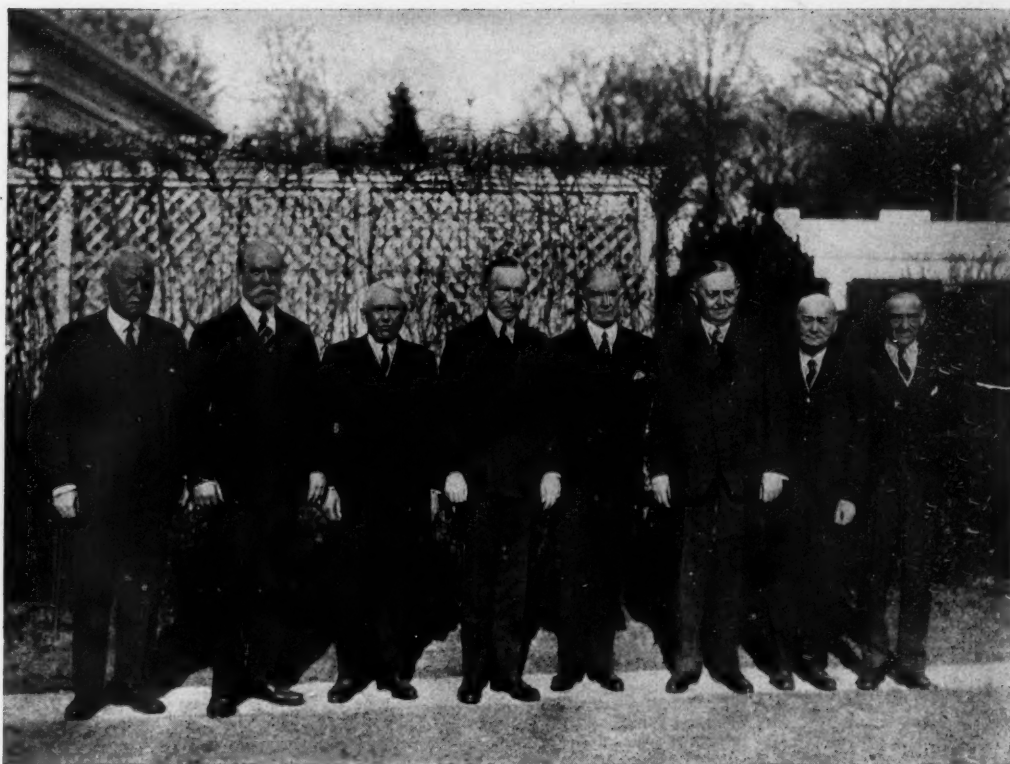
A Russian picture was being made of the great Bolshevik upheaval—and the directors were casting about frantically for suitable "types." The broken old man was picked out of the mob, dressed in the uniform of a Russian General, and placed in command of the make-believe army of grease-painted troops.

Once more, he wielded the whip of authority over the struggling soldiers. Once more he roared out his thundering command to action . . . It was his last command. As he uttered it, he dropped dead.

To this heroic rôle, Emil Jannings gives all the mastery of his great art. He's powerful as the brutal General who could send an army corps to its death; he is infinitely, heart-rendingly pathetic as the shattered old man who haunts the casting directors' offices of Hollywood. It is another stalwart achievement for the screen's first dramatic actor.

Mr. Jannings receives excellent and ample support from the others of the cast, notably Evelyn Brent and William Powell.

The work of the director, Josef von Sternberg, is noteworthy. Mr. von Sternberg has had a varied career in the movies. It was not until last year that he really arrived. It is a credit to him that Emil Jannings has been given another film in which his enormous talents are not wasted.



President Coolidge and the American delegates to the Pan-American Conference

## Pan - America

### THE WORLD EVENT OF THE MONTH

By COL. EDWARD M. HOUSE

(COPYRIGHT BY McCALL'S MAGAZINE, 1928).

SOME time ago a questionnaire was sent out asking a number of Americans interested in foreign affairs what section of the world interested them most. When the replies came in, South and Central America were toward the bottom of the list.

This lack of interest in South America is largely because nearly all of our citizens have for their forebears people who inhabited the different countries of Europe. Our communications with Europe are easier and more frequent and our literature, art and science are interwoven with those of Europe. Yet, our destiny

is closely linked with our sister American Republics. Until now the United States has devoted its capital and energies to building up its own waste places, and has had but little time or inclination to go far afield. That condition has changed since the Great War, therefore we may look for large excursions of American capital to the undeveloped territory to the south. If this is to be done successfully, we must change our attitude toward them.

The main criticism leveled at the United States is over our policy regarding Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Haiti and San Domingo. At one time indignation bade fair to burst into flame. Our attitude toward these states, and indeed toward smaller states, is a corollary of the Monroe Doctrine, that, vague and shadowy at first, has taken on larger proportions and responsibilities.

If any "interposition" by European Powers would be regarded as an "unfriendly act" then it would seem to be necessary for the United States to restrain the other American Republics from doing anything to warrant interposition by a European or Asiatic Power. In other words, if we are to stand sponsor for their international good behavior then we must intervene when, in our opinion, any action bids fair to warrant a European nation intervening on its own behalf.

Meanwhile our financial penetration of South and Central America goes steadily on. It is to be hoped that our financial interests in Latin America may merely weld us closer to them, and that we may never forget the noble doctrine announced at Mobile, 1913, by President Woodrow Wilson:

"The United States will never again seek one additional foot of territory by conquest. She must regard it as the duty of friendship to see that from no quarter are material interests made superior to human liberty and national opportunity."

### THE MONTH'S INTERESTING EVENT TO WOMEN

## The English Prayer Book

By HELEN TAFT MANNING

(COPYRIGHT BY McCALL'S MAGAZINE, 1928)

THE present religious crisis in England seems at first glance very remote from the kind of religious controversy with which we are familiar in this country. Yet the outcome of this tense situation may be more important to churchmen and women in America than we now realize, for a great religious revival or decline in England could hardly fail to have its echoes here.

Since the Prayer Book of the Church of England (known as the Episcopal Church in the United States) was first published after the death of Henry VIII in the sixteenth century it always has represented an eloquent attempt to state the doctrines on which most Englishmen could agree and to shroud in vague language those points of theology or ceremonial which might arouse disastrous controversy. "It hath been the wisdom of the Church of England to keep the mean between the two extremes"—so states the Prayer Book, the extremes being a close approach to Roman Catholicism on the one hand and to Calvinistic Protestantism on the other.

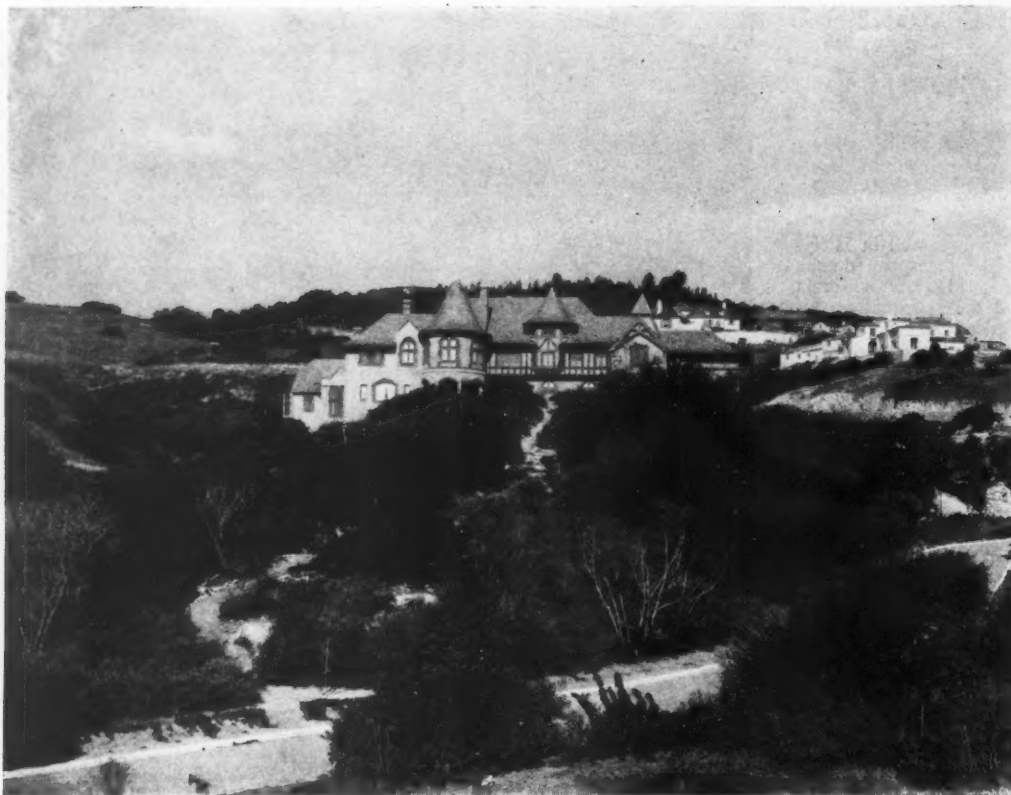
Henry VIII continued to enforce Catholic doctrines long after he had repudiated the [Turn to page 124]



Seductive Evelyn Brent



Another stalwart achievement for Jannings



*Gene's home in Bel-Air, Los Angeles*

## LIFE AND LETTERS of Gene Stratton-Porter

By Jeannette Porter Meehan

WITH this number ends the Life and Letters of Gene Stratton-Porter. But even though her material presence is no longer of this earth, the written record of the woman and her own work remains a glowing monument that is the quintessence of the kindness and purity and fragrance of Nature itself.

AT the time of the publication of *The Fire Bird*, her first published book of poetry, Mother gave a party which she describes in a letter to her friend, Mrs. J. W. McCamish, of Winchester, Indiana. In it she gives an extremely clear concept of her creed.

MY dear Friend:  
"You need not be afraid to recommend the little volume to your friends. It is my first stepping stone in an effort to establish for myself as high-grade literary value as has any writer in this country, and I am asking the people who love me and who have cared for what I have done formerly, to enlist with me in this battle, and to do whatever lies in their power to help me.

"I am desperately tired, as I have often told you, of having the high-grade literary critics of the country give a second and at times a third-class rating to my literary work, because I would not write of complexes and rank materialism, which is merely another name for adultery. These critics are mostly men and they persist in handing the literary honors to men who put upon the pages of books pictures so rotten that were any one to attempt to translate them to the language of the screen, the world would throw up its hands in holy horror.

"It is impossible for me ever to attain a high-grade literary rating with these critics because of this. My satis-

faction will have to lie in the fact that the high-grade homes of the country, the cultured and refined people, do give me a first rating; and it is not sentimental women from whom I get it, but cultured and scholarly men in the highest walks of life. However, there is no reason why I should not make a first grade literary reputation with poetry, which has been an obsession with me from childhood and which I have studied all my life in an effort to fit myself for such work.

"I would have given almost anything had you been in Los Angeles the night of a party which I gave to

celebrate the day of publication of my first volume of poetry. We had the house exquisitely decorated in red and white flowers, with two pools of pond lilies above which, on branches, perched stuffed specimens of the redbird, insured at one hundred dollars each and loaned me from one of the museums of the city. All the rest of the decorations were carried out in red and white to match the water lilies and the redbirds.

"We sent out about one hundred and fifteen invitations, provided seats, and started the party with a regular programme. The opening was a flute solo, 'The Song of the Nightingale.' Then I took the floor in a new evening dress of orchid chiffon velvet, looking, my friends were kind enough to say, the best they ever had seen me, probably because I was radiant with happiness. And I told this hand-picked bunch of friends, mostly artists, singers, painters and poets, of the poetic ambitions of my lifetime, recited them a couple of minor poems for a start, finishing with a culminating effort which for sheer beauty of color and imagery I have seen nothing in the English language to surpass, even though I say it who shouldn't. Then the musicians played *The Pastoral Symphony* with the bird notes done on a flute. Then a friend of mine, an English actress who has been on the stage since childhood, read a sequence, about an hour in length, from *The Fire Bird* which I prepared for her by picking out the high spots here and there and so stringing them together as to give an idea of the story. Then I took the floor, called the kiddies to me, and they delivered to each guest an autographed copy of *The Fire Bird*, each copy containing three Indian wishes especially fashioned to suit the environment and occupation of the recipient. The musicians closed the programme with [Turn to page 120]



*Her study in the Bel-Air mansion*



# People call this soup "a meal"



EVERY day all over the United States, women are selecting this soup for a very special purpose. It is not only delicious and tempting to the taste. It also contains such a generous, substantial quantity of valuable nourishment that women actually describe it as "the soup that's a meal." So Campbell's Vegetable Soup has a reputation and a tremendous popularity all its own. It is surely America's first choice as a hearty soup.

EVERY spoonful of it is liquid and solid food in delightful combination. There are the blended benefits and flavors of fifteen different vegetables, with all they bring in nutriment, healthfulness and pleasure to the taste. There is the strengthening

invigoration of beef broth—the "life" and sparkle of really good vegetable soup. Body-building cereals are here in plenty. Fresh herbs give their savor and their appetizing touch. Seasoning is of that deft and skillful quality for which Campbell's French chefs are famous. Selected for luncheon or for supper, here is a dish that often requires very little else both to invigorate and satisfy you. At

dinnertime, it does yeoman service since it provides food and stimulation to the appetite. And it's so convenient, requiring but the addition of an equal quantity of water, bringing to a boil and simmering for a few minutes.

Different days, meals and tastes all call for different soups.

Learn to suit the soup exactly to the occasion. The next time you serve Campbell's Soup, read the list of the twenty-one different kinds of soups printed on the label. 12 cents a can.

MAKING yourself familiar with this list is a "liberal education" in soups. Your grocer has, or will get for you, any Campbell's Soups you select. Visit him today and make your selections.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET



We are often asked, "Are these stories of Aunt Jemima and her recipe really true?" They are based on documents found in the files of the earliest owners of the recipe. To what extent they are a mixture of truth, fiction and tradition, we do not know. The Aunt Jemima Mills Branch, Quaker Oats Company, Chicago.

### Why her old-time recipe calls for these four flours



**Wheat flour:** A special, hard wheat flour which helps produce that unusual tenderness in her cakes



**Rice flour:** Just enough to insure that unusual smoothness you notice in her cakes



**Rye flour:** Not too much; not too little for that old-time "tang," faint, yet delightful



**Corn flour:** Adds a touch of sweet, corn taste—helps give that famous lightness to her cakes

They cannot be bought in the ordinary grocery store today—these four flours Aunt Jemima used. But they come with all her other ingredients, ready-mixed according to her famous recipe, in the red Aunt Jemima package

# No one of her FOUR DIFFERENT FLOURS can be left out—



*Each one must be measured  
and mixed according to her  
famous recipe*

**H**OW she did it was a mystery. Up and down the river to the other plantations, spread the story of her wonderful pancakes. But no other cook could equal their flavor.

That she added special flours was known or guessed. But what were these flours? And how much of each did she use?

For years Aunt Jemima refused to reveal her recipe to a soul. Only her master and his guests could enjoy the taste of those golden-brown, fragrant pancakes.

Today Aunt Jemima's recipe is still a secret. But the names of her flours are widely known.

*Each flour she used  
adds something to her cakes*

There are four flours in all—wheat, corn, rye, rice. Each one she used for a special reason. Mixed according to her recipe, each one adds something to the cakes that have made her famous.

The flours themselves cannot be bought in the ordinary grocery store today. Her wheat and corn flours must be specially ground.

All her ingredients—these four flours with sugar, milk, baking powder and salt—her own

*Light, tender muffins and crisp waffles are easily  
made with Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour. The  
simple recipes are on the back of the package*



recipe—comes to you *ready-mixed* in Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour.

Women everywhere who take pride in their cooking have turned to Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour, because it offers a recipe that cannot be found in cook books. The *only* way to have those light, wholesome pancakes with her own old-time flavor.

*So easy today*

In less than a minute today, the batter is ready for her tempting cakes. *Simply add a cup of milk (or water) to every cup of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour—and stir.*

Watch for the new interest in the faces at table, when you first serve Aunt Jemima's cakes with their matchless plantation flavor. Plan now to try her four flours—her whole recipe *ready-mixed*, in Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour. To get a *free* trial size package just mail the coupon. Or else get a full size package from your grocer.

**FREE**—a chance to  
test her  
recipe . . . *ready-mixed*

Trial size Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour free with new recipe booklet giving many delightful suggestions for pancakes, muffins and waffles. Mail coupon today.



THE AUNT JEMIMA MILLS BRANCH  
Dept. D-23, St. Joseph, Mo.

Gentlemen: Send free trial package of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour with recipe folder.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

*Just add milk  
(or water)  
and stir*





Round tables and chairs in the reading room



The entrance hall, card files and flower table

# The LIBRARY IN OUR LITTLE TOWN

*How an old residence became the mecca  
for booklovers young and old*

BY ALICE VAN LEER CARRICK

Author of "The Next to Nothing House," "Collector's Luck," etc.

IF you live in a small town, and want a library that the whole community, rich and poor alike, can rejoice in; if you have many aspirations and some books and very little money to house your dreams, spiritual and material, why not solve your problem as we have in our Howe Library in Hanover, the oldest house in the town, built in 1773 by Eleazar Wheelock, and "raised" by the willing hands of Dartmouth students; a house that has grown beautifully old, cherished and protected as our town Library. Oftentimes an old house will be offered as a family memorial—ours was.

Even a tiny hamlet, with a hundred volumes could manage an effective library in a very small house. For the adaptability of these old houses lies in the way they are arranged: a central hall—that's for the observation desk—one of the square front chambers for the children's room, the other for adult reading, while the two back rooms could be employed for the stacks and for the very necessary workroom every efficient librarian should have, a place for her coat and hat, where shelves for her own professional books could be ranged, a typewriter and a telephone—if the needs of the library demand it—placed without disturbing the quiet peace that readers ought to be allowed to enjoy. A small wash-room could be installed at one end of the hall or in the basement.

In our town the two upper floors of the library have been made into apartments for our bachelor members of the town's faculty, and the rent pays for lighting, heating, janitor service and general upkeep for the whole building. And how much better this arrangement than trying to model a modest library after the manner of a large and pretentious one. Allowing ten books to a running foot, with stacks seven feet in height placed around a room sixteen feet square, you can properly house five thousand books, and more than that a small town library rarely owns. The stacks should be made of wood rather than metal; they are not only more beautiful, but they are decidedly less noisy, and, besides, the walls of an old house are usually not strong enough to withstand the strain of steel. These wooden stacks may be made by the local carpenter, though an experienced librarian of my acquaintance tells me that, on the whole, it is cheaper and more satisfactory to order them direct from some large library bureau. If you have them made the height should be seven feet, and excellent dimensions are ten inches between shelves with a depth of eight.

The many volumes in their multi-colored bindings will give glow and charm to the room. Preserve all the old beauties which the house that is to be your library possesses: its paneling, its small-paned windows, its hearths which once again may be ruddy, and which are the delightfulest places to sit and

read beside, or for the children to gather round for their story-hour.

Decorative beauty, too, may come in the way the walls are treated, and the lighting is contrived.

The harmony and ease of the furniture will decidedly effect the well-being of the readers. None of it should be rigidly fixed; in a library that is to be a community center the chairs and tables ought to be moved about when the story-telling time comes round, or for the meetings and discussions and talks that many libraries are now considering as part of their plan of work. In the



The old fireplace is in use today

children's room the tables and chairs should be low enough for comfort. In the adult reading room, I fling my cap for the luxury of arm-chairs; I know how comfortable and comely our wide-seated Windsors are, and how they accord with the generous round tables, heaped with magazines.

There are flowers the whole year round; in the Summer from the library garden; in the Winter from the neighboring greenhouses.

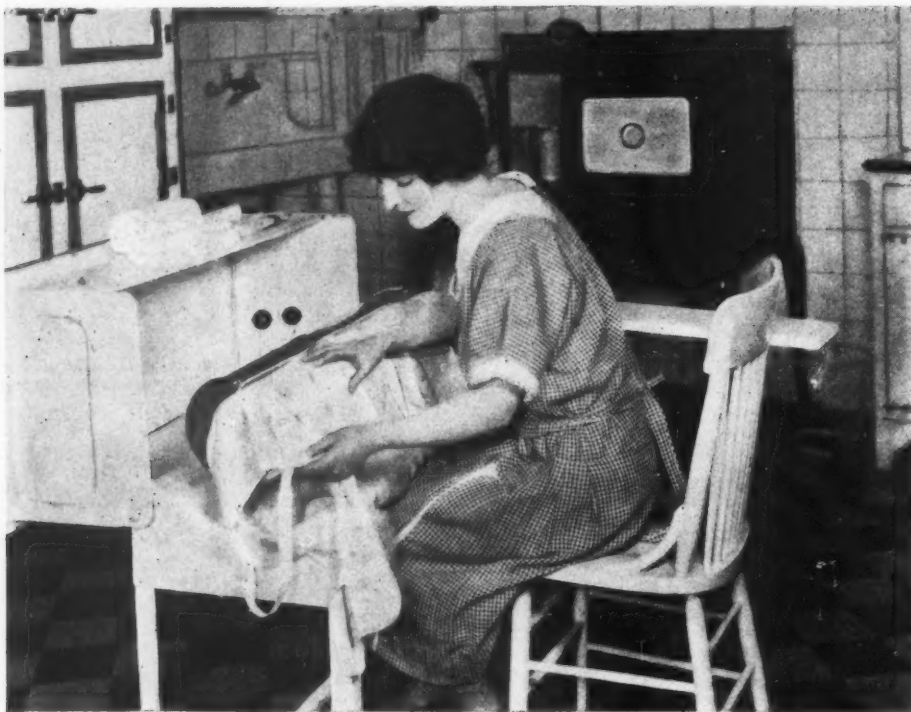
The most engaging part of the library to my mind is the children's part. The chairs and tables are comfortable and low, just the right size, and delightful books and magazines lie about. In the first room—one of the old front parlors—the white book-cases are just the height of the old paneling; the chimney-piece and the over-mantel are remarkably fine, a quaint mahogany height of the old paneling; the chimney-piece and the over-mantel are remarkably fine, a quaint mahogany clock ticks away over the card-catalogue stand, and on the wide window-seats at either side are a green fernery and a miniature Japanese garden. It is all arranged for the children's comfort and convenience; a rule of the library is that as soon as a child is old enough to want a book he may have it, and as soon as he is sufficiently grown-up to hunt through the catalogue, and take down books from the shelves himself, he may do so. Restrictions are so few as to be almost negligible.

The wall paper here is a soft yellow background patterned with gray romantic figures: eighteenth century ladies and gentlemen, ships a-sailing, ruins.

The second room has the same background—indeed, except for the hall, the whole library is hung with this soft and fanciful pattern—and here are the children's stacks, three of them, seven feet in height, double-faced and holding twenty-five hundred books.

The adult room is just as pleasing. Here the two square chambers have been thrown into one, giving generous space for the three wide round tables, and the comfortable Windsor armchairs of my admiration. The low white shelves, running along one side, hold many reference books, yet allow ample room above for the frequent picture exhibitions we enjoy, while the broad top-shelf usually displays volumes on specialized subjects.

How admirable is the old fireplace, and how it adds to the friendly charm of our library. There is an admirable vista down the length of the room looking toward the stacks. Here the floor has been laid with a green-gray linoleum, waxed to a soft luster, and the final focus of the eye is a window-box of bright rose begonias. The house preserves old time beauty that otherwise might be lost forever, and an interior which is fine and warm and welcoming. A library where everybody will love to come and read, has been achieved.



Only four and a half feet of floor space needed for this electric ironer

## SPRING FIXINGS FOR THE HOME WORKSHOP

CINDERELLA, the drudge, crouched in the ashes of the grimy kitchen hearth; Cinderella, the golden princess of a colorful romance. There is not a greater difference between these two than between the kitchen of yesterday and the kitchen of today.

And the wave of the wand that makes the transformation is not merely the spending of much money. Like all transformations the idea, the vision, comes first. Housekeeping has taken on a new dignity, and the brains and inventive ability which have been lavished on field, factory and office to promote the world's business are producing tools and appliances to do the home business equally well.

Vital interest, an understanding of the importance of the job, a vision of its meaning—that works the change. There are the handsome electric ranges, the magnificent kitchen cabinets, the elaborate kitchen motors, quite superhuman in their versatility, deftness and unflagging power and there are countless small ways in which the simple household equipment may be augmented and oiled; many tools for smooth, quick work to be provided and, what is of no mean importance to smooth

*New electrical appliances  
and good tools large and  
small speed up the Spring  
housecleaning*

BY ANNE PIERCE

Director of one of the first appliance testing  
laboratories in the United States

running, the home workshops (for kitchen and laundry and sewing room are just that) may be made as appropriately beautiful as any room in the house.

And this does not mean tying pink bows on the coal scuttle in the mid-Victorian manner. It means materials and tools that are at once suited to your needs and good to look upon. Small sharp knives that fit the hand and really cut; long and short handled forks that spear surely; broad spatulas for lifting and scraping lose nothing by having bright blue or green handles. The new enamel pots and pans of primrose yellow and Spring green set off the soft shimmer of the aluminum and enable the kitchen shelf to vie with the daffodil bed outside the window. Give them a background of the new oilcloths checkered in yellow and black; of plain clear blues and greens, or canary yellow with a long line of trim black ships sailing along their borders—used for working surfaces or for kitchen curtains or shades, and you have something whose cheerfulness and color is only equalled by its ease of cleansing and practicality. Queer! Oilcloth and pots and pans have always been synonyms for drab, unlovely necessities. And now look at them. Gay as birds they are, and just as useful as of yore.

A recent trip to leading showrooms in New York City emphasized two points: First, the variety of appliances for the same service, modified in size, capacity and price to fit all sorts of home conditions and purses. And next, the way in which the factory measure of efficiency—production per square foot of floor space occupied—is being applied; equipment is getting smaller and smaller—but remaining just as effective.

A striking example of this is the small ironers, heated and driven by electricity, handling sheets and shirts equally well, in a third of the time needed for hand work and with no hard labor. Only skilled supervision

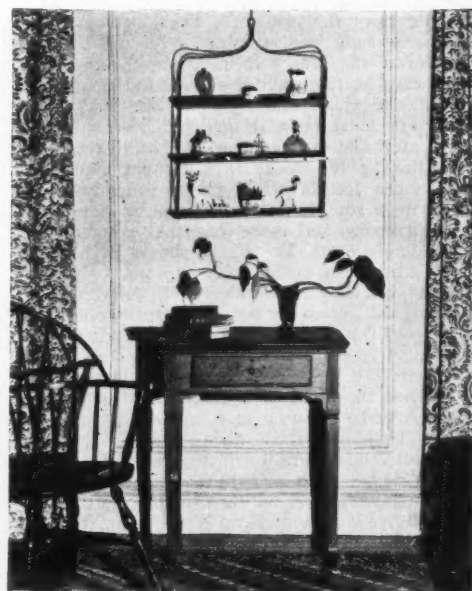
is needed. Such a machine, one of the many excellent ones now available asks for standing room, a space only three feet by a foot and a half, and when it is not working its white enamel cover turns it into an ideal working table. If your laundry operations do not call for so complete an ironer, the electric hand iron offers the compromise between the large machine and the old, sad iron.

One outstanding virtue of all these devices, be it the cabinet table, the sink, the stove with high oven and broiler, or the new model refrigerators, is that they take the bend out of the houseworker's back—a bend that for ages has been as marked as that of the peasant's back in the fields of Europe. No working surfaces lower than 34 to 36 inches is the modern slogan. It means much in the course of a year in carrying out the daily routine of housekeeping.

The stove and the refrigerator are the cook's first lieutenants—and both illustrate again our thesis of endless adaptation to widely varying needs. There is the imposing electric range, perhaps with automatic control—heat that snaps on and off at [Turn to page 72]



This little range plugs in at any wall outlet



Opened this table becomes an electric sewing machine



A SKIN SOFT, CLEAR, GLOWING  
BECAUSE IT IS EXQUISITELY CLEAN

# and with the New Complete Woodbury Facial

*such natural loveliness is only  
a matter of minutes*

**A** SKIN scrupulously clean—you know the look of it! Soft and smooth, with a depth of clearness . . . a natural loveliness. And the feel of it . . . so wonderfully fresh and cool. Naturally lovely because it is clean.

But skin cleanliness, authorities tell us, means more than a hasty scrub with soap and water—or a dab of cold cream now and then. It is the result of regular, systematic care—keeping the pores as well as the surface of the skin exquisitely clean.

First, gently soothe Woodbury's Cold Cream into every pore, softening and loosening the dust and dirt particles that find lodgment there. Follow this with a warm, soft lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dissolving away every vestige of the soiled cream that remains in the pores, preventing blackheads, enlarged pores, and coarsened skin. Finally, apply Woodbury's Facial Cream—cooling,



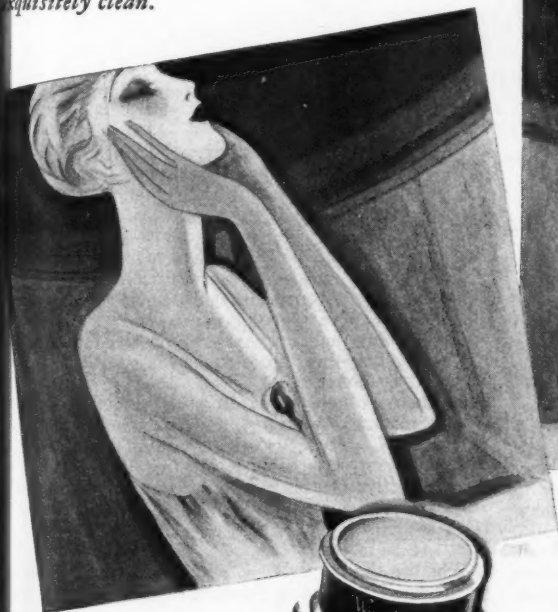
And now the final step. With the tips of your fingers, apply lightly Woodbury's Facial Cream which tones the skin by supplying just the right amount of natural moisture without loading or clogging the pores. This finishing cream is greaseless and gives that soft, velvety texture so much desired.



greaseless—supplying just the right amount of natural moisture without loading or clogging the pores.

Now your skin will feel stimulated, awakened, glowing. Your finger tips will sense its new softness, its velvety texture, while your mirror will reflect its radiant loveliness.

**Y**OUR drug store or toilet goods counter can supply you with the new Complete Woodbury Facial. Or, let us send you a trial set, containing enough of the soap and creams for seven generous treatments, also one of the new Tressettes, an ingenious band to hold your hair back while you are creaming your face. Give yourself a Woodbury Facial every day for a week . . . you will be delighted with the improvement in the texture of your skin. After that, use the Complete Facial once or twice a week, keeping your skin clean and healthy in between times with Woodbury's Facial Soap, as directed in the booklet around every cake. Write today for your trial set, enclosing 25c in stamps or coin.



Wring a cloth from hot water and hold it against the face to thoroughly open the pores. Then massage Woodbury's Cold Cream well into the skin with an upward and outward motion, covering the face and neck thoroughly with the cream. Notice how gently it penetrates into the pores and softens and loosens the embedded dirt and dust particles.



With a soft cloth remove the surplus cream, always with an upward motion. Now, wash the face and neck with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, working the creamy lather well into the skin so that it will dissolve and wash out the soiled cream which otherwise would remain in the pores. Rinse with warm water, then a dash of cold water or a piece of ice wrapped in one thickness of cloth.

Just mail the coupon for your generous trial set

THE ANDREW JERGENS COMPANY  
1509 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 25c (stamps or coin) please send me the Seven Day Trial Set of the new Complete Woodbury Facial, a Tressette, and your booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 1509 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

Name.....  
Street.....  
City..... State.....

**A**ND how easy it is now to achieve this cleanliness. You need only follow this simple treatment—the new Complete Woodbury Facial, in which, for the first time, the use of soap and creams is ideally combined. And so immediately effective because the creams are prepared especially for use with the soap—Woodbury Creams for Woodbury's Facial Soap. This refreshing treatment is only a matter of minutes—just three steps—but follow it faithfully, regularly, and your skin will be always soft . . . clear . . . glowing!

Copyright 1928, by The Andrew Jergens Company



*America's foremost authority on Etiquette tells  
Spring brides how to be married*

## The POST BOX

BY EMILY PRICE POST

Author of "Etiquette; The Blue Book of Social Usage"

ILLUSTRATED BY O. F. HOWARD

**F**RANKLY, I confess, I love to get letters that breathe the personality of their writers! So that, instead of automatically writing an answer which might be applied to many person's problems, I feel that I am writing a personal message to a friend. Such a letter most especially and particularly is this one which came recently asking help in planning a simple home wedding. Here's my reply which may have suggestions for other brides:

"Dear Mrs. Post:

"Succor! I am in a nice funk! Here I am, a near-bride with no wedding preparations—none whatever. Reason: I can't plan on anything. Family finances in a state of permanent exhaustion. House needs repairs, floor in living room and parlor squeaks horribly. The wall paper and woodwork are far from new. Mother says new paper and paint and floor impossible.

"Now how much cheaper could I have a church wedding if I could at all? It's terrible for money to be considered in the same breath as marriage but really, Mrs. Post, I know where the money isn't coming from. With all this trying to produce a wedding out of a conjurer's hat sometimes I am tempted to take Bill and run away to a neighboring town and have it over with, but I know his parents wouldn't like it, and friends would say, 'Well, how come Louise avoided getting married in Jamestown? Queer, I call it!'

"And here we are at the beginning: Our home is quite big but how do I seat the guests? The parlor is divided from the dining room by a double arch. Our furniture is really good furniture and the dining room suite is lovely. But the living room is in full view from the parlor where the ceremony would have to be read. Now, if I had a reception afterward, would it be all right to serve ices and the wedding-cake with mints? Perhaps coffee? I have six sisters! Should I choose the sister just younger or the one just older, for bridesmaid? Tell me all the advice you have to give. I have neither father nor brother to give me away. And a white dress is so extravagant because useless afterwards."

It's all very easy my dear—don't get into a fright about it. No one in a crowded room can possibly hear the floor squeak! Or even notice the paint and paper. And a wedding to be lovely need be neither expensive nor elaborate.

Can't you and your friends (or friends for you) go

out into the woods somewhere and get tree branches? Live oak abounds in your part of the country and nothing could make a lovelier background for the ceremony and against which to receive guests. There could also be chicken wire, or green material—any old sheet dyed green would answer perfectly, anything that branches of greens could be covered with and taken down after the ceremony.

At a house wedding, guests are not seated. White satin ribbons—or you could have ropes of green—are stretched from "altar" to door, making an aisle and guests stand on either side wherever they choose. For music, if you have a phonograph or can borrow one, there are very beautiful wedding march records, or do without music. Simply walk down the aisle.

The clergyman stands in front of the green background. The best man stands in front and to the right of clergyman (meaning near the clergyman's own left) and bridegroom in front of him. Your bridesmaid next (older sister probably) walks up the aisle and stands at left, facing the clergyman. You come last with an uncle or some other male relative. Or you can walk alone. (In which case your mother gives you away.)

After the ceremony, the clergyman steps aside and mingles with the friends if he is also a family friend, or he leaves the house. You and the groom face the room against green background, friends congratulate you and then go into the dining room from which the green obstruction of the entrance has been removed.

It is not necessary—or even fashionable—at a between meal hour, such as four in the afternoon or nine in the evening to have more for the collation than punch, lemonade or coffee and wedding cake. You can bake it at home and have it iced at a bakery, or use

the clever little pastry tools to ice it smartly yourself.

Instead of flowers lay some flat green branches on the table and put the cake in the center. If possible, it would be very nice to have sandwiches—thin ones with edges cut off neatly and divided again into two triangles, filled with potted ham or tongue mashed through a sieve and

mixed with a very little cream to make a rich paste. Peppermints and nuts may be on the table if you choose, but they are not necessary. Little cakes would be better.

Choose your wedding dress very carefully of dyeable material (georgette, crepe de chine, charmeuse or a soft brocade) so that you can later dye it a dark color for serviceability. White satin slippers also dye perfectly. Or be married in a simple afternoon frock or your going-away clothes if you are to leave town for a little while.

Whether the preparations are for the most elaborate or the simplest wedding possible, the procedure is identical:

Before deciding definitely upon "the day" you must go to see your clergyman and arrange an hour suitable to him as well as to you. If there is to be a real "wedding," this arrangement is always made by the bride's mother, or by the bride herself. But if you are merely going to the parsonage to be married without inviting even your and his families to be present, then the bridegroom quite properly makes arrangements with the clergyman. In other words, all wedding preparations are made by the bride and her family, but when there is to be no wedding—merely the marriage service, the bridegroom alone or he and the bride together bespeak an hour convenient to the clergyman.

When we think of "wedding," we in imagination see the typical picture of a bride in white, bridesmaids in light colored dresses, bridegroom and ushers in dark clothes and white wedding boutonnieres and few or many wedding guests. A "wedding" is always prepared for. The day is set in advance, her family and his family and few or other many guests are invited. On the other hand, "marriage" can be performed without any wedding at all. One need merely find a clergyman at home or a justice of the peace in his office.

There are many types of wedding, large and small, formal or informal, for family, friends, acquaintances or just the bride and groom and the necessary witnesses.



# The Wife of the Pretender to the throne of France

On the art of  
CULTIVATING  
BEAUTY

Chateau d'Eu, domain of the Guise family for many generations



**I**SABELLE, Duchesse de Guise—the illustrious name breathes romance! And provokes a chain of fascinating thoughts of France under the Kings!

For all that France is a Republic, the Duchesse has been surrounded throughout her life by the glamour of royalty. Philippe VII, Bourbon Pretender exiled to England, was her father; Philippe VIII, her brother. The present much-loved head of the House of France—known to Republicans as Pretender to the throne—is her husband.

No less popular than her royal husband is the Duchesse de Guise—no less ambitious! Possessing irresistible beauty and magnetic charm, the Duchesse knows well the power of beauty. It increases every woman's influence. And absolutely essential to beauty is a good complexion! The Duchesse wisely uses Pond's Two Creams, to guard and protect her lovely skin.



The Chateau d'Anjou in Belgium, residence of the exiled Pretender to the Throne of France, and his family

*LA DUCHESSE, Princesse Royale, is truly called the most regal beauty in France! Her shining chestnut hair, amber eyes, and perfect features are made vivid and radiant by the loveliness of her skin, smooth as magnolia petals*

"Every Frenchwoman," she declares, "instinctively delights in the art and wisdom of cultivating beauty, in performing all those little rites which keep her loveliest."

"I am delighted to find Pond's Two Creams. Delicate and delicious, they keep the skin fresh and vigorous."

Exquisite as the famous Two Creams are the two new Pond's preparations—Pond's Skin Freshener, delicately fragrant, to clear and brighten the skin . . . Pond's Cleansing Tissues, softer than fine old linen, to remove

*These Two Creams, chosen by women of distinction, used with Pond's new Skin Freshener and Cleansing Tissues*



excess cream. With the Two creams, they afford a delightful new Pond's way of caring for the skin!

**FIRST**, always at night and often during the day cleanse to the very depths of your pores, with Pond's Cold Cream.

**SECOND**, remove the cream with Pond's new Cleansing Tissues. Velvety of texture, ample in size, they absorb oil and moisture instantly.

**THIRD**, pat Pond's Skin Freshener briskly over your face and neck for several minutes. Firmed, toned, invigorated, your cheeks are all aglow. The Freshener lifts your skin like magic—and your spirits, too!

**AND AS A FINAL TOUCH** before going out—Pond's Vanishing Cream. It adds a pearly luster to your skin, holds your powder evenly and gives unfailing protection.

Send this very day for all four Pond's preparation—a week's exquisite care for your skin!

**A New Offer:** Trial sizes of Pond's new Skin Freshener and Cleansing Tissues, and Pond's Two Creams enough for a week. You will surely want to try this magic for your skin! Send this coupon and 10c.

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. E  
111 Hudson Street, New York City

Name .....  
Street .....  
City ..... State .....



"We're not sick, Daddy. Why are you taking us to the Doctor?"  
 "Why? To do all we can to keep you from ever getting sick."

**Y**OUR children will probably never forget the odd experience of being taken to the doctor when they are perfectly well. Perhaps no other act of yours could stamp more indelibly on their minds the wisdom of preventing sickness.

When your boys and girls were ill nothing was left undone to make them as comfortable as possible and to help them to get well. But have you done what you can do to spare them from future illnesses?

Have you guarded against diphtheria, typhoid, smallpox and rickets? Have you had adenoids removed? Teeth, eyes, throats, legs and feet—every part of the body should be examined. Modern medical science teaches us that in order to prevent much needless disease and suffering every child should have a complete physical examination at least once a year.

Make May 1928 a banner month for your children. Have them weighed, measured and examined for known and unknown defects. Give them a fair start toward a happy and useful life.

The Metropolitan has issued a booklet, "Out of Babyhood into Childhood", which gives valuable advice on preventable diseases with helpful suggestions concerning diet, environment and training. Mailed free upon request to the Booklet Department, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, No. 1 Madison Avenue, New York City. Write for it.

Haley Fiske, President.

**METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**  
 NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year



Photo by William Shewell Ellis

## MAKING GOOD BOYS BAD

By ALIDA E. DE LEEUW

Specialist on Child Education and Training

**E**XPERIENCE teaches; experience is the great educator, and education is "drawing forth." The word educate comes from the Latin "educare," which means just that—to bring out, or lead out. What is it, then, that we lead out when we educate a child? The phrase implies that he has within him something which the process we call education is to awaken and bring to the surface. That something is certainly not facts nor information, nor is it the recollection of experience which he has had in his short life. That something is a group of tendencies which lie at present sleeping in his mental and moral nature. And it is these tendencies, the capacity either to love or hate, to be honest or dishonest, to be friendly or antagonistic, and the like, which we awaken and draw forth when we educate the child.

The normal child is a bundle of all sorts of possibilities. In all likelihood he has within him little seeds of kindness towards others and also the germs of an unfriendly spirit. Which of these two sides of his nature will develop and blossom into character? And the answer depends very greatly on the example and attitude of those for whom he cares, and by whom he is surrounded—notably his parents. If mother is gentle and affectionate, not only towards Billy but towards others of the family and friends with whom Billy sees her in contact, the little boy himself is likely to imitate and become a companionable and pleasant person. On the other hand, if the child hears ungracious words and sees the habitual expression of grouching on his mother's face, it is more than likely that he himself will become the kind of person his mother shows herself to be. Children are great imitators. The laws of heredity provide for their physical resemblance to their parents; it is quite obvious that in speech and outward behavior the child is as it were infected by his surroundings, but also in the more intimate parts of his character, his disposition, can a resemblance often be traced to the persons

with whom he has spent his childhood's days.

Of course, there are exceptions. Here and there you find a child so incurably cross-grained that no amount of cheery good-fellowship in those about him will bring about a change in him; or again, sometimes a sunny little child will live in persistent contentment among a quarrelsome and ill-tempered family. But I am speaking of the average child—the kind with which most parents have to deal.

We little realize our responsibility when we are closely associated with those very impressionable little people. A great deal of thought is given nowadays as to the right method of making children good. Parents and teachers lay down for themselves quite elaborate systems by which they will foster good habits of body and mind in the little ones. But to my mind it would be a much more effective expenditure of thought and time if these same grown-ups would examine themselves and watch their own step, leaving Nature's method of close imitation to work the wonder in the child. For, really, the problem is not so much to make the child good, as to prevent the grown-up people with whom he associates from perverting him by a bad example.

When I say "bad example," you must not imagine that I am referring to any heinous sins on the part of the mothers and fathers whom I have in mind. The sort of corrupting influences which have such harmful effects on children are just those little things which slip by and seem of no particular importance. Each deed or word or gesture itself is insignificant, perhaps, yet even that little thing is worth mentioning, because it may occur so often or be so prevalent. What to adults is a "little thing," may often be of vast significance to a child.

Have you ever been present in a crowded street-car, when an eager, bright-eyed child got up to give his seat to some woman laden with

[Continued on page 74]



# WILL YOUR FEET MAKE LINES IN YOUR FACE?



## Nerve Strain!

In spite of health habits and ice rubs and exercise, this stealthy enemy, creeping up from the arch of your foot, can cut deep "old age" lines in your face before you realize the cause.

Now is the time to forestall it. You do not wait until your teeth decay to use a tooth brush. Why then fail to give your feet the aid they need?

This does not mean the wearing of ungainly shoes. Far from it! Arch Preserver Shoes have the lines, the grace, the Paris-inspired styles that flatter your foot.

Yet every pair, high heeled or low, for house wear or golf course or ballroom, gives you these exclusive patented foot-youth features that you can find in no other shoe:

A concealed, built-in steel arch bridge, of patented size and shape, that takes all strain off the long arch of the foot and promotes an easy, graceful carriage.

A specially modeled sole that supports the metatarsal arch.

A flat inner sole, crosswise, that prevents pinching or derangement of sensitive foot nerves, muscles and blood-vessels, thereby eliminating a common cause of nervous fatigue.

Heel-to-ball fitting that places the shoe on the foot as if made to individual measure.

Even though you never have been conscious of foot strain, you will feel a new sense of support and buoyancy the moment you try on Arch Preserver Shoes. You never have known such foot freedom.

Arch Preserver Shoes are as flexible as your foot itself. They bend freely with the foot at the ball, the only place the foot bends, and they are so good-looking that you would be glad to wear them for their style alone. If the dealer does not have the styles illustrated he will show you others equally as attractive.



Send the coupon for booklet, "Feet—the New Source of Youth and Smartness". Also name of dealer who can supply Arch Preserver Shoes for you and your family.

## THE ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

Supports where support is needed—bends where the foot bends



*The Louise*  
Patent coil one strap gun-metal korungia kid trim.



*The Lois*  
Honey beige kid pump, reptile trimming.

LOOK for trade-mark on sole and lining. None genuine without it. Sold by 2000 dealers. All sizes. All widths. AAAA to E. Made for women, misses and children by only The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio. For men and boys by only E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Rockland, Mass.

The Selby Shoe Co.  
712 Seventh St., Portsmouth, O.  
Send new booklet No. M12 and pictures of latest Arch Preserver Shoe styles. Also name of nearest dealer.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City.....State.....



## If he could tell you all about it

Very likely it's just a little thing that a grown-up wouldn't even notice—a crease or wrinkle, the edge of a seam. But little things like this can cause real suffering to one so wee!

Only you can safeguard his comfort in these important little details.

See that all the clothes that touch him are as soft as can be. Be sure his little bands and shirts are the sort that fit him snugly *without binding*; that no bulky seams press against his tender little skin!

Carter's shirts and bands for babies have solved these problems for generations of careful mothers.

Fine, carefully selected yarns give them their soft and fluffy texture that endures through endless washings. The special Carter process of knitting results in an elastic weave that "gives" and adjusts itself to squirming, wriggling little bodies, and so avoids the possibility of binding. And the fabric itself is specially treated so that it cannot be harsh or coarse to the touch. All seams are flat—all edges smoothly finished. Fifty years of study insures just the right fit and design. The Wm. Carter Co., Needham Heights, Mass.



Carter's shirts and bands come in silk, cotton, wool, silk-and-wool, silk-and-cotton, or wool-and-cotton. Your favorite store has them



The generous overlap of Carter's double-breasted shirt furnishes extra protection. The single-breasted style is equally popular

Diaper bands are reinforced for either square-fold or triangle-fold diapers

Write for free booklet  
by an authority on baby's clothes

**Carter's**  
Shirts and bands for babies



Dr. Frank Damrosch and the Toy Orchestra

## NEW YORK HAS A TOY ORCHESTRA

### Children learn rhythm and instrumental music in unique practice classes

BY LUCY JEANNE PRICE

Editor "The New York Letter" and other publications

**A**MUSICAL America seems more than a promise these days, when one surveys the crowds gathered in every community in the country at concert halls. But even the response to good programs as given by recognized artists holds less guarantee of that future of national appreciation of music than does the spectacle of little children at study to acquire a musical education as it is being given in certain communities.

It used to be that little girls were given "music lessons" as a part of their mothers' idea of proper cultural background. Occasionally a boy was cajoled or forced into sitting on a piano stool and learning scales and then "pieces," in order to show off before relatives—and usually earn himself the scoffs and derisions of other boys. But the thought of teaching children the fundamentals of the great art with which they were toying did not enter into the scheme of things, either in the home or in the schools—or, in fact, in the studios of most of the old time American music teachers. To say, in those years of the not remote past, that a girl was studying "theory" meant that she was an advanced student and probably that she or her parents had in mind making a music teacher of her.

The sight of tots of six and seven years old in "theory" classes is one of the revelations of the advancement of the present age, so far as most of us are concerned. And it is a fascinating and inspiring sight! In a dozen or more sections of New York City boys and girls are getting this foundation for musical understanding, even if it should prove that their interest or ability cannot carry them to the point of serious performance later on, under teachers who have prepared themselves for just this work and who make it lead on to real musicianship wherever there is the spark of talent. In the Preparatory Centres of the Institute of Musical Art of the Juilliard School of Music special musical training for children has been worked out. Dr. Frank Damrosch, who was the first Director of Music in the New York Public Schools and who understands the youthful mind and spirit as well as he understands music, is the head of

this school and his busy life as the school director does not prevent him from his continued personal interest in the training of very young children. He attends the interesting classes and conducts their orchestras.

Every Saturday morning, the children from the various groups meet at the Institute for ear-training and theory under the Preparatory Centre head, Elizabeth Fontaine Harris. These weekly meetings are the occasion for surprise and almost bewilderment on the part of an outsider present as a visitor. Especially if the visitor is one who in childhood drudged away at "music lessons."

The climax of the hour—the climax of the week for them, it is clear—is with the practise of the "toy orchestra." No complicated instruments comprise this orchestra but it is a performance by the children which shows that they are learning time and rhythm. Many more hours of study and practise are ahead of them before they can play serious orchestra compositions. Except for a few of the older pupils, boys and girls grown up to eight or nine years old contributing the violins to the symphony, the instruments in the "toy orchestra" are all "time" factors; triangles, tambourines, cymbal, drums, castanets.

The Preparatory Centre plan was inaugurated in 1915 but the Toy Orchestra was undertaken only three years ago, at the time that Dr. Damrosch and Mrs. Harris worked out a reorganization of the Centre work, bringing it into closer connection with the Institute and a more complete unity within itself. Firm in the belief that a realization of rhythm is the foundation of musical understanding, their purpose was as closely related to the work of inculcating the children with an appreciation of music as with their education in actual performance.

"We want to teach them to listen to music as well as train them for ensemble playing," Mrs. Harris explained. "The responsibility of merely strik-

ing a triangle at the proper time has proved of decided value in that listening. I am convinced that if you take him sufficiently early in life you can teach rhythm to any child, however little instinct for time

he may seem to have in the beginning. And once he has that sense of rhythm you can build the sense of tone. We do everything to develop the sense of rhythm before we try to interpret it for the children."

At the first weekly meeting of a new class, only one instrument is put into the children's hands, the triangle; the others are added, one at a time, each child playing at various times all of the "time" instruments and the xylophones. Only those with more preparation, of course, attempt the violins. The little seven-year-old who is pianist for the present "orchestra" is a child of unusual talent and the pianist always must have some skill and training, since a beginner in that position would handicap the purpose of the practise. After a few lessons, when one or two short pieces have become familiar to the children, the aptest of them take turns at conducting—and never has an orchestra conductor taken his work more seriously!

Simple folk songs found in French and German music are among the first pieces to be tried, with "My Old Kentucky Home" also a successful favorite. Because of the marked beat of its rhythm and its catchy swing and melody and because children all seem to like it, the very first piece to be used is "Ach, du lieber Augustin." At the beginning of the first hour, this is played on the piano with the instructor beating time. Then the children sing it and clap their hands to make the beat; then the triangles come out—and after another practise morning or two, the Toy Orchestra is in full swing!

This training inspired by musicians for children of all ages is showing results in the increased attendance of children at New York concerts. It is work which may easily be extended to the children of every city (and similar work is carried on in a number of cities) if the music teachers and school directors will undertake a broader educational program along these lines.



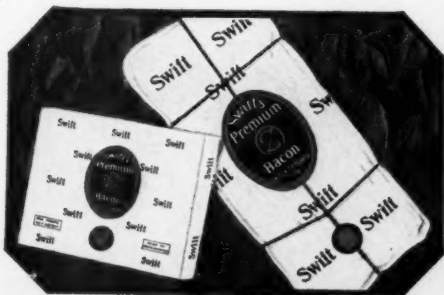
## S W I F T



While they often use it for special occasions, many housekeepers value Premium Bacon most of all for the goodness it adds to every day cooking. They know that the distinctive savor of Premium always gives vegetables and other foods a new richness which makes them more tempting than ever before.

## Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

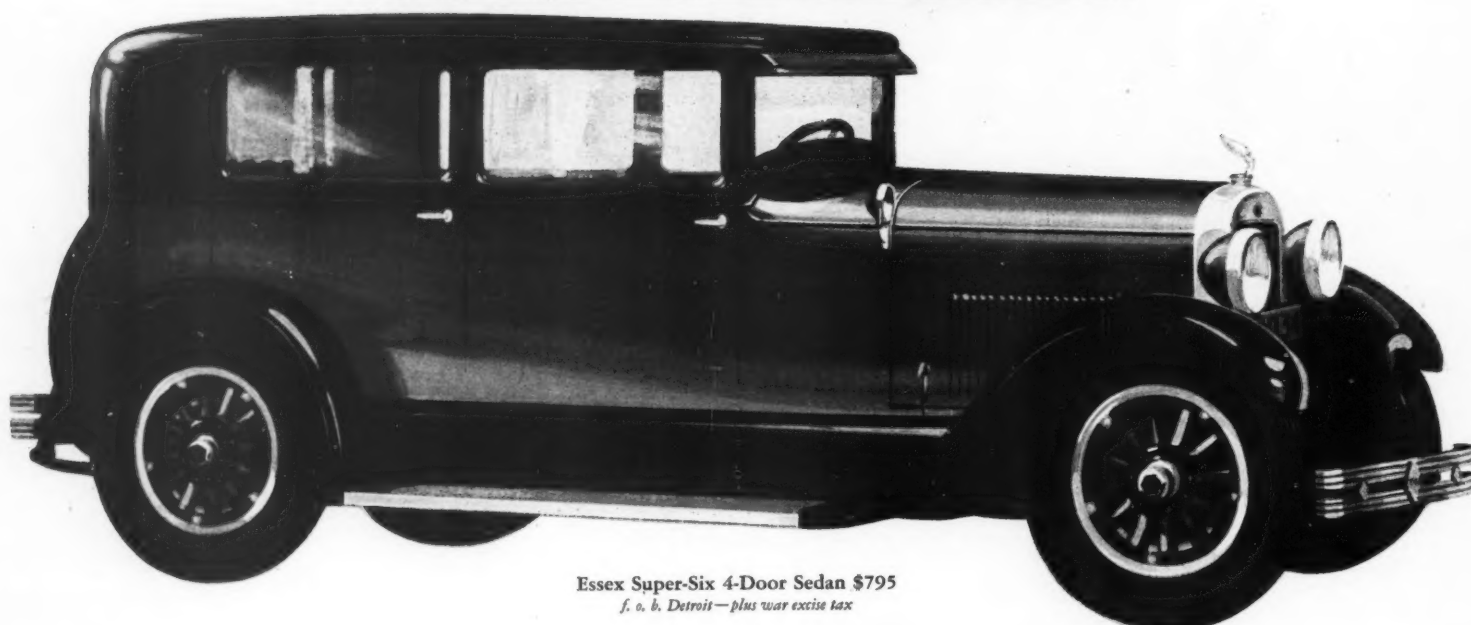
For the convenience of having a generous supply right at hand, many women prefer to buy Premium Bacon in the whole piece in the original parchment wrapper as shown at right. Others like it as it comes in the pound and half-pound cartons—sliced evenly, free from rind, ready to cook.



### *Cabbage Italienne with Premium Bacon*

Hollow large cabbage to hold 3 cups cooked rice, 2 tps. chopped onion, 1½ cups tomatoes, ¾ cup strong grated cheese. Place in baking dish with 3 cups water and 1 tbsp. salt. Bake in moderate oven (375°F) until cabbage is tender (about 1½ hours). Lay strips of Premium Bacon over top and bake until crisp (about five minutes). Serve with broiled Premium Bacon. (Center of cabbage may be used for slaw.)

Swift & Company



Essex Super-Six 4-Door Sedan \$795  
f. o. b. Detroit—plus war excise tax

## GREATER BEAUTY *with matchless Super-Six performance*

Hudson and Essex crown a long succession of triumphs in the new Super-Sixes which have been accorded the most signal public reception in our history.

The resources which achieved and led the mechanical possibilities of the day, have been brilliantly employed to create and lead a new mode of beauty, comfort and luxurious appointment.

Many new and beautiful body types are offered ranging in Essex from \$735 to \$795, and in Hudson from \$1250 in the Standard line to \$1950 in Custom design Super-Sixes.

And in all models, every value of body and chassis, heretofore known, is surpassed. You will agree without hesitation, the moment you see them.

# HUDSON-ESSEX

*Both Are Super-Sixes*

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# FOLLOWING THE VACATION TRAIL



A SURVEY of vacation centers in various parts of the country which can be reached by railroad, and include all expenses for two weeks, from points such as, New York, Chicago, St. Louis, and Atlanta, and for sums ranging from one to two hundred dollars for the period, shows that no place offers such a wealth and diversity of Summer playgrounds as the American continent. There are mountains rugged, grim and snow-capped, and mountains softly wooded in green; virgin forests scented with balsam and pine; friendly hills that rise beckoningly, and beautiful rolling country. There is the ever changing sea, with miles of winding coast, rockbound, and smooth-beached with fine white sand. There are the towns, intimate little towns, each silently telling its tale of the past, in its individuality of the present, and each in its different way, typical of America and American customs. It is well nigh endless, this discovery of American vacation land.

If you live in New York or its suburbs there is a great variety of vacation centers from which to choose with every kind of out-door sport including fishing, canoeing, golf, bathing, motoring and horse-back riding. The place depends on your mood, and the state of your purse at vacation time, but \$100.00, \$150.00, or \$200.00 will carry you a long way in replenished vigor for the Winter's work.

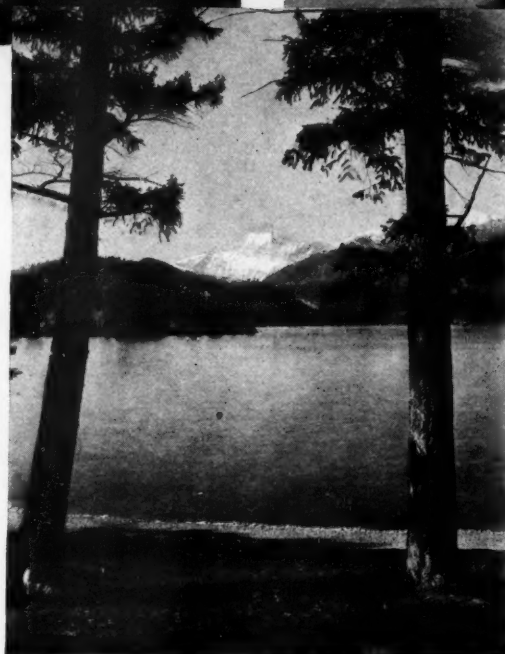
You might choose to leave Grand Central Station and go up into New England. This is a vast playground for the Summer visitor, and if it's lovely, rolling country that you want this year, there is none more charming and delightful than Connecticut and Massachusetts, particularly that portion which runs along the west in Connecticut and up into the Berkshires. Here are enchanting country roads, and smiling hills that lure you along their shaded ways and up their steep or gentle inclines. Here are the little farm houses close beneath the big shade trees, painted white with green shutters, along the roadside. And there are the old New England towns themselves, with their village commons, and that restful atmosphere of peace, that is a characteristic of all such villages seen along the Connecticut roads.

Nestled between the Litchfield Hills, the foot hills of the Berkshires, is Litchfield, one of the most beautiful old towns in the country, with its village green and famous, old Colonial architecture. No one should miss seeing it. Settled in 1720, it was built on a hill to protect it from the Indians, and it grew into a center of industry, culture, and Colonial aristocracy.

Lake Waramaug, among timbered hills; Lakeville, two centuries back, a boomtown due to the finding of iron ore in the hills, the rush nearly as tense as the California gold rush of '49, now lies, serene and beautiful beside Lake Wononscopmic, which means, "The Smile of the Great Spirit," amid country jewel-like in its contrasts and loveliness.

In the Berkshires, North of the Litchfield hills, mountain, valley, hill, lake, and cloud vie with each other in exquisite views. Highways, fine and firm are canopied by garden trees that rise in shelter of those who seek their shaded paths. White birches gleam in the woodland

*Up where the pine breezes blow, there is an inspiring glimpse of mountains at every turn. Fishing, canoeing abound.*



Photographs Courtesy Canadian National Railways

*Go East, go West,  
go any direction for  
new scenes and a happy  
holiday in your own land*

BY MARY STEWART CUTTING, JR.  
(RECENTLY DECEASED)

ways. Flowers, in masses of brilliant color, decorate doorstep and formal garden. In Summer, fall, or Winter you may well spend a holiday in the Berkshires, at Great Barrington, Hatfield, Hinsdale, Pittsfield, all within five hours of New York. Deerfield, farther east, but still in the hills is a picturesque old village, where the oldest and most aristocratic houses, with their famous Colonial doorways were, and still are, never painted, weathered boards being regarded as a mark of great distinction.

Dear to the heart of all those who have travelled thither is Cape Cod. From Plymouth, with its shaded streets, the rock on which the Pilgrims landed, and its houses and museum filled with historic memories, to Provincetown on the extreme end, the Cape harbors a Summer colony from every state in the Union. It is alive with color, old fishing wharves that jut out into the bays and harbors filled with every kind of boat, from fishing smacks to yachts.

Then there is the North Shore of Massachusetts with

*Invigorating air, snowy peaks and crystal clear mountain lakes await the Canadian vacation tourists who like the outdoors.*

Marblehead, famous in its relics of our early beginning, in streets and houses so old, they must transcend the time of witches; its unexpected vistas, and its harbor filled with sails that resemble great white doves about to fly.

Last, but by no means least is Nantucket, that island off the coast of Massachusetts, settled almost three hundred years ago, and for upwards of two hundred years one of the most prosperous shipping and whaling ports in the country. With its exquisite loveliness of the past, it is one of the unique places which still remain, and its fame lives anew as a resort, for yearly, Nantucket casts her spell of a century back over countless Summer visitors.

There is something about the State of Maine that produces a thrill in the speech of those who know it in Summer time. It stands at the top, so-to-speak, of vacation lands in the East, and if you choose the coast, with its marvelous sea air and the salt bathing, or the pine and balsam laden altitudes, or forest circled lakes, you will be equally repaid, for even in the first moment of arrival, one feels the lift from the dust of cities, and the preface to a renewed well-being.

Along the coast you have the advantage of the sea and the woods, the countless bays and inlets. No shore line is so indented, and so marvelous in rock formation—rocks that are laid in strange and beautiful ridges, that look as if some cataclysm of the past had turned them all over on their sides. At Kennebunkport there is both the ocean and a beautiful unchanged beach along the Atlantic Ocean. Once but a little coast village, with quaint houses on narrow streets, and great overhanging trees, Kennebunkport now flourishes as one of the most satisfying of Summer resorts.

Then there is Casco Bay, with its 365 islands, one for every day in the year, and all of them only a short boat ride from Portland. There is Yarmouth on Casco Bay, but also on the mainland, and Pemaquid Point, farther north and on the ocean. Ogunquit, an enchanting spot, south of Kennebunkport, gives you the charm of the past and the comfort of the present, in old New England houses, lovely wooded country, beautiful walks, and the ocean a mile or two away.

Wiscasset, an ancient village, with old-time mansions, and streets shaded by tall trees, slopes down to Wiscasset Bay.

If you want to be removed far from the noise and strain of cities, go into the Rangeley Lake Region. It is about two thousand feet above sea level. Beautiful lakes of crystal clear water surrounded by unbroken forest and connected by winding streams, are the special gifts of nature to the fisherman and the canoeist, with mountain paths for those who prefer hiking, and air invigorating, balmy, delicious!

The State of Maine is full of these forest-girdled lakes, and accommodations of all descriptions from the fashionable hotel to the real camp life.

Vermont, New Hampshire, and New York, with Green Mountains, White Mountains, and Adirondacks, all have their own special lure and [Turn to page 76]



*The right materials and the right methods always produce the right results*

## The HAZARDS TAKEN OUT of CAKE-MAKING

*By using modern methods even the amateur can bake successfully*

BY SARAH FIELD SPLINT, Director, McCall's Department of Cookery and Household Management



TO make a good cake is the ambition of many homemakers and yet it seems to be one of the most difficult branches of the art of cooking. This is especially true of the so-called "butter-cakes"—that is, cakes which are made with shortening. (In a later issue we can discuss the other kind—those made without shortening, such as Sponge, Angel and popular Sunshine cakes.)

There are five fundamental rules we need to remember if we want a perfect cake:

- Use good quality ingredients.
- Use accurate measurements.
- Blend sugar and shortening together thoroughly.
- Bake at the proper temperature.
- If your cake is to be frosted, use a well-made frosting; don't think that anything will do.

When I speak of ingredients of good quality I do not mean necessarily the most expensive. For example, there are excellent shortenings on the market which cost less than butter and give splendid results. If you select an unsalted shortening, however, be sure to use more salt than the all-butter recipe calls for, otherwise your cake will taste flat.

Sugar is another important item. Only fine granulated sugar should be used. This has a great deal to do with the texture and grain, as the coarser sugar does not blend well with the other ingredients. If your sugar is rather coarse, sift it before measuring out the amount you will need. (The coarser grains may be used to sweeten stewed fruits, gelatine or other prepared desserts.)

And now about eggs! It is not necessary to use strictly fresh ones. Cold storage or water glass eggs are satisfactory if they look clear and smell sweet when broken. It is best to break them, one at a time, in a cup so that if a bad one should be among the lot it

*If you want a perfect cake, measure ingredients accurately, cream shortening and sugar thoroughly, and then bake the cake at the proper temperature*

will not spoil those already in the bowl.

Perhaps the question I am most often asked concerns the kind of flour to use. "Should I use a cake or pastry flour instead of my regular household brand?" This is a hard

has better luck when she bakes with cake flour.

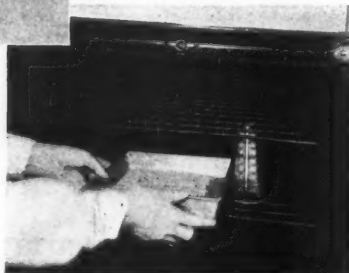
If you are going to substitute one for the other, however, there is a rule to remember. Use two tablespoons less per cup of all-purpose flour than of cake flour. That is, if the recipe reads, "two cups cake flour" and you are planning to use your general household brand of flour, use only one and three-quarters cups. If it reads "two cups flour" it usually means all-purpose flour. In that case, when using cake flour, increase the amount two tablespoons per cup.

There are also the prepared flours to be considered for cake-making. These are a help when one is in a hurry and require very little storage space. As the ingredients in these flours vary, always follow directions on the box.

To the successful cooks who read this article it is not necessary to say anything about accurate measurements. But to the brides and other housekeepers who have not yet mastered cake-making I would like to suggest that you invest in a standard set of measuring


spoons costing about thirty cents a set. And you will find that two measuring cups instead of one will make work much easier. Use a tin or aluminum one for dry ingredients and a glass one for milk or other liquids. Then you will

[Turn to page 79]



*Above: When it is done, invert the cake on a wire rack to cool. Right: Beat frosting until it will hold its shape, before spreading on the finished cake*



W H E N I T R A I N S  I T P O U R S

*American mothers are bearing*  
**better babies**  
 since the introduction  
 of this salt



No longer is it necessary for women to develop simple goiter during pregnancy, giving birth to goitrous babies as a consequence.

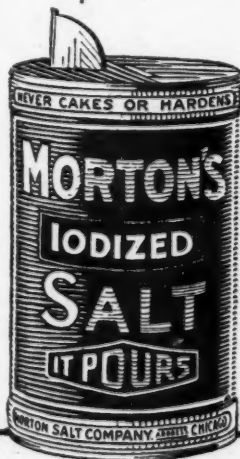
For the use of Morton's Iodized Salt throughout pregnancy makes it virtually impossible for either mother or child to have this all-too-common affliction.

Babies who are born with simple goiter have a greatly reduced chance of living through infancy. Even if they do survive they are very unlikely to develop properly, either physically or mentally.

Thus every expectant mother should heed the advice of health authorities and use Morton's Iodized Salt.

Made by one of America's oldest and most reliable salt makers, each package contains exactly 2/100 of 1% of tasteless iodine . . . enough to make goiter practically impossible but not enough to disturb the most delicate system.

Get Morton's Iodized Salt from your grocer at once and use it on the table and in cooking. It's good for the entire family. Morton Salt Co., Chicago, U. S. A.



**MORTON'S SALT**  
 IODIZED FOR GOITER PREVENTION -- ALSO PLAIN

# CHARMING

Mrs.

WILLIAM  
JAY

Mrs.

ROBERT LOW  
BACON

*Mrs. Bacon is the wife of the Congressman from New York, whose father—the late Robert Bacon—was American Ambassador to France. She is a superb horsewoman. Mrs. Bacon's houses at Washington and at Old Westbury, L. I., are filled with rare old treasures whose arrangement reveals her distinguished taste in decorating*



MRS. JAY'S BEDROOM IN HER HOME AT OX RIDGE, CONNECTICUT

*The bound curtains are of green glazed chintz like the easy chairs. The Simmons Bed is Model No. 1595, mahogany-finished to match the furniture. "A dignified yet simple model, perfect in proportion and design," says Mrs. Jay*



MRS. WILLIAM JAY

*Mrs. Jay is widow of the late Colonel Jay, descendant of John Jay, the eminent Federalist and first Chief Justice. Colonel Jay was president of the exclusive Coaching Club. Mrs. Jay, long a leader of smart New York Society, is a famous hostess. The balls and parties at Bedford House, the historic Jay home in Westchester over which she presided, are well known. Her colorful and charming life as a prominent New York hostess make the memoirs which she is now writing of great interest*



A BEDROOM IN MRS. BACON'S WASHINGTON HOME



*(Left) The Simmons "spool" bed is a delightful new model, No. 1850, finished in Colonial maple. "An admirable reproduction," Mrs. Bacon says. "Its quaint charm and forthright simplicity give character to any room. Its heritage makes it adaptable to rooms not strictly of one period"*

# SIMMONS



# BEDROOMS

## *in Distinguished Homes*



"A fireplace, bookcases, an inviting chaise longue..."

### Miss MABEL CHOATE

Miss Choate inherits the distinction and charm of her famous father, the late Joseph Choate, so long Ambassador at the Court of St. James. Widely traveled, a leader in social and philanthropic movements, and a discriminating collector of books and art, Miss Choate's acquaintance includes most of the interesting people of our day.



A BEDROOM IN MISS CHOATE'S NEW YORK HOME

A CHARMING BEDROOM rarely "just happens." Taste and careful planning enter into its success. Much depends on choosing the right bed—a design not only decorative in itself, but in harmony with all the other furnishings.

Each of these three homes has a different decorative scheme, yet for each the Simmons Beds chosen are delightfully appropriate.

Miss Choate has in her New York home a "charming bed in the authentic Early American style." Mrs. Jay's bed is distinguished for its dignity and beauty of line. A quaint Colonial "spool" bed copied from a fine original is perfect for Mrs. Bacon's Washington home. "To us

Americans," Mrs. Bacon says, "the Colonial appeals because of its traditions. It is ours."

Simmons Beds are famous for their smart modern styles, their reproductions of historic originals. Beautifully made, their carefully grained wood finishes complete the harmony of your room—or chic modern colors brighten and enliven it. Being made of metal they are enduring and their lovely finish will never chip.

In furniture and department stores, Simmons Beds are \$10 to \$60; No. 1025, \$35.00, No. 1850, \$37.50. Simmons Beautyrest Mattress \$39.50; Simmons Ace Spring \$19.75. Rocky Mountain Region and West, slightly higher. Look for the name "Simmons." The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.

(Above, right) A fire-place, an inviting chaise longue, bookcases and occasional tables make this unusually spacious and well-proportioned room luxuriously livable. The gray-green walls are hung with original drawings and lithographs. Curtains, bedspread and chair coverings are gray-green chintz flowered in rose. Quaint slipper chairs are in buff brocade. The furniture is old cherry and mahogany, and the Simmons Bed, an Early American model, No. 1025, is harmoniously finished in cherry maple

BEDS · SPRINGS · MATTRESSES

{BUILT FOR SLEEP}

# Now They SLOW the GROWTH of Arm and Leg Hair!

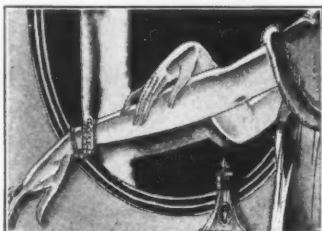
And, At the Same Time,  
Remove It Completely!



R. C. LAWRY



Even by running one's hand across the skin, absolutely No STUBBLE can be felt this new way.



Re-growth itself is slowed 7 times; coarse re-growth banished forever and enlarged pores utterly avoided!

The unique discovery of a Mid-Western Scientist that's proving, to the wonder of the cosmetic world, that hair can not only be removed completely, but bristly re-growth be entirely avoided and all re-growth delayed indefinitely. What it is.

**I**MAGINE every vestige of hair gone from one's arm or leg; so completely gone that even by running one's hand over the skin, not a single trace of hair stubble can be felt.

AND, the re-growth of that hair delayed indefinitely! Without a razor; without pulling the hair out; without the electric needle!

Modern science, in the person of no less an authority than the noted mid-western scientist, R. C. Lawry, from whose laboratory numerous important achievements have come, has recently attained that end.

As a result, famous cosmeticians are taking back everything they ever said about removing hair and taking a new stand. The discouragements of charm-destroying hair growths, and the fostering of coarse hair growth via shaving, are no longer necessary evils.

#### What it is

It is embodied in a preparation closely resembling a superlatively fine beauty clay in texture. You spread it on. Then rinse it off with lukewarm water. That is all. Every vestige of hair rinses off with it.

The hair is gone so completely, that unlike after the razor, you can feel absolutely no stubble; no sign or indication that hair had ever grown on that place. Your skin is as soft and free of hair as a child's.

And—you are free of that hair indefinitely! After the first application, normal re-growth (reappearance of the hair) is slowed 7 times or more!

It goes without saying, of course, that Neet contains no caustic or any of the poisonous chemicals associated with old-time "depilatories." Hospitals are now using it widely to remove hair before operations.

#### On Sale at Stores or Use Coupon

The preparation "NEET"—embodying the complete Lawry discovery—is now on sale at all drug and department stores. The usual price is \$1. There is also a 60c size.

Obtain at your drug or department store or beauty parlors, or if you cannot be supplied, use the coupon below for supply by mail. The \$1.00 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c size.

The NEW  
Neet

#### USE FOR MAIL SUPPLY

Hannibal Pharmacal Co. 4333 Duncan Ave., St. Louis, Mo.  
For enclosed \$1.00 (put X here) ☐ For enclosed 60c (put X here) ☐  
Send me package of the New Neet postpaid. The \$1.00 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c size.

Name.....  
Street.....  
City.....

MEC-5-28



Diced mixed fruit, thoroughly chilled, for dessert

## QUICK SUNDAY NIGHT SUPPERS

Simple but savory dishes  
in homey menus

BY LAURA A. KIRKMAN

**T**HE informality of Sunday night supper makes it the most popular guest meal in the maidless house.

I do almost all of my entertaining then, and I make a point of serving foods which are a little unusual (but not too much so) and which can be largely prepared in advance. Half an hour before supper I go to the kitchen and do the last things.

Perhaps the most popular part of Sunday night supper at our house is the hot bread. Everyone who comes expects it, so I manage never to disappoint them. It is easy in the morning to mix the dry ingredients for baking-powder biscuit. Then in the evening, after I have lighted the oven, I add the liquid, mix, roll out and cut the biscuits. Sometimes I vary the biscuit mixture by adding grated cheese or by making a softer dough and dropping it off a spoon. Scotch Scones can also be made in a hurry if everything except the eggs and milk are combined ahead of time. When shaped with a small cutter they will take only ten or twelve minutes to bake in a hot oven.

Among my other supper specialties are green peppers, a most versatile food and one that is liked by both men and women. I buy peppers of medium size; on Sunday morning I cut a slice from the stem ends, scoop out the seeds, and cook the peppers in boiling salted water for 10 minutes. Then I drain off the water. When cold, I stuff them with almost any cooked leftovers I have on hand. Mixed vegetables, macaroni and cheese and meat which has been chopped fine or put through the chopper, all make excellent fillings if highly seasoned. Enough sauce, (cream sauce, left-over gravy or meat stock, depending on kind of filling), should be added to moisten and bind it, and when the peppers are filled they should be topped with buttered crumbs. It requires but fifteen minutes at suppertime to bake them until brown.

Salads of all sorts are always popular and may be made in advance and kept crisp in the refrigerator.

The dressing, of course, must not be added until serving time.

Cold desserts, such as gelatines, custards and cake may be made the day before. An electric percolator makes coffee at table; tea is quickly brewed; and cocoa takes but a few moments to prepare.

Often I serve diced fruits for our supper dessert. The illustration shows individual sherbet glasses filled with diced oranges, pineapple and stewed apricots. They have been put in the refrigerator to chill and are now ready to be topped with sweetened and flavored whipped cream. If you have no cream on hand, beat an egg white until stiff with a teaspoon of currant jelly and a tablespoon of powdered sugar, or cut up some soft canned marshmallows and mix them with the fruit.

Here are some quickly prepared dishes which I have found to be popular with Sunday night guests.

#### Ham Melrose

Lay thin slices of cooked ham on a hot electric griddle or frying pan. Spread with prepared mustard, sprinkle generously with granulated sugar, and put a little water in the pan to keep meat from burning. Turn when well heated through and cook until edges begin to curl. Remove to a platter, or to individual dishes, and serve at once.

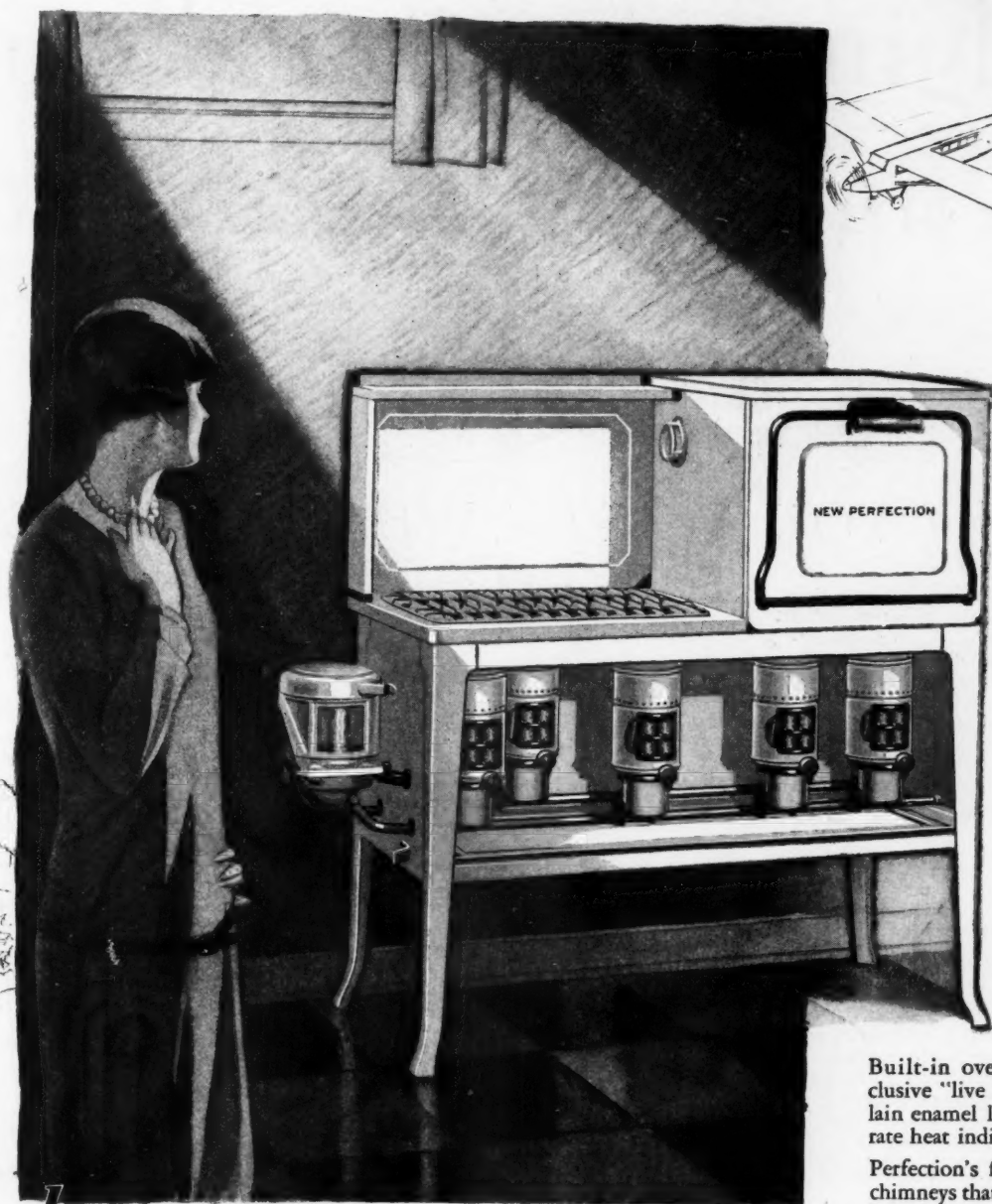
#### Souffled Tuna Fish

Mix the following ingredients on Sunday morning: Beat two egg yolks and add to them one-half cup milk, one-half teaspoon salt, a few grains pepper, one cup of fine white-bread crumbs, a seven-ounce can of tuna fish lightly flaked, and one cup of either

[Continued on page 82]



..... MODERN AS THE SWIFT-WINGED LINERS OF THE AIR



# Today's newest kitchen creation

*A full porcelain enamel oil-burning range!*

FORGET all your previous ideas of kitchen stoves. Here is a finer one than you ever dreamed of—a magnificent, new oil-burning Perfection range, with 27 modern features!

A beautiful, straight-line design, built to fit into small space.

Glistening finish of snow-white porcelain enamel, good for a lifetime of usefulness and beauty.

New burner arrangement and all-grate top with ample room for big-meal cooking, simmering and warming, all at one time.

Built-in oven, with Perfection's exclusive "live hear" construction. Porcelain enamel lined. Air-insulated. Accurate heat indicator.

Perfection's famous, long, double-wall chimneys that multiply cooking heat and keep kitchen vessels clean.

And it burns *oil*—with that safe, steady speed that only oil, the economical fuel, can give.

## One of 24 New Models

This range is one of 24 splendid new models, ranging in price from \$17.50 to \$154.00. See them at your dealer's. You will find new, light colors and new conveniences on even the lowest-priced stoves. And, for the first time on any stove, a new durable lacquer finish, Perfectolac, like that on the modern automobile.

Most dealers will gladly tell you how you can buy any of these new stoves on easy payments.

PERFECTION STOVE CO. • Cleveland, Ohio  
Sold in Canada by General Steel  
Wares, Limited, Toronto, Ontario

# PERFECTION

## Oil Burning Ranges

—free—

A "paper doll" stove for your little girl. Exact copy of Perfection range. Also full information about the range itself and other new models. Send coupon to Perfection Stove Company, 7528 Platt Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## HAIR

that is truly  
*Charming*



**[Vilma Banky's own experience points out the worth of real fresh lemon juice.]**

**W**HEN you talk of natural hair beauty my thoughts just sort of fly to real, fresh lemon juice rinses.

You see, my hair has a naturally glossy appearance and its pretty color shows in its true light—always. Again I say—*real—fresh—lemon juice!* I cannot say more.

To my girl friends I advise, "Choose the style hair dress that becomes you, but use good judgment about that rinse." And, oh, I have had so many thank me.

I urge a *real* lemon rinse—the juice of two lemons in, say, four quarts of water after shampooing—because all soaps leave that thin curd on each hair. Use the fresh lemon rinse and that annoying stickiness and tendency to "mat" are removed entirely.

Fresh lemon juice is a mild, harmless acid; it leaves my hair clean and soft and natural in its glossy beauty—which is true hair beauty.

*Vilma Banky*

**E**VERY modern woman should understand the value of fresh lemon juice as a toilet requisite. Send today for our informative booklet, "Lemon, the Natural Cosmetic," containing tributes from screen stars. Write your name and address on corner of this page, tear off and mail to

**California Fruit Growers Exchange**  
Sec. 1105, Box 530, Station "C,"  
Los Angeles, California



## DO YOU WASTE WHAT YOU SPEND FOR VEGETABLES?

*Don't pour the best  
part of the vegetable  
down the sink*

By E. V. McCOLLUM AND NINA SIMMONDS  
School of Hygiene and Public Health, Johns Hopkins University

**I**T is now known that the nutritive value of vegetables is considerably influenced by the way in which they are cooked. This fact, discovered only a few years ago, is important to the housewife because it has a direct bearing on the health of her family.

We humans should obtain nine or more mineral elements from our food. Some of these elements are so abundant in our ordinary diet that there is little likelihood of our not getting them. But with calcium, iodine and iron the situation is different. There is danger that one or another of these indispensable mineral elements may not be secured in sufficient quantity, and if this happens great harm to health is the result.

It is obvious that foods which are cooked in water are likely to have certain constituents dissolved out into the water. If this water is thrown away, valuable food elements go with it. This is very apt to happen with vegetables such as turnips, parsnips, onions, kohlrabi, beets, spinach, cauliflower, cab-

bage, beet greens, string beans, asparagus, celery, potatoes, sweet potatoes and carrots.

greatest with boiling in an excess of water. Beet greens contain more calcium than any other common vegetable, and spinach stands second. It is rather remarkable that spinach, containing as it does, so large a proportion of calcium loses so little of it in cooking, except in the case of boiling in an excessive amount of water. But even here the loss is only five percent.

The average loss of calcium for all vegetables amounts to about ten percent when steamed or cooked in a pressure cooker, and from twenty to thirty percent when boiled. In other words, boiling wastes from two to three times as much of the valuable mineral, calcium, as steaming does.

The percentage of iron in vegetables is not very accurately known. Spinach is richest in it, and other leafy vegetables—beet greens, cabbage, kale—are known to contain it. But it is lost in cooking to a greater extent than the other elements, and for this reason the vegetables containing it should be steamed, or cooked in the least possible amount of water.

Last month we explained how iron enables the blood to make red corpuscles, and for this reason it is of paramount importance to us that we should get enough of it in our food. If we were solely dependent for its supply on the leafy vegetables, we should be in a bad way. But, fortunately, we constantly get small amounts of iron in our drinking water, especially when it

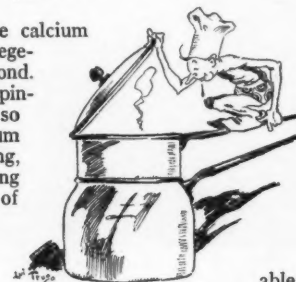
has been in contact with iron pipes. It is also present in egg yolk, dried beans, lentils, whole wheat and red meats. And, as was pointed out last month, in liver and other glandular organs of animals we find a rich source of iron. Many persons secure less iron than they need simply because they do not eat enough iron-rich food, or because their drinking-water is deficient in iron. This is substantiated by

the common occurrence of anemia and the good results physicians have observed from giving iron preparations.

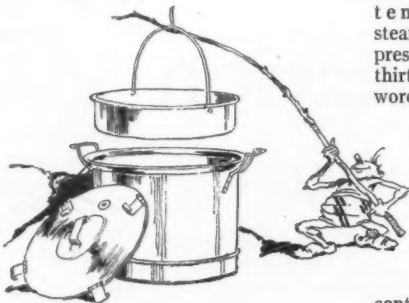
But to return to vegetables. Phosphorus, another valuable mineral element found in leafy vegetables, onions and turnips, suffers a heavy decrease in cooking. But

here again steaming conserves the greatest quantity, and boiling water shows the greatest waste. There is comfort in the thought, however, that whoever eats meat is probably getting all the phosphorus he needs, since all meats are relatively rich in this element.

It should also be mentioned that there are losses in cooking of protein and of other constituents in amounts which [Turn to page 80]

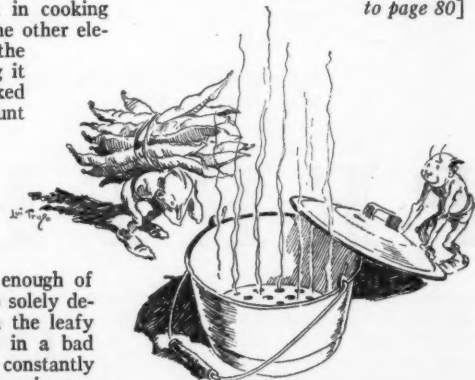


Every kitchen needs  
a double boiler



There are many kinds of steamers

The problem, then, in cooking vegetables is how to retain the mineral elements so necessary to good health. Special study has been devoted to the losses of nutrients in vegetables when cooked by four different methods: steaming; pressure cooking; boiling in a moderate amount of water; and boiling in twice the amount of water regarded as moderate. It was found in most cases that the loss of food value increased in the order of method named, being least with steaming and



A simple, efficient steamer



# The Beauty who might have married a Prussian Prince >>>

MADAME RÉCAMIER

PAINTING BY  
JACQUES LOUIS DAVID  
IN THE LOUVRE

"Throat and shoulders of admirable form and proportions, beautiful arms and an incomparable brilliancy of complexion." She was the favorite of the French salons—yet she is said to have had "neither wit, learning, nor political acumen". The book she studied most was her mirror—with good reason!



The  
Great Napoleon  
Coveted her Favor

The great Napoleon urged upon her the post of lady-in-waiting to the Empress, but she feared him—and his brother—and declined the position. When she called upon Madame de Staël—in Coppet—Prince Augustus of Prussia saw her and fell desperately in love. He entreated Récamier to divorce her husband and marry him.

But Julie recalled her elderly husband's un-failing kindness, his lost fortune, and refused to consider the Prince. On her husband's death, she retreated to a convent, where her "salons" attracted the great from many lands.

Would you, too, be known for lovely throat and shoulders, beautiful arms, and a good complexion?



"AN incomparable brilliancy of complexion"—a gift within the reach of most any woman today! Yet it was the outstanding charm of lovely Madame Récamier, adored by the foremost wits and wise men of France! It was the brilliant Madame de Staël who said she would give all her own genius for Récamier's looks!

Then begin at once the Melba Technique! It is *creating*—and *maintaining*—clear complexions, lovely skin, for clever women all over America! So simple, too! Just 3 Steps to Charm!

*First—Cleanse the Skin*—with Melba Skin Cleanser. Spread it over face, neck, throat, in generous measure. Over your elbows, too! It melts as soon as it comes in contact with your skin, and *flushes* the pores of all impurities—dust, powder, rouge. Remove it thoroughly with soft tissue.

*Second—Nourish the Skin*—with Melba Tissue Cream. Rub it into your skin. Beat a rapid tattoo with light, firm fingers, *lifting, lifting* the muscles. Give special care to the corners

of your eyes and mouth. Blood comes tumbling, tingling, dancing into your face; nourishing sunken tissues.

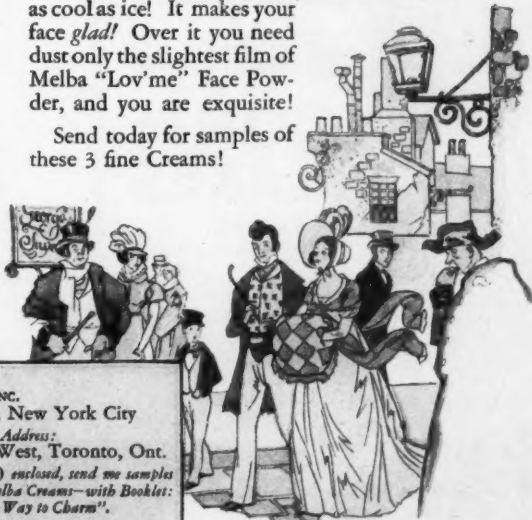
*Third—"Finish" the Skin*—with Melba Vanishing Cream! You will exclaim as your finger dips into the jar—this Cream is so smooth, so white, so fluffy, so greaseless! It's almost as cool as ice! It makes your face *glad*! Over it you need dust only the slightest film of Melba "Lov' me" Face Powder, and you are exquisite!

Send today for samples of these 3 fine Creams!

Parfumerie  
MELBA INC.

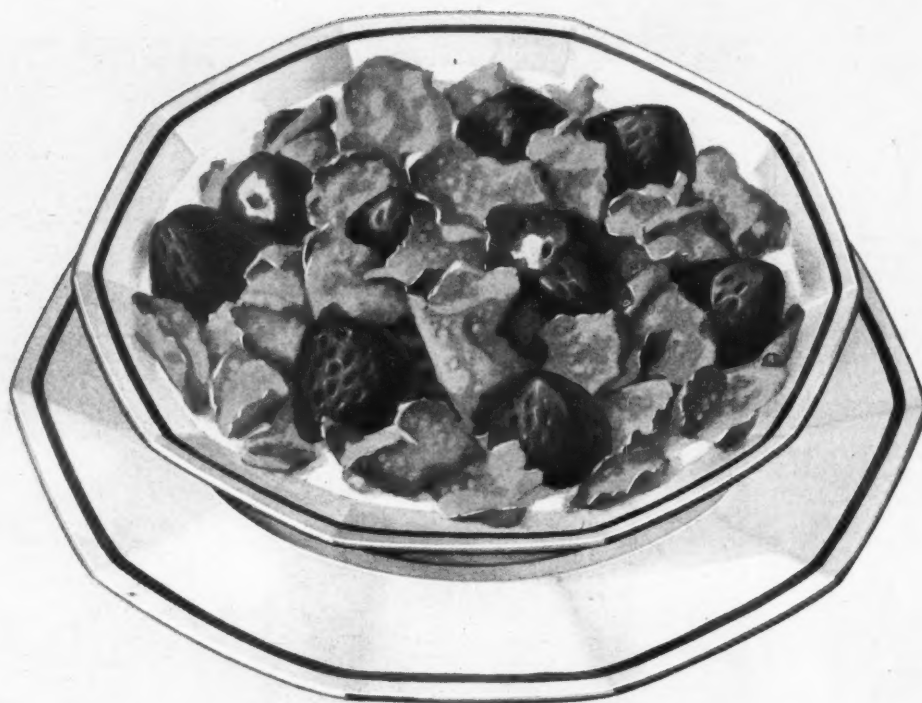


PARFUMERIE MELBA, Inc.  
235 Spring Street, New York City  
Canadian Address:  
624 King Street, West, Toronto, Ont.  
For 25c (stamp or coin) enclosed, send me samples of the 3 fine Melba Creams—with Booklet: "The Melba Technique—the Way to Charm".  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_



"In England crowds gathered on the streets to watch her pass... everywhere Récamier's beauty excited even the passersby."

Flavor  
that makes  
you hungry!



## Kellogg's CORN FLAKES



THE triple goodness of toasted corn and cream and luscious fruit! Strawberries are on the market. Serve them tomorrow with your breakfast bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes and enjoy a glorious treat!

Kellogg's are simply great these days—for lunch or dinner as well as breakfast. What zest their flavor and crispness adds to meals! Airy-light and wholesome—every crunchy flake. Exceptionally easy to digest. Never tough-thick—but extra crisp.

Eat them with milk or cream—and, for extra relish, add fresh or canned fruits or honey. Pears, prunes, bananas, raisins. Give them to the children at supper.

Order Kellogg's at hotels, restaurants and cafeterias. On dining-cars. At all grocers. Always oven-fresh in the inner-sealed waxtite wrapper. Look for the red-and-green package.

Made in the famous Kellogg Kitchens at Battle Creek by the Kellogg Company—world's largest producers of ready-to-eat cereals. Makers also of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN, Pep Bran Flakes, Krumbles, Kellogg's Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit and Kaffee Hag—"the coffee that lets you sleep." Other plants at Cleveland, Ohio; London, Canada; Sydney, Australia. Distributed in the United Kingdom by the Kellogg Company of Great Britain. Sold by Kellogg agencies throughout the world.



# TIRED of YOUR TYPE?

In "Strange Interlude" Lynn Fontanne expresses the breathless beauty of youth



Lynn Fontanne in "The Guardsman" demonstrated the lure of sophistication



IF you are tired of your "type" you can change it. Now, I'm aware that this statement has a heretical sound. All my life I've been hearing wise women say, "Find your type and stick to it." Perhaps, in an unthinking moment, I've said it myself. But, like every other sound piece of advice, there is lots to be said on the other side. In every one of us surges, at some time or other, an unconquerable desire to be somebody else. And yet, American women are constantly being accused of a slavish uniformity. Fashion in mass production, the like-as-two-peas quality of our lives and work and our recreation make it hard to vary the pattern.

But I do believe that we can change places now and then, step out of our niches and make a new frame for our personalities. It requires thought and self-study, but I've seen it done too often to have any doubts. The important thing to remember is to make this new dress for your individuality at a time in your life when it will mean greater happiness for yourself and those around you.

Very young girls, just beginning to feel grown-up, have a weakness for trying on various personalities much as we try on clothes. Usually they change in a fashion which bewilders their elders. Sometimes, alas, they make tragic-comic errors in taste; yet in other instances they seem to have a knack of fitting their growing selves chameleon-like against whatever background they may be placed. Those in their teens do this because they are experimenting with being grown up. Usually their adopted style of dressing their hair or wearing clothes is an imitation of some one of their own age, or older, whom they greatly admire.

When I speak of "making a new frame" I don't mean for a moment that we can change the deeply-rooted characteristics which are part of our very natures. But wouldn't life be more colorful, more full of hope and the promise of happiness, if we could be sure that, in externals at least, we might fulfill some of that unsatisfied longing to be a different kind of person?

A sensitive, demure girl I know was suddenly handed a position of executive responsibility in the company where she had worked, quietly and efficiently, for several years. I knew her when she wore vague, soft colors, dressed her hair becomingly but in an undistinguished mass. If I had not known her record I would have wondered, with the rest of the world, how anyone so gentle and self-effacing could be given control over so many people.



Straight hair spells wistful simplicity, Maria Corda, star of "Helen of Troy"



Upcurled locks, a bright glance bring vivacity into Maria Corda's face

**Be Yourself!**  
command the Style and Beauty  
specialists. Personality is more  
than a perfect nose, chins are what  
you make them

BY HILDEGARDE FILLMORE

McCALL'S BEAUTY EDITOR

After she had managed the new job successfully for a few months I had luncheon with her. I noticed a complete change in her appearance. Where she had been vague and colorless she was now definite and striking. Her tailored suit made good use of the sharp contrast of black and white. Instead of being massed on her head, her hair was worn closely cut under her smart little hat. And with it all she stayed the same lovely, sensitive creature I knew, though the sharp lines of her silhouette, the well-defined quality of her whole appearance, would have thrown a stranger off. This girl across the luncheon table could give orders convincingly and expect them to be carried out. And the wonderful thing to me was that she had not hardened at all; on the contrary I could see how her natural sweetness made it easy for her to follow up her executive commands with a sympathy and understanding which won her subordinates' hearts. Because circumstances demanded it she

had changed her type in externals; but she was much too wise to try to alter her true and appealing nature.

Only a few of us play but one kind of part in this world through many years; we are constantly called upon to change. And I'm certain that personal failure of many kinds may be traced to an inability to adapt one's self to the new play into which Life has thrust us.

You'll find a gamut of types to choose from; some of them out of your range, others which you can adapt to suit your own needs. Remember that any change, however slight, should make you more effective in the rôle you are called upon to play. Begin with your hair, because of all your physical attributes it is most susceptible to change.

Look at the pictures in magazines, in beautiful advertisements and in the rotogravure sections; choose a new type then try to duplicate her coiffure. Silly? Not at all. One of the loveliest women I know confessed that she kept a little file of clippings to refer to when she began to get dissatisfied with her appearance.

Discard every bit of jewelry that is inharmonious—even if it is an heirloom. Wait till the perfect costume and the perfect occasion arises to wear it. If you like quaint things

wear them, in moderation, but don't expect the world to call you smart if you combine quaint clothes with modern jewelry or modern clothes with oldtime trinkets. If you like the simple things of life, avoid over-elaborate clothes and ways of wearing your hair.

If you want to carry with you the breath of outdoors, take the lovely, soft tweedy sports materials: the colors of the earth and sky, browns, greens, blues and sunset hues. And if your life demands that you suggest elegance, then be very sure that the materials you choose and the accessories that go with them are truly elegant, not just showy and glittery. Then consider make-up. Nowadays there are only two main types of make-up in use by smart women. One is the use of creamy or slightly ochre powder without cheek rouge and a fairly brilliant lipstick. This is appropriate to the dark-haired, metropolitan type who wishes to be striking rather than pretty. The other is a completely natural make-up.

The world of beauty is full of all sorts of preparations and accessories which will make you almost literally, a new person. If you're tired of your old self, if you're called upon to play a brand new rôle, if you want more variety in your life—you can change your type.



for ONLY  
\$**5.15**  
10  
PIECES

Casserole, pie plate, utility dish, loaf pan, 6 custard cups—only \$5.15.

**\$5<sup>15</sup>** buys enough PYREX dishes for all your *every-day baking*

**ONLY \$5.15!** And you can do all your every-day baking in Pyrex ovenware. Bake hundreds of recipes in these 10 Pyrex dishes that are so cleverly patterned you can use them for dozens of different foods.

#### *They Bake So Much Better*

All foods bake better in Pyrex dishes than in metal. It's the way Pyrex ware stores up heat in itself—then distributes it evenly to the food within, baking every part, crust, sides, center, equally well, clear through.

Only half the dishwashing, too. For of course your Pyrex baking dishes are also serving dishes. They retain heat, keep second helpings piping hot. They never discolor food;

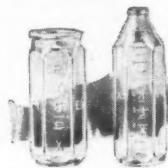
affect taste; crackle or craze. Need no scouring. Last for years.

And a Pyrex outfit for this better baking, hotter, quicker serving—is only \$5.15! Take this list to your hardware or department store today.

#### *This is the \$5.15 List*

Covered casserole, either No. 623 round, No. 653 square, No. 633 oval, or No. 643 shallow in the medium size. . . . \$1.75  
Utility dish, No. 231—medium size. . . . 1.00  
Six custard cups, No. 410, 3-oz. size. . . . .60  
Pie plate, No. 209—medium size. . . . .90  
Loaf pan, No. 212—medium size. . . . .90  
This Economical Baking equipment . . . \$5.15  
(All prices slightly higher in West and Canada)

Every piece of Pyrex Ovenware is guaranteed for 2 years against breakage from oven heat.



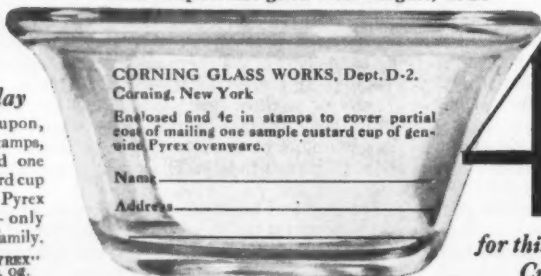
Pyrex Nursing Bottles at all drug stores. Narrow Neck or Wide Mouth. 8 ounces

**Send 4c for this Sample Pyrex Custard Cup**  
This coupon not good after August, 1928

#### **Send Today**

For this coupon, with 4c in stamps, we will send one sample custard cup of genuine Pyrex ovenware—only one cup to a family.

Trade-mark "PYREX"  
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Please print name

**4c**  
in stamps  
for this sample Pyrex  
Custard Cup



Photo by Barron Callen, N. Y.

## CONTAGIOUS DISEASES The Bogey of Child Health

BY CHARLES GILMORE KERLEY, M. D.

Author of: Short Talks With Young Mothers, Etc.

**C**HICKEN POX is one of the minor diseases among the transmissible group and is ordinarily of little consequence other than that of an annoyance. It keeps the child indoors and of course away from school. No age is exempt; it may occur in the young infant, as with the other contagious diseases, it is transmitted by contact. That it may be transferred by an intermediary such as a second person, a book, or a toy is possible though probably of rare occurrence. The micro-organism which causes the disease has never been isolated—in this respect it resembles mumps and measles. The period of incubation is longer than others of the contagious group, ranging from eighteen to twenty-five days. In the majority of my cases twenty-one days have intervened between the exposure and the development of the characteristic rash. Pronounced prodromal symptoms such as high fever, vomiting and prostration are unusual. There is a slight elevation of the temperature—101°—102°F., and loss of appetite. The first sign of the disease however is usually discovered upon undressing the child—when the characteristic eruption will be noticed in the form of small red papules one here and there scattered over the skin surface. On others the rash resembles small drops of water sprinkled carelessly over the skin. Close inspection will show that the eruption is surrounded by small circular reddened areas.

The rash may appear upon any portion of the body. The back, chest and abdomen are the parts ordinarily invaded early. There are usually a few spots on the mucous membrane of the mouth and in most cases the scalp is a favorable site for the eruption. The rash in a moderately severe or severe case appears in successive crops. The fluid is absorbed from the vesicles in a day or two and a dark colored crust or scab is formed. The crusts fall off in a week or two leaving a reddish skin

area, sometimes there is a destruction of the superficial skin which leaves a temporary scar. The severity of the disease varies greatly—there may be but two or three vesicles or the rash may be so severe that a gangrenous dermatitis with fatal results will be the outcome.

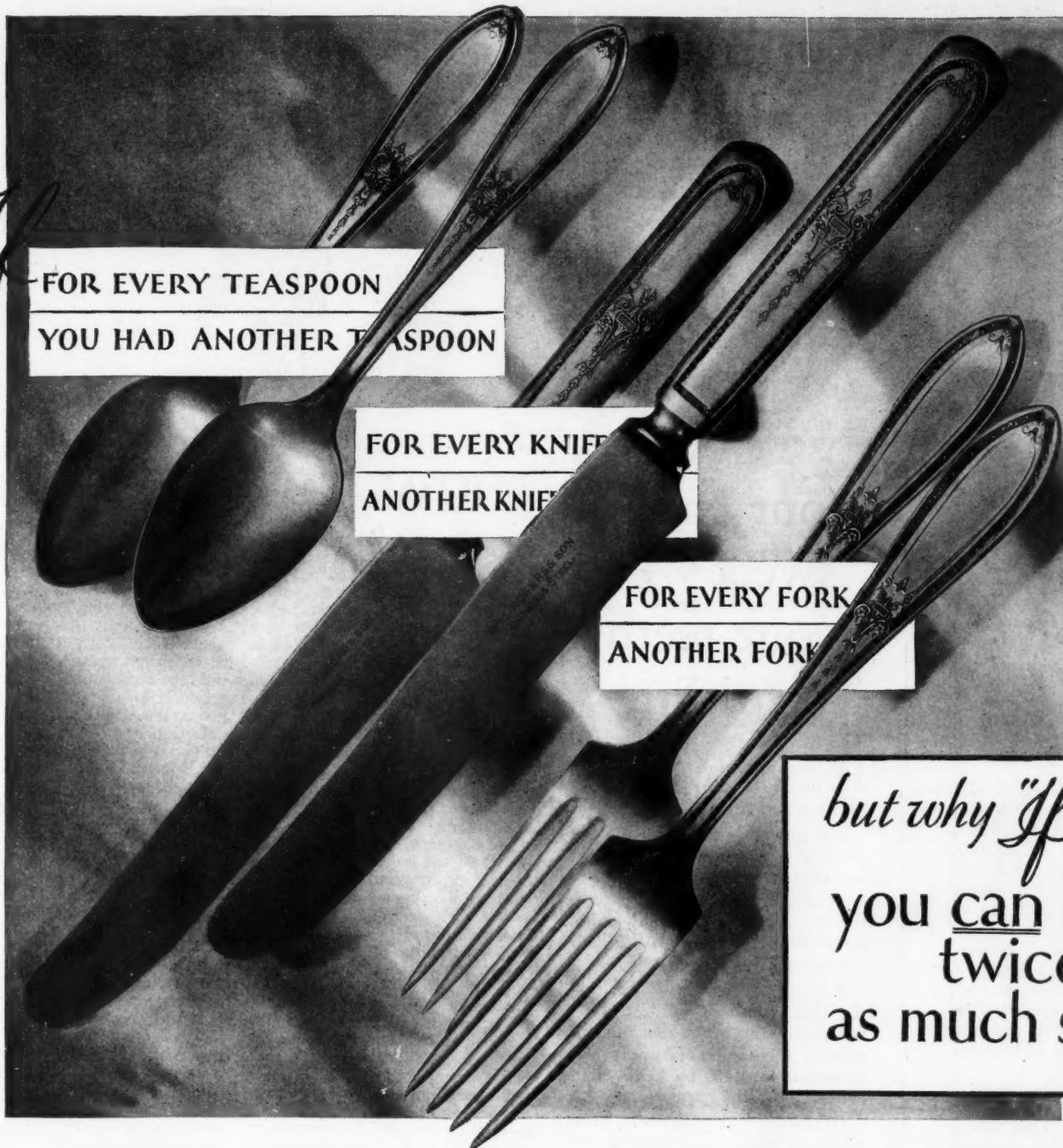
I have seen three cases of this nature in poorly nourished young infants; erysipelas is also a possible complication but a rare one. Now and then one sees a case in which furunculosis develops and produces a protracted convalescence. Complications however are extremely rare if the case is properly managed. During the eruptive stage the child should be kept in bed at least until the crusts have formed. The daily bath is omitted, careful sponging of the body with a solution of boracic acid two heaping tablespoonfuls to one-half gallon of water will answer the requirements of cleanliness. Care should be exercised to avoid rupturing the vesicles. The symptoms most complained of by a child with chicken pox is the itching which is present to a greater or lesser degree in all cases. After the sponging and at other times the affected areas may be anointed with the following ointment with a view of relieving the itching:

Menthol—gr. 10  
Powdered Boracic Acid—gr. 100  
Cold cream—oz. 2

The ointment does much to relieve the itching and is of value in preventing local skin infection through scratching. The child should not be allowed out of doors until the crusts have fallen and the skin is clear.

Mumps and German Measles both affect the runabout and school child. Infants and very young children rarely have mumps. But it is a disease that may be more readily carried than any other of the contagious diseases, by a toy, playthings, book or another person.



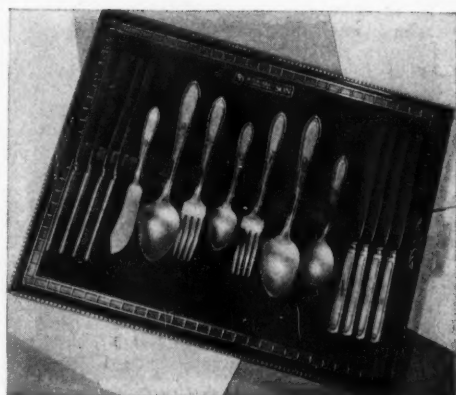


FOR EVERY TEASPOON  
YOU HAD ANOTHER TEASPOON

FOR EVERY KNIFE  
ANOTHER KNIFE

FOR EVERY FORK  
ANOTHER FORK

*but why "if"*  
you can have  
twice  
as much silver



**I**T is a lot, isn't it?—twice as much silver. But you *can* have it. Indeed you can! Why a 34-piece set costs only . . . . . but let us tell you about it first—

It's the famous Wm. Rogers & Son Silver (and, of course, you know what that means!). But did you know that every piece is not only heavily plated with pure silver, but the pieces you use most are reinforced with *extra* silverplate where the hardest wear comes?

And each piece bears an *unlimited* time guarantee. Unlimited, mind you! If, at any time (in fifteen, twenty, thirty years, or as long as you have it), you are dissatisfied with the service the silver gives, it will be replaced.

Now, from what you know of fine plated ware, what would you think such a 34-piece set should cost? You'll probably guess twice its price—most women do. Yet the set, as pictured here, costs only \$20.25.

For the difference between \$20.25 and what you would expect to pay for such a set you

can have salad forks, butter spreaders, bouillon spoons, iced-tea spoons and serving pieces—pieces so necessary to have . . . and that you *can* have by choosing Wm. Rogers & Son Silver!

And the patterns—are they beautiful? The pictures answer that. And whether you select Triumph (shown above) or Mayfair, you'll sense the appreciation your guests show for your good taste every time you entertain. There may be a little envy, too, over a table that has such ample silver service—for you *will* have twice as much, you know.

See both these stunning patterns at your jeweler's. You'll find them in sets of from 20 to 86 pieces (as well as open stock). And you'll be delighted at the ease with which you can own all the silver you've wanted. But remember

—don't say "Rogers"  
—say "Wm. Rogers & Son."

Won't you write for our booklet "How to select twice as much silver?" It shows every possible assortment that can be bought with from \$9.75 to \$79.00. (Prices slightly higher in Canada.) Address Wm. Rogers Mfg. Co., Dept. M-5, Meriden, Conn.

**WM. ROGERS & SON**  
*Silverplate*

THE PLATE WITH THE UNLIMITED TIME GUARANTEE

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.



*A letter from  
Miss Neva Lamb of  
Pocatello, Idaho*

Dear Sirs:

When I was a little girl we children argued and joked over choking on tooth-powders, and eating tooth-paste. When Mother learned about Pebeco Tooth Paste, she bought that kind for us all to use. It did not taste like candy, or gum, but we liked the wholesome, salty taste.

Ever since then, for twenty years, I have used Pebeco. I like it because it cleans thoroughly, and leaves a fresh, cool taste; and because it keeps my mouth and gums healthy; and because it keeps the mouth glands young.

I am now twenty-six years old. I have good, sound, white teeth, that are much admired. Last July, I went to a dentist for the first time in my life. My teeth had no cavities—are 100% sound.

(Signed) NEVA LAMB



**Keeps  
the mouth  
young..**

Lehn & Fink, Inc., Dept. J-23, Bloomfield, N. J.  
Send me free your new large-size sample tube of Pebeco Tooth Paste.

PRINT PLAINLY IN PENCIL

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

THIS COUPON NOT GOOD AFTER MAY, 1929



*You smile  
with gay assurance*

**Your mouth  
sweet  
your teeth  
sparkling**

**HOW** delightful to know that your teeth are white and healthy, your breath sweet!

The special salt in Pebeco gives you that joyous assurance. For it summons the mouth fluids. They bathe the teeth, between the teeth, the whole mouth. Food acids which cause decay and bad breath are briskly neutralized.

A famous physician found that the chief cause of tooth trouble was a slowing up of these useful mouth fluids. He developed Pebeco's formula to keep them active.

Discover for yourself how healthy Pebeco keeps your mouth and how white and sparkling your teeth. The good-morning feeling Pebeco gives your mouth starts the day gayly and lasts for hours. The bedtime brushing protects your teeth for the night.

Made by Pebeco, Inc., a division of Lehn & Fink Products Company. Sole distributors, Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J. Distributed in Canada by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited.

**Free Offer:**

*Send coupon today  
for generous tube*



**"SHOW YOUR PASSPORT!"**

BY MARY BERKELEY FINKE

Formerly in American Consular Service at Bremen

**T**HE chaotic conditions in Europe immediately after the war with the attendant unrest and dissatisfactions of a war-ridden people, thousands upon thousands of whom wished to emigrate to other lands, ably demonstrated the necessity for the establishment of the present passport and visa regulations, now in force throughout the entire world. America does not require that its own citizens be in possession of passports either in leaving or entering the United States. But in the matter of aliens, its passport regulations and requirements are very strict. Foreign countries are equally stringent in carrying out the provisions in force for Americans entering their countries. It is quite essential, therefore, that the prospective traveler arm himself with a passport and secure all necessary visas before attempting a conquest of lands unknown.

Passports are issued upon application and such applications must be made in person. For this purpose, passport agencies have been established in New York City, Boston, Chicago, New Orleans, San Francisco and Seattle. In cases where it would be a necessary hardship for the applicant to appear in person at any of the above cities, application may also be filed with the clerk of any United States district court or with the clerk of any State court authorized by law to naturalize aliens. *Under no condition, in this country, may application be made by mail.*

The essential requirements when making application are documents showing proof of citizenship, an identifying witness, photographs, a previous passport if issued since January 2, 1918, and the fee of \$10.00.

It is obvious that the best proof of citizenship for a native born citizen is a birth or baptismal certificate. But sometimes it is impossible to secure such certificates. Here the State Department permits an alternative in that the applicant may submit an affidavit showing his place and date, or approximate date, of birth. The applicant, however, may not make out such an affidavit himself. It must be made out by either parent, brother or sister or some other relative, preferably an older person, and it must be sworn to before a notary public and clearly state how the knowledge was acquired.

A naturalized citizen must furnish the official naturalization certificate. One who claims citizenship through the

naturalization of a husband or parent must show the certificate of that person. Where complications arise in establishing the exact status of citizenship the applicant should first write to Passport Department, Department of State, Washington, D. C., for specific information.

Two passport photographs, about 3 x 3 inches in size upon a light background, are needed. You may use a group picture if you are included in your husband's passport, or your children included in yours. It might be advisable to provide yourself with more than the required two, for a number of countries ask for photographs in connection with visa applications.

Passports, as now issued, are valid for two years in all countries and may not be extended beyond that time. The one exception to this rule is in the case of teachers, whose passports may be extended for a further period of two years, or four years in all. A passport may include the wife and minor children of an applicant, in cases where the applicant intends leaving or returning to the United States with his family.

Passports are usually issued within five days from the date of application, but it would be advisable for you to file your application approximately two weeks before your intended departure.

In the following countries, no visa is required on American passports: Belgium, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Liberia, Mexico, Panama and Switzerland.

In the following, visas are required but passports will be visaed without fee: Costa Rica, Denmark, Iceland, Germany, Japan, Salvador and Sweden.

These countries require visas and the fee for American passports is given in each case:—

Albania, \$10.00; Argentina, \$3.00; Austria, \$2.00 (for each person); Bolivia, \$1.50; Brazil, \$2.20; Bulgaria, \$2.10; Chile, \$5.00; China, \$2.00; Columbia, \$7.00; Czechoslovakia, \$10.00; Danzig, visas are not necessary for Danzig if entrance is made by sea, if entry is made by way of the Polish Corridor or by way of Germany the Polish or German visa is necessary; Ecuador, \$2.00; Egypt, \$10.00; Esthonia, \$10.00; Finland, \$10.00; France, \$10.00; Great Britain, \$10.00; Greece, \$10.00; Guatemala, \$12.00.

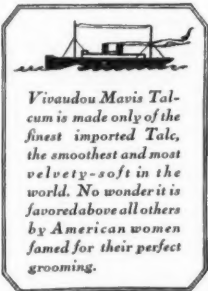
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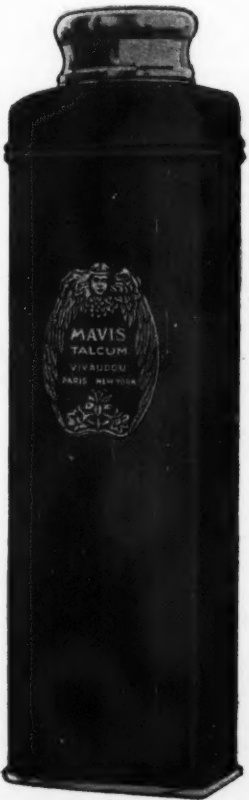
# Vivaudou Mavis Talcum for the Whole Family



"Don't Forget the best part of your bath"



Vivaudou Mavis Talcum is made only of the finest imported Talc, the smoothest and most velvety-soft in the world. No wonder it is favored above all others by American women famed for their perfect grooming.



YOUR hot tub or cold shower gives you such a glorious feeling of tingling cleanliness... but the after-shower of Vivaudou Mavis Talcum adds a still more delightful sense of well-being... of soothing comfort and personal daintiness. For a fragrant film of Mavis banishes all sticky dampness... protects your skin... and makes clothes feel comfortably a part of you. And the Mavis fragrance is a safeguard against the odors of perspiration. You'll find the Mavis Shower a real luxury... yet at so small a cost!

## Test Vivaudou Mavis Talcum for Yourself

You and every member of your family will never be without the daily comfort and luxury of Vivaudou Mavis if you will give it one trial—one test. Compare it with the most expensive talcums made, and you will find it smoother and softer than any of them! And you'll like the Mavis fragrance, too... it's so delicate, refined and distinctive.



The use of Vivaudou Mavis Toiletries adds so much to your personal charm and dainty attractiveness.

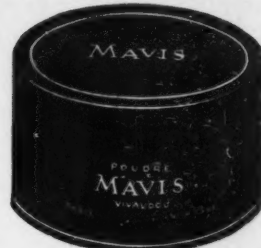
VIVAUDOU  
**MAVIS**  
TOILETRIES

V. VIVAUDOU, INC.

NEW YORK CHICAGO PARIS TORONTO LOS ANGELES

## Exquisite Vivaudou Mavis Toiletries

Let the satisfaction you find in Mavis Talcum lead you to the use of still other Mavis Toiletries. The full line is at your dealer's—all supreme in quality—all fragrant with the captivating Mavis Perfume. Those most essential to your comfort and charm are listed below.



Mavis Face Powder—Marvelously soft and fine, conferring a transparent youthful bloom and freshness. It adheres wonderfully... even on a windy day. In shades to blend perfectly with every complexion.



Mavis Rouge—A NEW Rouge Compact... conveniently wafer-thin... dainty and charmingly decorative. Mavis Rouge spreads smoothly and evenly, bestowing the glowing tints of youth and beauty. In shades to give a natural, radiant coloring to every type.



Mavis Lipstick—A NEW Lipstick, brilliantly gay in red enamel and gold—as warm, rich and charming as the tint it imparts to your lips. In shades for all types and colorings... or to match your rouge.

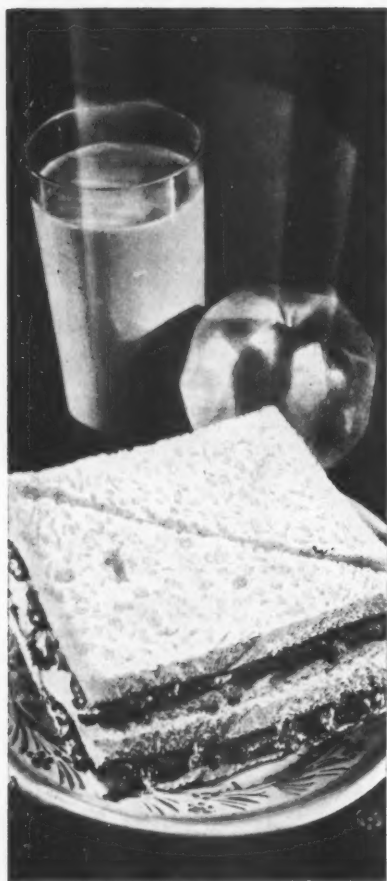


Mavis Toilet Water—A few drops make your bath delightfully refreshing and luxurious, and impart to the entire person a delicate, lingering fragrance... the perfect beginning for the most feminine of toilettes.



Mavis Astringent Cream—Quickly eradicates wrinkles and "crows' feet"... and leaves the skin smooth, firm, soft and alluring. Its daily use will bid defiance to the tell-tale lines which so soon destroy beauty.

## Wholesome food



**F**OR YOUNGSTER or grown-up—for between meals or a real lunch—no matter what the condition or occasion may be—here's real food, appetizing and wholesome. A double-decked sandwich with a generous spreading of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter in between the slices. Substantial nourishment and food that's readily digested.

Set it before a child with a keen appetite and there won't be a crumb left. Children love this Beech-Nut filling. And it's right that they should. For there's real nutriment in it, a food value that's definite. Satisfying and energy-giving. And not one whit less good for grown people. This sandwich, a glass of milk, and an apple make a healthful meal.

As to the quality of this famous Beech-Nut brand, we like to believe that no other is quite as good. At any rate, many people prefer it above all others. And we think you'll like it too. Won't you try it?

## Beech-Nut Peanut Butter



*The last in the series on building a small house*

## ADVENTURES IN HOME BUILDING

*The house is finished!  
Long may the family  
thrive with its modern  
comfort and conveniences*

BY RHYS NORTH

**F**RANK was using a lawn roller on the front lawn-to-be. He had planted grass seed and although it was late September he hoped the lawn would get a good start before Spring.

Helen was busy inside the house sweeping out the last bits of dirt left by the workmen. "Broom clean" is all that the specifications had said, but broom clean did not satisfy the proud new housekeeper. Every room had to be spick and span and ready for the furniture. Windows must be shining and the newly swept floors had to be covered with a protecting cover of heavy paper before the movers carried in the furniture.

Frank had called the electric light company but their representative had not yet come. He had provided some candles, however, in case the current was not turned on for the first night in the new house. The electric light man and the furniture vans arrived simultaneously. The furniture was unloaded while Helen diligently guarded the front hall and stair against bumps and scratches to either furniture or walls, and Frank helped unload some of the smaller articles. Beds were put up, the pieces of furniture distributed about the house to rooms in which they were ultimately to go. Some of the smaller pieces were unpacked and they were soon settled sufficiently to spend the first night in their own home.

The next morning, on awakening, Frank reached for the electric switch at the side of his bed which turned on the power and started the coffee percolator in the dining room. He then got up and enjoyed a nice warm shower, the heated water coming automatically from the instantaneous gas heater that had been installed for Summer use. When the furnace was in use, hot water would be obtained from a heater attached to the steam boiler and the automatic gas heater could be turned off.

Breakfast was soon ready in the sparkling little kitchen. The wood-work in this room was of soft gray, bright blue and gray curtains hung at the windows, the high sink had a single long water spout that could be turned in a half circle on a radius of

about one foot. This supplied either hot or cold water.

Helen had been working on curtains for the rest of the house for the past month and was eager to get them up to see if the effect she had anticipated would be achieved. By afternoon the rooms began to look like a home and the two tired people were ready to gloat over their new abode. The afternoon sun shone in through the casement windows and sent a soft glow over the polished surface of the waxed oak floors. The rich colors in Helen's hangings, which were of heavy cretonne, reflected the wall tints. Sheer cream colored glass curtains next to the windows would go up later but for the present the draperies gave the room a livable atmosphere.

The beams in the living room were solid hewn chestnut logs. There were only two full beams spanning the room with half beams at the ends, and all beam lines were carried vertically down to the base by means of a half timber treatment. The mantel shelf was a four-foot oak plank. Diagonally placed timbers added an interesting note above this and the stones fitted in between were smaller than those of the main fireplace. Frank remarked that the flue was a full one-eighth of the area of the opening of the fireplace and that the chimney drew perfectly. He also added that the throat and damper of the chimney were all of steel right up to where the flue began.

The vertical half timbers had black iron brackets with electric candle fixtures, while hanging from the beams above were little iron bell-shaped reflectors to carry out the idea of the old-fashioned smoke protector.

The sunporch windows were to the east and south and were high enough for a row of book cases beneath. There was no library and since they had planned to heat the sunporch, they had decided to keep most of their books there.

The dining room, though small, allowed plenty of space for the necessary furniture. The windows were placed high on the wall and the space below could be utilized.

From the back passageway where there was a tiny lavatory, it was easy to reach the main stairs again and continue up to the second floor. Here the hangings echoed the tints they had chosen for the walls. The sewing room was small but there was ample room for a single cot and a chiffonier, if it were to be considered as a maid's room or an emergency guest room when the little electric sewing machine was not in use. The walls, ceiling and trim were all painted the same color, a pale green, which added a restfulness and served to enlarge the appearance of the tiny room. The hangings offered the only contrast. Besides the sewing machine there was a small ironing board folded into the door of a shallow closet which held odds and ends of sewing equipment, a small electric pressing iron, the darning basket and a dress form.

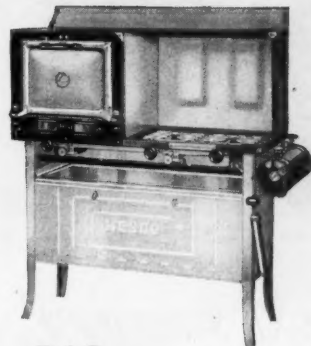
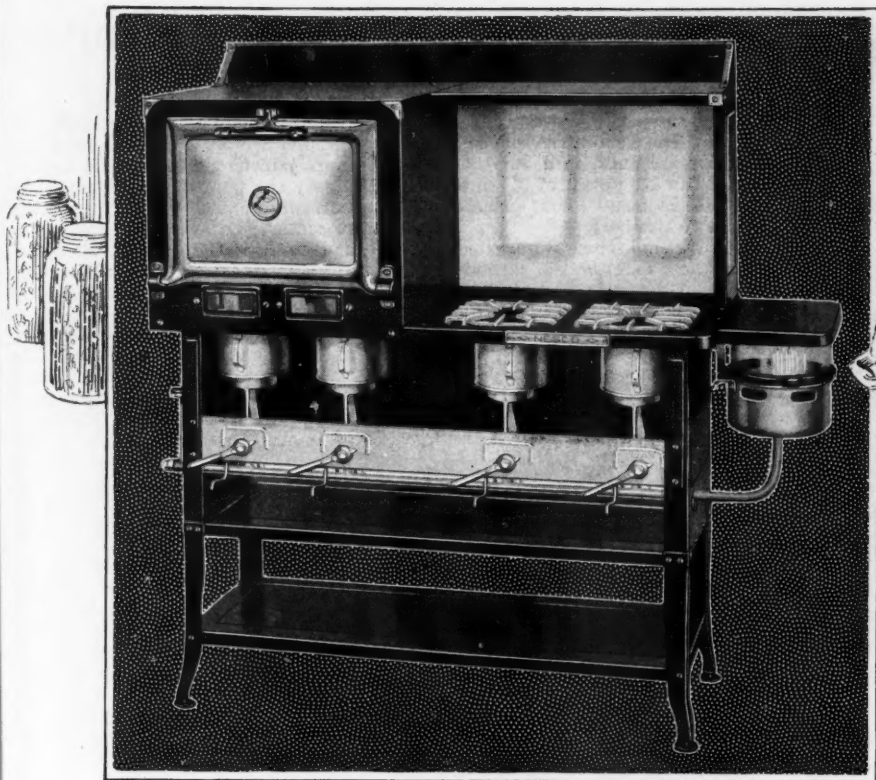
The three bedrooms were light and airy with cross ventilation and plenty of closet space. The stairs to the attic were movable and disappearing.

When wanted, this arrangement of steps could be pulled down from the hall ceiling. This attic was built for storage use only and at a touch the stairs could slide back into the panel.

Peeping from an upstairs window the front yard lay revealed. The little gate at the right front of the house led down steps to a path which continued down the slope to the brook, where eventually a bridge would take it to the other side. This path was to be one of the axes of the garden layout, while the other path would be perpendicular to it, running north and south between the house and the brook.

Mr. Truart had already helped them  
*Continued on page 66*





## For families like yours

IN thousands of homes like yours with families like yours and problems like yours, the Nesco Kerosene Cook Stove is lightening and shortening the duties of the home maker. Faster cooking is saving the home maker's time—easier cooking saves her strength—better cooking stimulates zestful, healthful appetites and a happier household rejoices in the completeness and goodness of the meal hours.

Charming in design, sturdy of construction, mechanically perfect, the fourteen models of Nesco Kerosene Cook Stoves provide a wide selection ranging from deluxe four and five burner types with built-in ovens, to smaller models using Nesco portable ovens.

They vary in size and number of burners and character of enameling and finish but they are all essentially and unmistakably Nesco quality and Nesco principle—the best that can be produced.

Oh you'll love the Nesco! See it demonstrated at your hardware store. Compare it with any kerosene stove you are familiar with. Remember that more than a million Nesco burners are today serving the needs of American homes everywhere.

**NATIONAL ENAMELING & STAMPING CO., INC.**  
Executive Offices: 425 East Water Street MILWAUKEE, WIS.  
Factories and Branches: Milwaukee, St. Louis, New York, Baltimore, Chicago, Granite City, Ill., New Orleans, Philadelphia. Licensed Canadian Nesco Kerosene Stove Manufacturers: Dominion Stove and Foundry Co., Penetanguishene, Ontario, Canada



Nesco patented Rockweave Wick of wire-cored woven asbestos, selvage edged. Non-burning. No cutting.

### GAS— without gas mains!

Wherever you live the Nesco Gasoline Cook Stove brings to your kitchen and for your convenience the advantages and pleasures of city gas stoves—without gas mains.

Simplicity of operation is the foundation of its country-wide success.

It lights with a match and in a space of time measured in seconds you have an intensely hot gas cooking flame.

There is yet another and, to all women, vitally important feature of the new Nesco Gasoline Cook Stove — Independent Burner Control which permits burners to be used at will without affecting the degree of heat or height of flame of any burner in use.

If you would know the advantages and beauty and unequalled simplicity of operation of this great gasoline cook stove, ask your dealer for a practical demonstration. It will be very much worth your while. Send coupon for illustrated folder.

# NESCO

## Kerosene COOK STOVES Gasoline

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☐ Nesco Recipes

☐ Nesco Kerosene Cook Stoves

☐ Nesco Gasoline Cook Stoves

Any of the booklets described below will be mailed you free of charge if you will check and mail the coupon below.

Check booklets you wish and write your name and address and dealer's name on margin of this page.

Dept. 11-5



Huge yellow pines frame the villa of Lake Arrowhead

## Next summer... a trip abroad in your own America

NO OTHER section of the nation, perhaps no one other part of the world, presents so much to make a vacation pay dividends of lasting joy as Southern California. Within a few miles or a few hours of Los Angeles' exquisite new City Hall is everything the Alps, Riviera, Sahara or Capri can offer!

Think of it—the amazing High Sierra country that rivals Switzerland; a Riviera-like coastline extending 271 miles to the Mexican line; a desert as fascinating as Sahara; and islands emerging from the ocean as intriguing as Capri!

Truly, this is your dream land—right here in America! And, to it all, Los Angeles is the gateway. Every road leads to romance, adventure, mystery—to uncommon, luring entertainment. You will always be going somewhere—beaches, mountains, orange groves, mountain lakes like Arrowhead and Big Bear, palm-lined canyons, Old Spanish Missions, "Symphonies under the Stars," movie-land!

No rain will mar a single moment of your summer visit. Day temperatures are moderate, with low humidity. You will sleep under blankets at night. Bring light wraps—sure.



Los Angeles is the Pacific Coast metropolis. It is delightfully metropolitan. Luxurious hotels—and moderate priced ones—great theatres, restaurants, amusements of every description. Los Angeles County is rich in natural resources. Last year its agricultural products approximated \$95,000,000.

Here is the Outdoor Sports Capital, with San Diego, Santa Ana, Riverside, San Bernardino, Ventura and Santa Barbara all joining Los Angeles in the wealth of offerings of open air pleasures. Close by are 65 ever green golf courses, tennis courts everywhere, mountain bridle paths, ocean—lake—upland fishing, near-by mile-high mountains.

And, the beaches! A short ride from Los Angeles and you are in the midst of the "Riviera," with delightful ocean-side cities. Santa Monica, Long Beach, La Jolla, Laguna, Balboa and a dozen others present you the keenest of aquatic sports.

Consult your nearest railway ticket agent immediately about special low rate fares, May 15 until October 31, and about reservations.

Fill in and mail the coupon at once for an authentic 52-page vacation book. Start making plans now.

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All-Year Club of Southern California, Dept. T-5, Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.  
Please send me your free booklet about Southern California vacations. Also booklets telling especially of the attractions and opportunities in the countries which I have checked.

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☐ Orange ☐ Ventura

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## ADVENTURES IN HOME BUILDING

[Continued from page 64]

plan the planting around the house itself. The field stone running up into the side walls, made the house look like an outgrowth of its surroundings and the planting was planned to enhance this effect.

The shrubs he had suggested for this purpose were the laurel, rhododendron and barberry bushes, while small pine trees could be used to shoot up higher and break the monotony of any large exterior wall expanses. For permanence the slower growing English or Boston ivies should be planted on the sunny sides of the house, but for immediate results the morning glory, Virginia creeper or any of the rose rambler varieties can be started. With the proper trellis, wisteria and clematis would be excellent.

The steps and walks of the garden were all to be made of flat field stones with grass patches between. The bridge was to be rustic in appearance, but whether of field stone or of cedar had not yet been decided.

Helen's general idea was to have some small low bordering plants along the walks and have the larger plants back these up. Beyond this, perhaps as a final background, some of the larger shrubs. Above all, she wanted a garden which would always be interesting and in bloom as much as possible.

They discussed the type of bridge to be used. Stone would be effective but would cost more than wood due to the engineering problems involved in arching the brook. A rustic wood bridge seemed the most sensible, with its side rails constructed so that vines could climb over them. This, Frank could undoubtedly build himself.

There were possibilities of damming the brook and forming a little pool. If not large enough for swimming, it certainly could be used as a lily pad garden or as the center for a group of marsh flowers.

Helen could visualize it all, the paths, the bridge, the sun-dial, the riot of bright flowers—a beautiful miniature estate—but its accomplishment would be a slow task she knew. The house itself stood complete but for a few minor details of furniture arrangement and accessories to be added from time to time.

Before making final changes in the furnishing plan Helen studied all the new decorating books she could find at the library and in the shops. She poured over old piles of magazines studying the pictures of the fine interiors and reading the articles on various phases of home making. She visited department stores to study displays of new drapery materials and upholstery fabrics; she lingered in the rug department comparing chenilles with axminsters and eyeing the piles of Orientals with envy. She knew that one or two fine Oriental rugs go a long way in making a home attractive. She knew that if good things are bought and placed in a house, and if they are in the general taste of the house and harmonious with its style and with each other

that they outlive change of style and furnishing vogues. She wanted her drapery materials sunfast and laundry proof; she wanted the curtain materials which were to bear the brunt of sunshine and dust from the garden and road, to be easily tubbed and quickly and smoothly ironed and long of life. She wanted the rugs to not only be decorative additions to the rooms in which they were to be used but also the kind which are not easily tracked, which submit to the vacuum cleaner and the broom with good grace and which will withstand the years of tracking by the members of her household and its guests and perhaps of its children and dogs.

She was already planning the budget which would permit her to equip the laundry and kitchen with the newest in labor-saving devices. Washing machines were more simple in design than ever before; good models showed either a low, effective easily managed wringer, or

else they were the centrifugal dryer types... a matter of choice, because both types wash and rinse and dry a thousands times more easily than the old fashioned noisy, rumbling machines in use a few years ago. Then this housekeeper realized that ironing machines had long ago outlived the name of "mangle." New ironers were as simple as the washing machines; small, compact easily handled and capable with their open ends and cleverly adjusted heating arrangement for ironing not only the flat pieces but also the difficult shirts, aprons, ruffled blouses and fancy pieces. Of course she wanted an electric hand iron too for additional work and eventually she planned to have one of the enclosed, heated dryers so effective in Winter or anytime of the year when the weather is bad. Meanwhile she was investing in one of the smart collapsible clothes trees, besides the handy built-in-the-wall ironing board and a host of small accessories for the laundry supply cabinet.

In the kitchen, the adequate electric wiring already promised the utmost in service. But while she wanted some electrical cookery, she also wanted a gas range and so one of the fine white and gray enamel ranges, equipped with automatic oven control was installed, a small electric fireless cooker next to it, and for occasional use one of the complete electric beating and mixing machines. The coffee was always made in the electric percolator, the refrigerator was an electrically operated one, quiet and efficient. Her supply cupboard gleamed with shining aluminum, gay blue enameled ware, a few sturdy cast aluminum and iron pieces and the somber, useful iron pots so essential for certain kinds of cookery.

Of course all of this equipment was not bought at one time. Helen planned her budget and gradually added the necessary pieces, watching their house grow in charm and comfort as the months rolled by.

### To a New House

BY EDITH LOMBARD SQUIRES

Doorstep, lintel, welcoming hall,  
Guard each eager, glad foot-fall,  
Living room with glowing fire  
Hold bright years that will not  
tire,  
Staircase with your friendly way  
Lead our tired feet each day.  
House so new, so quick to learn  
Memories to love or spurn,  
Keep us through this first  
night's gloam—  
Help us make you into home!



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You'll like them  
when you're  
hungry ~ and  
they'll make  
you hungry,  
too!

Molded Rice  
& Peaches

But remember ~ only the  
reputation of the label can insure the  
canned fruit quality you want

That's why it's so important to insist on DEL MONTE—and be certain you get this dependable brand! You know its reputation—and the reputation of the canner behind it.

When you specify DEL MONTE, you are always sure in advance of getting exactly that uniform, high quality you want—tree ripened fruits from the world's finest orchards—and packed in just the proper richness of syrup. Always delicious and tempting in flavor, no matter when or where you buy.

And what's true of DEL MONTE Fruits is just as true of vegetables and prepared foods. The same experience, the same skill and care, go into the canning of them all. DEL MONTE always offers the convenient, practical way to add new freshness and variety to everyday meals—and the dependable, economical road to quality—every time.



**"THE HANDIEST FRUIT  
ON AMERICA'S PANTRY  
SHELF" —**

*say these famous authorities  
—and we think you'll agree  
with their verdict*

For years we have been enthusiastic about DEL MONTE Peaches—their flavor, their economy, the endless opportunity for new variety they bring to everyday meals.

But until we started to prepare our new recipe book on Peaches and asked the country's leading food authorities for their suggestions, we never fully realized how general was this same enthusiasm for DEL MONTE Peaches in all sorts of combinations.

"The handiest fruit on America's pantry shelf," said these famous cooks—and went on to prove it with their own easy, economical

suggestions and recipes.

As all of them pointed out, DEL MONTE Peaches are more than a dessert by themselves—more, even, than a tempting ingredient for such special peach treats as cobblers, pies, pastries, sherbets, salads, etc.

They are *also* the finest kind of addition to almost *any* standard dessert or salad. They just naturally dress up other dishes—with no extra work.

To make our point clear, serve peaches on the meringue of your next floating island or in cottage pudding batter. Use them in place of apples in your next brown betty, on hot gingerbread topped with whipped cream. Or try them in the roasting pan with fowl. Or in a jelly roll in place of jelly. No matter how well you liked these old favorites before, we venture you'll like them better with peaches. You'll welcome that new touch of flavor and that fresh appeal of fruit.

And remember, DEL MONTE Peaches are only one of many DEL MONTE Foods—always ready to serve. Apricots, Pineapple and Pears; Spinach, Tomatoes, Asparagus, Peas and Corn; Salmon and Sardines offer just as many opportunities for fresher, better menus and shorter kitchen hours.

**FREE MENU SUGGESTIONS**

The new recipe book mentioned above, "Peaches—11 Food Experts Tell Us How To Serve Them," is free—together with "The DEL MONTE Fruit Book." Address Dept. 621, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco.

Just be sure you say **DEL MONTE**

IT PAYS TO INSIST IF YOU WANT THE BEST

# As amazing as it is **NEW** ROGERS "Vogue" finish

You'd think it was a coating of jewel dust—so brilliant—so scintillating—like the sparkling hues of countless diamonds, emeralds, rubies and sapphires, flashing in the sunlight.

It is the new Rogers "Vogue" finish—the latest and most thrilling idea in artistic lacquer treatment for new and old tables, desks, bookcases, lamps, smoking stands, bookracks, etc. The effect is amazing. Yet to produce it is very, very easy. Complete directions come with every can.

Simply lacquer the piece with a beautiful Rogers color. Half an hour later apply the

new "Vogue" finish. Many exquisite variations are possible. Merely follow the directions. No experience is needed. Anyone can do it. Like "Rogers," the new "Vogue" finish—

Dries While You Wait. Dries smooth and hard. Dries free from dust. Dries to a tough, durable surface that wears and wears and WEARS. You will be more than delighted with it.

## 26 Rogers Colors

Rogers Brushing Lacquer comes in 26 exquisite standard colors, also black, white

and clear. In addition there are the four new Vogue finishes—Platinum Tone, Sun Glow, Fairy Green and Fire Glow.

See your Rogers dealer today. He is the only one who carries the new "Vogue" finishes. You can tell the genuine by the name "Rogers" and the distinctive *oriental* can. Rogers Lacquers and Vogue Finishes are always sold with our publicly advertised "Money-Back" Guaranty.

DETROIT WHITE LEAD WORKS, Detroit, Mich.  
Makers of highest grade  
PAINTS • VARNISHES • COLORS • LACQUERS



Our  
"Money-Back"  
Guaranty

Try one can of Rogers Brushing Lacquer. If not more than satisfied, return what is left to your dealer. He is authorized to refund the entire purchase price

Also distributed and guaranteed by  
Acme White Lead & Color Works, Detroit, Michigan  
Lincoln Paint & Color Company, Lincoln, Nebraska  
The Martin-Senour Company, Chicago, Illinois  
Peninsular Paint & Varnish Company, Detroit, Michigan  
The Sherwin-Williams Company, Cleveland, Ohio



**ROGERS**  
THE MARK OF QUALITY  
**BRUSHING LACQUER**





The plain chenille rug is admirable in such a setting

## THE RUGS for YOUR HOUSE

*Style and color must be in keeping with the furniture*

BY HELEN HARFORD BALDWIN

**COPPER-ROSE.** Soft moss-green, egg-plant color, and a whole procession of luscious browns and taupe shades—these are among the new and interesting colors to be reckoned with when you buy that long coveted rug this Spring.

What shall be its size and hue? Shall it be in a solid color, or shall it show the subtle charm of the East in its design?

If you stop in to consult with one nationally famous interior decorator, at her fashionable New York Studio, she would have this to say to you: "Durability, beauty and a harmonious blending with the color scheme of the room are the requisites which make a satisfactory and distinctive floor covering. A tastefully furnished home should not be regarded as a luxury, but as an essential to comfortable living. We think better, live better and are more contented in homes which are harmoniously appealing. A rug, beautiful in color and design need not be an expensive one—nor need a cheap rug be hideous."

The floor plays a very definite part in the satisfying balance and decorative charm of the room. It should be darker in color than the walls, and for this reason, where light-toned rugs are used, the walls should be but delicately tinted. Gaily colored rugs which are not related to the walls and furnishings will assume the aspect of as many little floating islands; they will seem unwilling to stay down in place and they never appear to be harmonious parts in the room's entirety.

Generally speaking, in rooms where walls and furniture are figured, plain or self-patterned or bordered rugs, afford the most pleasing background, and offer an interesting foil for the varied colors and designs of the furnishings. If, however, the walls are plain or vaguely patterned, then rugs of Oriental design or other patterns supply color as well as interest.

One or two small rugs will sometimes be found to be less expensive than a large rug, and of course these have the additional blessing of convenience in handling and cleaning. However, in placing small rugs about the room arrange them to lie at parallel lines with the walls. A rug in front of the davenport, another in front of the

### A FURNISHING HELP

WITH this issue, McCall's offers the third leaflet in the course by correspondence on Home Decoration and Home Furnishing.

Each leaflet is just six cents to any McCall reader. Send for the third "Lesson" now and if you want the first and second ones we shall be glad to send them also. Enclose stamps to cover the cost of one or all. Address

The SERVICE EDITOR,  
McCall's Magazine  
236 WEST 37TH STREET  
NEW YORK CITY

mantel and perhaps one between the windows. Such rugs should not seem to divide the room in half.

When floors are too light in color, or in bad condition, and refinishing may not be convenient, carpeting in a soft, neutral monotone offers an excellent solution of the rug problem. This carpeting may serve as a background for small Oriental rugs or may be considered in itself an adequate covering. Carpeting the entire floor or using one large rug, often creates the impression of size and may make a small room look larger.

The name of a well-known manufacturer on a rug or carpet is a guarantee of that floor covering but of course grades and prices vary.

The man or woman who is about to purchase a rug, usually starts with a definite price in mind, which is largely based upon the size and quality of the rug she fancies. Therefore a general knowledge of grades and values is desirable.

Chenille (which means "caterpillar" in French) has a luxurious, downy pile which lends depth and luster to the

appearance of the rug. This is one of the most beautiful and expensive grades and is suitable for rooms of even the most formal elegance. It may be had seamless in a number of standard widths up to thirty feet.

The Wiltons and best grade Axminsters are perhaps the wisest investment for the average home, where the maximum amount of service as well as beauty is required of floor coverings. These grades come in Persian and Chinese designs, or in solid colors as well as in one or two-tone effects.

By the use of padding or a carpet-cushion, which is made in all the standard rug sizes, the life of a rug may be greatly prolonged. The padding laid under the rug, next the floor will keep the rug from slipping and buckling and it also affords a delightful sensation of deep piled luxury to even the most appraising feet.

Perhaps the new rug is to be for a sunny little bedroom. Besides those mentioned above there are many delightful effects in reversible rugs or those of felt, fiber rag or linen. For the boy's room, crude Indian and Spanish designs in gay exotic colors may be had. These rugs while sturdy and of good colors are in the low cost class and are on sale in the exclusive shops as well as furniture and department stores.

Washable rugs are always in demand for the nursery, and in unfading colors, animals and juvenile characters, adored of childhood, stay bright and charming for many a long day. These same rugs have proved popular for years as the bed room floor covering and as the ideal rug for the bath room and upstairs hall. Hooked and braided models are on sale in the department stores.

In the dining room it is a wise woman who uses a figured rug. A richly colorful Oriental may be as handsome as you please, and still it will to some extent conceal the inevitable small stains and crumbs to which every dining room floor must confess. Other figured rugs of domestic make serve the same utilitarian needs and are to be had in every desired color. Nothing has been said in this article about the many excellent linoleum and composition rugs, especially suitable for many rooms, practical as well as decorative.



## New Way To Serve Fish Fresh from the Ocean

à la RITZ-CARLTON

**THEODORE SZARVAS**, Maitre d'Hotel of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, New York, and Louis Diat, Chef de Cuisine of that famous hotel, have prepared a valuable book.

It explains the fine art of cooking fish so it will be tender, and tells how they prepare and serve 40-Fathom Fish to the guests at the Ritz-Carlton. Send coupon below for your free copy.

40-Fathom Fish is the breast and sides (called fillets) of choice ocean haddock. "Fresh from sea to me" by fast express in ice. No heads, tails, scales, backbones or waste. All savory, snowy meat, cleansed and wrapped in clean parchment paper. A meal in each wrapper.

40-Fathom Haddock Fillets are ready for the fire without even washing. A new, delicious shore delicacy on your table, whether you live near the sea or far inland.

Nothing is so unwise as buying second grade fillets. Ask your butcher, grocer or fish dealer for 40-Fathom Fish, which is never frozen or preserved, but always fresh and sweet—"the cream of the catch."

### INSIST ON THIS TRADEMARKED WRAPPER!

Fish not in this wrapper is NOT 40-Fathom Fish!



McC.-5 BAY STATE FISHING CO.  
30 Fish Pier, Boston, Mass.

Please send me your free Book of Recipes for cooking 40-Fathom Fish as served at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in New York.

Name .....  
Address .....



DREYER

## ELIZABETH ARDEN IS REAL!

And her Preparations are  
personally planned for you

**T**HE name Elizabeth Arden is a symbol of loveliness to more than ten million women. But Elizabeth Arden is so much more than a name. She is a real woman, an exciting personality, whose enthusiasm for Beauty has placed the priceless gift of charm within reach of every woman.

Miss Arden understands the exquisite care of the skin, and knows that faces do not just stay in shape, but must be held in shape by good strong muscles and firm healthy tissues. This means regular care and exercise — to strengthen the muscles and quicken the circulation so that the blood comes dancing to the cheeks to invigorate the tissues and clear the skin.

Elizabeth Arden's Treatments and Preparations keep muscles vigorous, tissues toned up and your skin smooth and tight so that your face simply doesn't get a chance to droop. By means of the clever new Manipulative Exercises you can care for yourself *at home* by the Elizabeth Arden method. Ask about them! Every one of Miss Arden's Preparations and Treatments is personally planned for a definite purpose.

*Elizabeth Arden recommends these Preparations  
for the regular care of your skin at home*

### VENETIAN CLEANSING CREAM

Melts into the pores, rids them of dust and impurities, leaves skin soft and receptive. \$1, \$2, \$3, \$6.

### VENETIAN ARDEN SKIN TONIC

Tones, firms and whitens the skin. Use with and after Cleansing Cream. 85c, \$2, \$3.75, \$9.

### VENETIAN VELVA CREAM

A delicate cream for sensitive skins. Recommended for a full face, as it smooths and softens the skin without fattening. \$1, \$2, \$3, \$6.

### VENETIAN SPECIAL ASTRINGENT

For flaccid cheeks and neck. Lifts and strengthens the tissues, tightens the skin, \$2.25, \$4.

### VENETIAN PORE CREAM

Greaseless astringent cream, contracts open pores, corrects their inactivity. \$1, \$2.50.

### VENETIAN FLOWER POWDER

Fine, pure, delicately perfumed. White, Cream, Naturelle, Rose, Special Rachel, Spanish Rachel, \$1.75.

Write for Elizabeth Arden's book, "THE QUEST OF THE BEAUTIFUL," which will tell you how to follow her scientific method in the care of your skin at home. And a second book, "YOUR MASTERPIECE—YOURSELF," will tell you about Elizabeth Arden's Home Course for beauty and health.

On sale at smart shops all over United States, Canada, Great Britain, in the principal cities of Europe, Africa, Australasia, the Far East, South America, West Indies, The Philippines, Porto Rico and Honolulu, Hawaii.

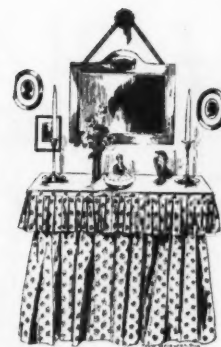
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LOS ANGELES: 600 West 7th Street  
BIARRITZ: 2 rue Gambetta  
CANNES: 3 Galeries Fleuries  
© Elizabeth Arden, 1928



## HOW TO MAKE A DRAPED DRESSING TABLE

By MADELINE CANTON

**T**HE foundation of such a dressing table, (any plain table) may be picked up at a second-hand store for a dollar or a little more. One table which I found had two drawers, a good mirror, and measured 36 inches long, 16 inches wide, and 31 inches high. I removed the mirror, and then gave both the table and the mirror frame two coats of apple green paint. As soon as the wood was dry, I applied one of those effective transfer (decalcomania) medallions at the top of the mirror. The frame was then antiqued. To do this, I went over the painted surface with umber, which I wiped off, except for a little left in the corners. When quite dry, I rubbed in some polishing wax and rubbed it in until the whole piece glowed with a soft fine finish.

For this table, I selected a glazed chintz with an apple green background, sprinkled with tiny red and yellow rosebuds. This fabric sheds dust so easily, and retains its freshness indefinitely.

Four yards of chintz, thirty-six inches wide, are required for a table

of this size. A yard of canton flannel is necessary for padding the top of the table. Tack this on, using it double, before putting on the chintz. Cut the piece of chintz for the top allowing an inch and a half to fit over the edge, thereby avoiding having to use a fold. Miter the two front corners neatly. To this top sew the ruffle which is made by sewing together four widths, eight inches long, hemmed, and side pleated. Fit the whole over the top, and tack down in the back only. The result is neat, simple and accomplished without a lot of tacking and special arrangements. One simply lifts the ruffle to get to the two or more drawers in the table.

For a lower ruffle, I used four widths, the length of the table from just below the drawers to the floor, allowing for a small hem. As with the smaller ruffle, this one was side pleated, and then tacked to the table just below the drawers. Sometimes one ruffle at the top is gathered on a little rod and it can be pushed aside to open the drawers. A glass top completes it.

## McCALL'S HOMEMAKING BOOK- LETS ARE AT YOUR SERVICE!

**M**CCALL'S booklets, written by authorities in every field of interest to home makers give detailed information regarding household management and other subjects for the housekeeper and the business woman. In the series of booklets there is helpful advice on the selection of charming decorations for your home; for novel parties, and easily presented amateur theatricals; present-day etiquette is discussed in relation to all social functions, including weddings; cookery recipes, menus and entertaining is discussed; practical budgeting and banking for the home; child care, and special feeding schedules for babies and small children; health, beauty and culture information is also included.

The complete list of McCall's service booklets is free for the asking. Send for it, check the booklets you want, and return the list to us, enclosing the specified amount in stamps.

Address your letter to:

The SERVICE EDITOR, McCall's Magazine,  
236 West 37th Street, New York City



# THE NEW FLORENCE KEROSENE PRESSURE STOVE



## EVERY ADVANTAGE OF CITY GAS ....INCLUDING ITS SAFETY

**Y**OU have always wanted a stove like this new Florence; one that gives intensest heat yet is safe and economical. Now you can have it for the hot weather and enjoy it every month of the year.

Actually, the flame is hotter than gas and just as easy to control.

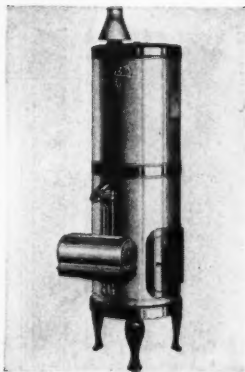
The fuel is kerosene, perfectly safe to handle and use and about the cheapest fuel known.

Unlike any other pressure stove, this revolutionary range not only uses kerosene as a fuel but requires only kerosene for starting.

Another unique feature is that the choice of fuels is wholly up to you. Should you prefer to burn gasoline, the stove works equally well and without any adjusting.

The Florence Kerosene Pressure Stove is simplicity itself. It is really your own little gas plant. It is built in the staunch Florence manner, with an extra wide all-grid top, and beautifully finished.

The famous Florence Oven has the



**Constant Hot Water**

This is the new Florence Automatic Storage Water Heater. A complete unit in one piece, operating itself under thermostatic control.

"baker's arch" and patented heat-distributor. Food is baked evenly all over and not burned on the bottom.

### *The Modern Florence Kitchen*

To complete your modern Florence kitchen you should have a Florence Automatic Water Heater. It burns kerosene, at an almost nominal cost of operation. Controlled by a thermostat, with a pilot light, you are assured of hot water at all times without any attention on your part except an occasional filling of the fuel tank.

Your plumber can install a Florence Hot Water Heater at very moderate cost.

If your dealer has not yet a stock of the new Pressure Stoves, please notify our nearest Division Office and we will see that you are supplied without delay.

Florence Stove Company, Boston.  
Division Offices: New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Atlanta, Baltimore, New Orleans, Dallas, Detroit, Columbus and Kansas City.

# FLORENCE



## Cutex has made an entirely New Liquid Polish!

CRYSTAL bright . . Natural . . Light and thin on the nails as a ray of sunlight.

Have you longed for the lure of flashing nails? Their glancing sheen with every slightest movement of your hands?

Cutex has captured the very sheen itself of such nails! . . . Transformed it into a liquid thin as air . . . Transparent as sunlight . . .

It is an entirely new formula! One look at it—clear, crystal, fresh-tinted—thin as water—tells you. In a moment you may see its satin glow shine from your once dull nails.

For long Northam Warren experimented to produce a formula natural as the highly polished nail itself . . . crystal clear . . . enduring. The clearer the liquid, the more softly lustrous would be its sheen, the quicker it would dry, the longer it would last . . . so he declared. Now this triumph has been achieved in his laboratories. It lasts for

more than a week. It comes in Natural Tint or the new Colorless with separate Tint so you can get exactly the color you want.

The new formula is in smart little twin bottles, bright as jewels—one for the Polish, one for its Remover. The two together 50c. The new Polish and Remover in standard size packages, are 35c each.

*If you are frightfully impatient to try it—just tear off the coupon and send it with 6 cents for the dearest, shining little sample bottles!*

Northam Warren  
New York, Paris,  
London



*Natural tint—or  
the new Colorless  
with separate Tint*

*The New*  
**CUTEX LIQUID POLISH**  
CRYSTAL BRIGHT . . NATURAL . . ENDURING

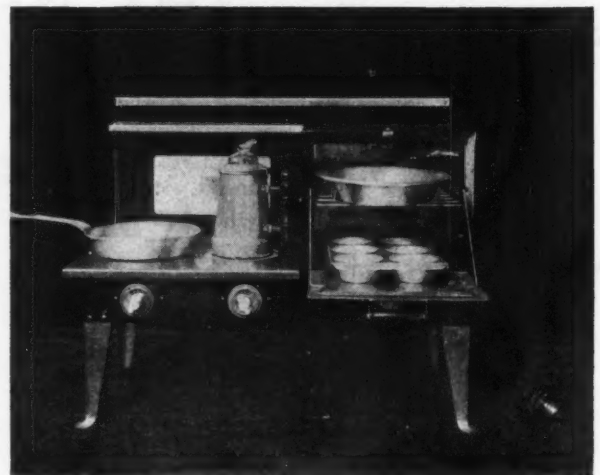
**Mail coupon today**

I enclose 6c for samples of new Cutex Liquid Polish and Polish Remover. (If you live in Canada, address Dept. F-5, 1101 St. Alexander Street, Montreal.)

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. F-5,  
114 West 17th Street, New York

## SPRING FIXINGS FOR THE HOME WORKSHOP

[Continued from page 40]



*An electric table range 16¾ inches tall and 22 inches long.*

the setting of a clock and an oven regulator—and cooks by the fireless principle, whether you are there or not. And the gas ranges with their oven regulators that produce any desired heat and “hold it,” insuring uniform results. The shades of the noble army of women who have risen up to make coal or wood fires in cold kitchens these many hundreds of years might well haunt us for a moment as we swing into the modern kitchen at the last minute, turn a handle or press a button, and go to work.

And these ranges are but elder brothers to the large family of electric cookers to be picked up airily by the handle, carried about like a bucket, set down and put to work anywhere that a wall outlet can be found; the miniature ranges taking up no more floor

space than a chair; the little grills that come to the table and cook eggs and bacon and even a muffin or two or waffles, right under one's eye. It costs only four cents an hour if your current costs eight cents a kilowatt and it will operate from a lamp socket. Other between-sized stoves must have a wall outlet though requiring no special wiring.

The only sad news we heard at the headquarters of electrical appliances was that there were fewer calls for chafing dishes! To our mind that is like doing away with candle light and fireplaces because you have radiators and electric lamps. Slow cooking over hot water is essential to the perfection of cheese, milk and egg dishes, such as welsh rarebits and newburgs of sea

[Continued on page 80]

### WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW ABOUT HOME APPLIANCES?

McCall's staff of home experts is made up of women who have graduated from the foremost Home Economics training schools in the country. These consultants who serve McCall readers are continuously in close touch with the universities and schools which are the leaders in Home Economics work. They are women who have been instructors in university home-making classes; one staff member has been closely allied with the development of housekeeping appliances as director of a testing laboratory and advisor to appliance manufacturers; these home-makers, your writers and editors, are working in closest cooperation with the recognized electrical appliance testing laboratories of the country where fine devices are put to work and tested and approved for housekeepers before appearing on the market.

The information they gather is for you, the McCall readers. If its presentation on these pages does not answer all of your housekeeping questions, further and more detailed information will be sent to you by letter.

Address:

The ASSOCIATE EDITOR, McCall's Magazine,  
236 West 37th Street, New York City



# The fresh snowy whiteness of Laundry-washed clothes

WHEN you turn back the snowy, spotless sheets that have come from your laundry, you know they not only look clean and feel clean, but *are* scientifically clean ♣ Yet modern laundry service is simple ♣ It is a story of unlimited quantities of filtered rainsoft water, plenty of pure soap, and scientific knowledge of how to use amazingly gentle equipment ♣ Your clothes are washed without rubbing, and are rinsed in many baths, until every particle of loosened dirt is definitely removed from the fabric ♣ There is a pronounced difference between professional and domestic laundering . . . a difference that strongly emphasizes the fact that laundry-washed clothes *must be* cleaner, sweeter, and longer-wearing ♣ Visit a modern laundry and see for yourself why millions of home managers depend upon such laundries for relief from irksome washday toil ♣

*The* LAUNDRY /  
*does it best*

## Keeping Faith with American Women

THE modern laundries which stand as sponsors for this series of informative advertisements belong to a great group of progressive institutions. Not only is this group endeavoring to tell you the illuminating facts about modern laundry service, but each modern laundry is earnestly striving to keep its methods on a level with the high standards and ideals reflected in these advertisements.



ABOVE—The heavy, rich suds which penetrates every fabric pore, gently softening and removing dirt, in a washer with glass-smooth inside surfaces. LEFT—How the hand of science helps protect your clothing. . . every laundry formula is worked out with prescription-like exactness.

© 1928, L. N. A.

Modern laundries offer a variety of services to suit every family need. All-ironed work, partially-ironed work, and work which returns clothes damp for ironing, are but a few of the many individualized services available at laundries today. Phone a modern laundry now—let them help you decide which service is best suited to your needs.

# Introducing the New UNIVERSAL Super-Automatic Safety Iron



*It will not overheat!*  
*An Alert Servant*

**I**NCREDIBLE as it may seem, at last you can have a household helper that always remembers its duties.

Say that you're doing the family ironing with the New UNIVERSAL Super-Automatic Iron. Suddenly the telephone or door bell rings, or some other incident draws your immediate attention. Nine times out of ten you will place the iron on its stand and shut off the heat with a gentle push on the finger-tip control button.

But should you in your hurry leave it on the unprotected board with current on, the New UNIVERSAL Super-Automatic Iron "remembers" for you and turns itself off before overheating—and what is more, stays off until it is turned on again when you resume ironing.

The New UNIVERSAL Super-Automatic brings you a pleasant feeling of assurance and satisfaction. Its automatic safety switch practically eliminates the danger of fire from a neglected iron. And you'll never cease to notice how quickly its temperature is adjusted to your ironing needs by simply touching the red and black buttons at your finger tips—how smoothly it presses as it glides back and forth over the fabric without wrinkling on the back stroke—with what ease its tapered point slips into the finest pleats and ruffles. Ironing actually becomes interesting and enjoyable when this beautiful iron does it.

See the New Universal Super-Automatic at your dealer's. Test it in every way—its incomparable performance will astonish and delight you.

**Automatic Safety Switch**—A trouble-proof automatic thermostatic switch built into the iron shuts off current before excessive temperature is reached and keeps it off until manually restored, thus practically eliminating danger from that source. Iron visibly registers "on" when in circuit and "off" when not.

**Finger-tip Temperature Control**—Temperature is regulated to needs of cloth by finger-tip control buttons, operated at will of user.

**Wrinkle-Proof**—The Super-Automatic is made wrinkle-proof by the famous Universal round heel.

**Large Ironing Surface** and heat storage capacity keep the iron hot even while ironing the heaviest fabrics and permit rapid ironing at properly sustained temperatures.

**Universal Appearance and Construction**—Besides being built and guaranteed for long years of flawless service, the Super-Automatic with its full nickel finish, graceful lines, black and red enamel trim and silk cord to match is a model of beauty, irresistible to women who choose attractive appliances for their homes.

THE TRADE MARK KNOWN IN EVERY HOME

**UNIVERSAL**

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

## MAKING GOOD BOYS BAD

[Continued from page 44]

bundles, looking inquiringly at his mother for encouragement, only to be sharply pulled back and reprimanded? There was an excellent impulse checked.

The other day I saw two apples fall off a push-cart. A fine-looking boy of eight or nine picked them up. Was he going to replace them or run off with them? The owner of the push-cart didn't wait to find out, but berated the child on the supposition that he intended to steal them. Not much encouragement to the youngster to help again—was it—if helping had been his motive. Of course, the poor huckster can hardly be blamed, as he had no doubt suffered much from mischievous children, but mothers and fathers and teachers also are often in a great hurry to place blame without giving the culprit a hearing. What wonder if their children say to themselves, "Well, it doesn't matter what I do. She'll be mad, anyway."

Not long ago, while I was visiting a young friend of mine, her little boy, aged seven, came running into the room waving a pair of rubbers at his mother. "Where did you find those," said his mother. "By the church door," answered the boy. "Shall I take them and give them to the janitor?"—The church was just next door. "Try them on," said his mother. "Why, they just fit you," she said, as he slipped them over his shoes. "I guess you had better keep them." The child looked blank and suggested that possibly the real owner would inquire of the janitor, "Oh," said his mother, "his people probably can buy another pair easier than we can for you." Who is to blame if that boy's sense of honesty is not, in later years, all that his mother will desire? Is it the child's inborn tendency to vice, or is it the result of his early training? You may think I have invented this story, but it is a fact, and that little incident which I witnessed, is by no means the only one which has shown me how easily ordinarily honest people may slip from the path of strict integrity. This is bad enough in itself. But in connection with a child how far-reaching may be the results.

I read recently in a well-known book

on etiquette, that people who object to saying they are "Not at home" when they really are in the house and simply mean that they don't care to receive visitors, are straining a point and showing themselves pedantic and worse. Yet I feel personally that, although such inaccuracies may be perfectly harmless as among grown-up people, one should be careful in using them before children. Mother says in the hearing of little Jean: "No, Mary, I am not at home." She doesn't explain to Jean that this is the conventional phrase, meaning "Not receiving." Meanwhile, little pitchers have large ears, and little minds draw wondering conclusions. Is it surprising, then, that Jean, having heard her

mother telling what must seem to her a deliberate lie, feels no particular responsibility to herself to guard very strictly the truth of her own statements? Personally, I feel convinced that the solution of the problem of untruthfulness in children is very largely to be sought in the strict accuracy on the part of the parents in just such little matters. If you answer over the telephone that "Helen is out," when Jack sees her sitting there as large as life

before his very eyes, can you expect him in his turn to restrain his natural impulse to tell you fibs when it suits his convenience? Of course not.

There are a thousand little things—deeds, words, gestures, which seem of no importance to adults but which seen through the eyes of the child become standards for his daily behavior. The carelessness of table manners of the father and older children become patterns for the little tots enjoying their first attendance at the grown-ups table. Father's lack of courtesy in such small details as rising when women enter the room, pulling out a chair at the dining table, speaking in a courteous manner, all are echoed in his admiring small son.

He hears his father boast of success in some enterprise and again the tone of arrogance is echoed in his small boy world and in his relations to the rest of the family. Modesty and courtesy are as easily patterned if we could only remember!

## SHOW YOUR PASSPORT

[Continued from page 62]

Haiti, \$2.00 (this is a landing permit and must be paid at the time of purchasing transportation); Honduras, \$1.00; Hungary, \$10.10; Irish Free State, \$10.00; Italy, \$10.00; Jugo Slavia (also Montenegro and the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croates and Slovenes) \$2.00; Latvia, \$10.00; Lithuania, \$10.00; Luxembourg, \$2.00; Monaco, \$.90; Netherlands, \$10.00 (a visa is not necessary in traveling through the Netherlands in transit. In order to be admitted, however, a visa

of the country to which the traveller is destined, must be produced); Nicaragua, \$1.50 (a visa is not required for a stay of less than six months); Norway, \$10.00; Peru, \$5.00; Poland, \$10.00 (for each person); Portugal, \$3.50 (\$2.00 for each additional person); Rumania, \$10.00; Siam, \$2.00 (a visa is not required for a stay of less than three months); Spain, \$2.75; Turkey, \$6.00; Uruguay, \$2.10 (for each person); Venezuela, \$2.00 (paid at disembarkation).



# Fashion Experts

## who buy for leading department stores

### *insist upon Lux for their own things*



*Arc de Triomphe, Paris*

**M**ILLIONS and millions of dollars every year are entrusted to these clever women—the department store buyers of frocks and blouses, hosiery, gloves, underthings, the wardrobe of American women!

In the fashion centers of the world—New York, Paris, London—they buy tomorrow's styles—the latest things in colors, in fabrics.

More than any other women—because they buy for *all* women—they must know how lustrous silks and the new sheer woolens and lovely cotton prints will wear—how proper washing will guard their charming texture and color, will keep them looking *like new* for ages, in spite of steady, every-day use.

They know also, how easily every-day things, as well as exquisite flower-like garments, can be spoiled by wrong methods of cleansing.

#### *America's greatest stores*

In 112 of the most important stores in America\*—doing over three-fourths of all the large department store business—women buyers told us just how they took care of their own things, to keep them beautifully new.

And we discovered that for washing their



*Department stores send their buyers to Paris to bring back the exquisite things the women of this country love, and to choose from the great French couturiers models and materials that will please the women of America.*

own silks, chiffons, woolens, and nice things—

**92% of these experts use Lux!**

These fashion authorities, knowing the nature of fine fabrics and that the choice of soap is all-important to their life and newness, will take no chances.

They insist upon Lux for their own things—for their stockings and gloves and lingerie, their negligées and sweaters, their sheerest and their sturdiest wash frocks. And they buy it in the familiar blue package found, investigations show, in 8 out of 10 homes in cities from coast to coast.



*America's leading department stores do a business of 2½ billion dollars annually: and three-quarters of this total amount of business is done in the great stores of 26 cities. In these stores 92% of the buyers interviewed use Lux.*

*\*These stores are located in the following cities: Boston, Providence, New York, Newark, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Cleveland, Akron, Detroit, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Chicago, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, St. Paul, St. Louis, New Orleans, Kansas City, Denver, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland, Seattle.*

*Sparkling—bubbling—pure Lux suds! Women everywhere trust them to keep nice things enchantingly new twice as long!*



**SO SAFE AND A LITTLE GOES SO FAR—IT'S ECONOMY TO USE LUX**

Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.



## HE SIMPLY COULDN'T RESIST THE TEMPTATION

To a clever woman, a flick of "that flavor called FRENCH" is an ever dependable aid to entertaining. It adds a flavor unique and capable to dainty sandwiches of ham, of tongue, of chicken, of various cheeses—thin and trimmed and fairly begging to be eaten.

Neither too fiery hot nor flat and insipid—just right—"that flavor called FRENCH" is a zest to appetite and to digestion.

Made with the finest imported Mustard seed, combined with certain savory spices and blended according to an age-old and jealously-guarded formula—The result, a flavor of distinction—found only in French's Prepared Mustard. With hot meats or cold cuts; salads or fish—an irresistible call to happy appetites.

THE R. I. FRENCH COMPANY  
9 MUSTARD STREET Rochester, N. Y.

THAT FLAVOR  
called  
FRENCH

FREE

Send this coupon today  
for French's Flavor Talks  
No. 1—interesting, help-  
ful. Includes "Flavia's"  
recipes.

Name .....

Address .....

State .....

## FOLLOWING THE VACATION TRAIL

[Continued from page 49]

attractions for the mountain climber, the fisherman, or for those who would enjoy the untrammelled ease of camp life on a lake in the heart of the woods.

Lake Raponda, Newport, and Averill, in Vermont, are rich in scenery and all the pleasure of the out-of-doors. In New Hampshire North Conway, Lake Sunapee, Lake Winnepesaukee, Lake Squam, are unsurpassed for beauty and a good time.

The Adirondacks cover an area of five thousand square miles, and this region is often dubbed "Paradise" by the vacation devotees who go back year after year. Again it is mountain, stream and forest and lake, and the trail of the Indian, though every kind of resort is to be found within these mountain fastnesses.

Long Island, New York, is a happy hunting ground for those who seek salt breezes at a minimum railroad fare.

There are beauty spots in Pennsylvania, for those who prefer a not too distant inland holiday. The Pocono Mountains provide in walks, and woods and waterfalls, their own special lure.

But if you live in Chicago, St. Louis, or Atlanta, there are countless places near you, where the lakes and woods make an urgent call at minimum expense. Or, you may add a hundred or a hundred and twenty-five dollars to the Easterner's vacation territory, and come East or North to pastures new.

To anyone who knows the "Land of the Sky" in the Blue Ridge Mountains of North Carolina, no further words are necessary.

From Asheville, the country round about is full of scenic wonder and charm, vivid in the green of the foliage, the red of the earth, the blue of the sky, and in the Great Smoky Mountains, forty miles beyond the Blue Ridge, which have been opened to the traveler in a National Park. Waynesville, Chimney Rock, Hendersonville, Saluda, Blowing Rock, Caesar's Head and Tryon, are other centers which give you easy access to this intimate, friendly mountain land.

From Chicago and St. Louis, one may go to Mackinac Island, one of the beauty spots of the whole country, and at the point where the two Great Lakes, Huron and Michigan, meet.

In Northern Michigan, which in blossom time becomes a veritable Japan,

people come from surrounding states to see the cherry blossoms. In this section, are Charlevoix, on high bluffs overlooking Lake Michigan, Wequetonsing, Northport, Burt's Lake, Fish Creek, and Sault Ste. Marie.

Minnesota, which means, "The Land of Sky-Blue Water," holds over ten thousand lakes. In the Arrowhead country, north of Duluth, there is a vacation center unlike any in the East. Here, in innumerable places, one may rent a rustic cabin and keep house in the depth of the woods for even a limited stay.

You who live in the Mid-West can reach that marvelous Far West at much less time and expense than the Easterner. There are trips by railroad and motor to Yellowstone and Glacier Parks; to Colorado Springs, Denver, Pike's Peak, and Estes Park, that \$300.00 will cover.

Here is scenery of unmeasured grandeur to be enjoyed from horseback or a motor bus, it all depends on whether you join a tour or spend your time on a ranch. One of the big railroads offers one week on a ranch, all expenses paid, and a round trip from New York, for \$250.00.

There are wonders of nature unsurpassed in color, canon, and mountain still open to discovery by thousands of Americans in travel by railroad and motor to Zion National Park, Bryce Canon, Cedar Breaks, in Utah, the Grand Canon of Arizona, Denver, and Colorado Springs (all for \$241.51 from Chicago). From Chicago and St. Louis there are other special Summer rates with stop-over privileges.

Nothing to see in America, nowhere to go? Get a few railroad folders and look them over for suggestions as to what you can do this year, or if you own a car, get busy with the automobile club routes and maps and guide books for camps, parks, beautiful country and cozy inns. Decide how much money you can afford to spend, and then determine how far you can go, how much you can do with it. There are more and better inns everywhere than before the days of easy touring, there are highways that will carry you to Oregon with its magic and mountains, to Canada, to Nova Scotia, to the peace of New England's Mountains. Take your vacation in your own home land this year.

### A VACATION HELP

**I**F you want to spend that precious two weeks of vacation time in a pine-scented mountain resort, or a breezy little point on Long Island Sound, or at a salty fishing village of New England, or in romantic Mexico or beautiful Canada or any other place hereabouts, hurry up and send for our vacation leaflet.

It's a leaflet of where, when and how to spend a vacation on the American continent. In it are listed railroads and hotels, with rates and other important and necessary information.

Send ten cents with your request to

The SERVICE EDITOR, McCall's Magazine,  
236 West 37th Street, New York City





To prepare delicious Shoe String Potatoes like you see in this picture merely take one and one-half pounds of Irish Potatoes—scrape and pare them—cut into match-like strips. Then rinse, dry on a towel, put into a frying basket and fry in deep Mazola, hot enough to brown a bit of bread in one minute, 395 degrees F. Drain on paper, dust with salt and serve.

Mazola is perfect for deep frying—it has the delicate flavor of the hearts of corn from which it is prepared—a flavor so dainty it blends immediately with the frying foods.



*"The Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods" is a remarkable book by Ida Bailey Allen. Every progressive woman should have a copy. Send 10 cents (stamps or coin) with the coupon to the right.*

CORN PRODUCTS  
REFINING COMPANY  
P. O. Box 171  
Trinity Station  
New York City

Enclosed is 10 cents (stamps—coin). Please send me postpaid a copy of  
"The Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods." Me-5

Name .....  
Address .....  
Town ..... State .....

# The TEENIE WEEENIES

NOTICE . . . All the Teenie Weenies are requested to meet in the storeroom at noon today . . . The General.

This little notice, printed neatly on a piece of paper no bigger than a postage stamp, had been pasted up about the Teenie Weenie factory. There was one in the salted peanut and the peanut butter department, one each in the pickle department, the sardine department, the breakfast-food department, the pop corn department, and two or three were put up in the great canned vegetable department.

The little papers caused much excitement, and when the whistle blew at noon most of the little folks hurried to the great storeroom where they found the General awaiting them.

The Turk brought in a peanut for Gogo, the little colored Teenie, to sit on, for the tiny fellow had strained his back lifting a pickle and it was hard for him to stand.

"Friends," said the General, as he stepped onto a box of Teenie Weenie Sardines and smiled at the little folks, "I want to ask you a question: Who are the Teenie Weenies?"

"We are! We are!" shouted the surprised little people. "We are the Teenie Weenies!"

"Of course we are," smiled the General. "We are the first and only genuine Teenie Weenies. Our friend here," said the General pointing to Tilly Titter, the English sparrow who sat on a box of Teenie Weenie Wheat Hearts, "tells me that she has seen Teenie Weenies on can labels and that they are not us but imitations of us."

"They can't do it!" bellowed the Dunce from the top of a can of Teenie Weenie Pop Corn. "They haven't any right to imitate us. I am the original Teenie Weenie Dunce and I won't stand for it. We have been copyrighted hundreds of times, and my picture is on the cardine can and I'm on the . . ." The Dunce made such an outburst the policeman had to rap with his tiny club on the pop corn bucket for order.

"Well," continued the General, "an imitator is never genuine. Only real Teenie Weenies can appear on a genuine Teenie Weenie label."

The Dunce was so disturbed he began to dance up and down with rage. Suddenly he slipped and before he could catch himself he tumbled off the pop corn bucket onto the floor. Fortunately, he wasn't hurt and the rest of the Teenie Weenies had a good laugh at the Dunce's expense.

When the little folks became quiet the General went on with his talk. "I thought you ought to know about these imitators," he said.

"An imitation is never so good as the real thing, so all we've got to do is to keep right on doing the best we can and no imitation will ever hurt our good name. People know the Teenie Weenies and they will want only the real Teenie Weenie foods, with the genuine Teenie Weenie pictures."

"I'd just like to say one thing, General," chirped Tilly Titter, slipping her tail so violently she nearly knocked the Cowboy off the package of Teenie Weenie Wheat Hearts on which they both stood.



"I do quite a bit of flyin' about and I see a lot of children and I can just tell you one thing, no imitation will ever fool the boys and girls . . . they know real Teenie Weenies when they see them."

"I think you're right, Tilly," said the General. "It's pretty hard to fool children . . . lots of grown-up folks think children don't know much, but I happen to know a great many children and I think they are pretty smart."

"I wish that folks wouldn't grow up, so the world would be full of children," sighed the Lady of Fashion.

"Well, there are an awful lot of grown-up children, too," answered the Doctor. "And that's what makes the world such a nice place to live in."

"Sometimes," said Tilly Titter, "when I'm sittin' in a tree near the sidewalk, I see old folks with white 'air goin' along, and when I get a close look into their faces I find they're not old, but just children with white 'air—it always makes me 'appy and I sing."

"Folks," continued the General, "it's about time for the whistle to blow and we'll all have to get back to work, but I want to ask one more question: Who are the Teenie Weenies?"

"We are the Teenie Weenies!" roared the little folks so loudly they nearly frightened Tilly Titter out of her pin feathers.

The tiny whistle blew and the little people hurried to their various departments where they set to work putting in the neat packages, the delicious Teenie Weenie food, which so many people enjoy.

## MONARCH

QUALITY FOOD PRODUCTS



REID, MURDOCH & CO. (Established 1853)  
CHICAGO, NEW YORK, BOSTON, PITTSBURGH,  
WILKES-BARRE, TAMPA, JACKSONVILLE,  
SAN FRANCISCO, LOS ANGELES, PHOENIX,  
KANSAS CITY, ST. LOUIS

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Reid, Murdoch & Co., manufacturers and distributors of the famous MONARCH BRAND FOODS are the only authorized distributors of the TEENIE WEEENIE FOOD PRODUCTS. No other person or corporation has been given permission to use the original and genuine Teenie Weenie name or characters in trademarks on any food products. All genuine TEENIE WEEENIE FOOD PRODUCTS carry the Lion Head.

W.M. DONAHEY



## THE HAZARDS TAKEN OUT OF CAKE-MAKING

[Continued from page 50]

not have to stop to wash a cup for measuring the flour in the midst of beating up the cake batter.

And now comes the first step in mixing—that of blending together the sugar and shortening. Unless this is very thoroughly done, your cake will not be of good texture no matter how much you beat it later. In fact too much beating can spoil a cake just as well as too little beating—so spend that extra effort on working the sugar and shortening thoroughly together. So many people do not realize this, that it should be particularly emphasized.

The next step is that of adding the eggs. Some women prefer to add the whole egg, well beaten, while others separate the yolk from the white, folding in the beaten whites last. This is a matter of individual preference and for the average cake recipe it seems to make little difference in the result. When the whole egg is added to the sugar and shortening it must be well mixed. A thorough beating at this time helps to insure a light, good textured cake. When whites are added last they should be beaten until stiff and carefully folded into the batter so as not to break the air bubbles that have been beaten into them.

The last step is to sift the dry ingredients together and add them alternately with the milk to the first mixture, first a little milk, then a little of the dry ingredients, then milk again, and so on. That is simple enough, but then comes the question of *how much* to beat the mixture after all the ingredients have been combined. This is a debated question and there are several factors that must be considered in connection with it. You must remember that baking powder is now in your cake batter and that baking powders begin to act as soon as they come in contact with moisture. Too much beating will result, therefore, in a loss of the gas which causes the cake to rise. On the other hand, too little beating will mean a cake of coarse, open texture. One must decide on a "happy medium," remembering that the richer cakes made with more eggs and less baking powder may be beaten longer than the plainer cake, made with fewer eggs and a larger amount of baking powder.

A housekeeper once said to me as she was pouring a light smooth batter into her cake pans, "I am always sure of my cake up to this point but I dread the baking—it's so apt to spoil my cake." When I found that her oven was not equipped with a regulator and that she did not own an oven thermometer, I realized why this was so. She has since bought an oven thermometer (she was not ready to buy a new range with an oven regulator nor could she afford to have her oven equipped with a regulator just then)—and she now tells me she doesn't know how she ever got along without it. Proper temperature is necessary to good results in cake making. The correct temperatures for loaf and layer cakes are slightly different as you will see. For layer cakes and cup cakes use a hot oven—375° to 400° F. For loaf cakes use a moderate oven 325° to 350° F.

Since the wonderful invention of regulated ovens and recipes giving the exact time for baking, the problem of knowing when a cake is done has disappeared. But there are still many homemakers using coal ranges and many others who do not have heat

controlled gas or oil stoves. They must have some sort of test. When a cake is done, it should shrink from the edge of the pan and it should spring back when touched lightly with the finger. For loaf cakes the old method of inserting a clean straw in the center is still permissible; if the straw comes out clean the cake is done.

It is also important that cakes should have the proper care when they come from the oven. Turn them out on wire racks to cool—if inverted on a bread board or other solid surface the top of the cake will become moist and sticky. If you are going to frost the cake, have your frosting ready to spread as soon as the cake is cool.

And now a few words about frostings. There are two kinds—cooked and uncooked. The uncooked frosting is used only for the top of the cake, but cooked frosting may be used for both filling and topping.

It requires a little more practise and skill to make the cooked variety, but in the end it is more satisfactory. If you own a candy thermometer, you can feel sure of getting perfect results but the cold water test (see recipe) answers the purpose well, too. The important thing is that when a little of the boiling syrup is dropped into a cup of cold water it should form a rather firm ball (neither soft nor hard) when picked up between the fingers. If you are not familiar with this test, cook a cup of sugar and one-fourth cup water together and become acquainted with balls of the "soft," "firm" and "hard" varieties; by doing so you may save many good cake frostings from going wrong!

Next to cooking a frosting to the proper temperature the most important point is to beat it *constantly* after the syrup is poured on the egg whites. Unless this is done the frosting will not be fluffy and light. Here is a foundation recipe for a cooked frosting and several ways to vary it with only a slight addition or change.

### Cooked Frosting

2 cups sugar	1/3 cup water
1/3 cup light corn syrup	2 egg whites
	1 teaspoon vanilla

Cook sugar, syrup and water together, stirring until sugar is dissolved. Continue cooking until 242° F. is reached or until syrup will form a firm ball when tested in cold water. Pour syrup slowly over stiffly beaten egg whites, beating constantly. Continue beating until stiff enough to hold its shape. Add vanilla or other flavoring.

### Marshmallow Frosting

Follow recipe for Cooked Frosting and add 1 cup soft marshmallows cut in halves, when the frosting is almost cool enough to spread.

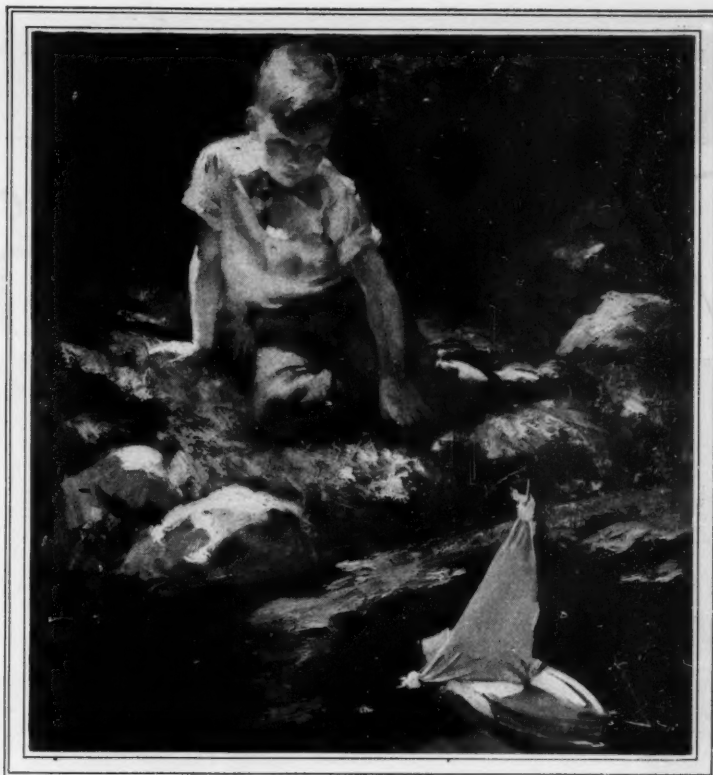
### Chocolate Frosting

Follow recipe for Cooked Frosting, adding 2 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted, after pouring syrup on egg whites.

### Mocha Frosting

Follow recipe for Cooked Frosting, substituting 1/3 cup coffee for the water and adding 1 square chocolate, melted when beating the frosting.

Note: If you would like to have our Foundation Cake Recipe With Six Variations including Devil's Food Layer Cake, write to us enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.



## When he begins to grow away from you

*This simple plan to help you guide him*

**H**OW anxious he is to grow up and face the world alone! But, to give him the right start—that's his mother's problem.

He's so *careless*. Hard on his clothes—forgetful of responsibility—unconscious of his sturdy little body's needs. The matter of food, for instance. And particularly breakfast. What a sketchy one he'd bolt down—if you'd let him.

It's the kind of thing other people's boys and girls have to be watched for, too. Knowing this, school authorities are making a nation-wide campaign to help rouse youngsters' enthusiasm for the *right* sort of breakfast every day. They are emphasizing the thing that mothers know will stick to little ribs all morning. A *hot, cooked* cereal.

Tests made in great cities have shown what all teachers and mothers have already found out: that children are seriously handicapped in the school room and at play when they do not have a *hot, cooked* cereal, regularly, in the morning. Displayed on the walls of over 70,000

school rooms today is this slogan:

*"Every boy and girl needs a hot cereal breakfast"*

You yourself know how sure you are that they are ready for the day ahead when you see them emptying their bowls of *hot* Cream of Wheat.

Here are three reasons why mothers and health authorities for over 30 years have considered Cream of Wheat an ideal *hot, cooked* cereal for children: 1. It gives in abundance both mental and physical energy. 2. Cream of Wheat is exceptionally easy and quick to digest. 3. Children love its creamy goodness.

It's so easy to safeguard your children in this way. The simple plan described below will help you establish the regular habit of a hot bowl of Cream of Wheat. Start now. Your grocer has it.

Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minn. In Canada made by Cream of Wheat Company, Winnipeg. English address, Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. 1.

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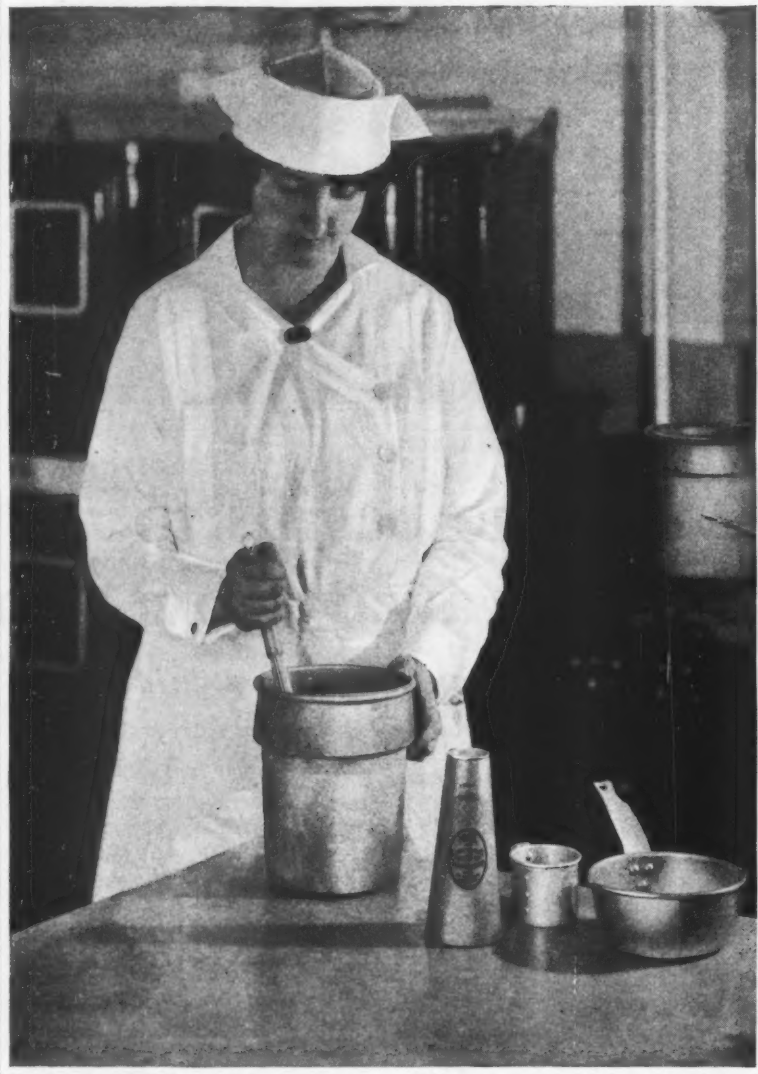
### FREE—Mothers say this plan works wonders

A plan that makes your children want to eat a *hot, cooked* cereal breakfast regularly. A youngster's club, with badges and a secret, with gold stars and colored wall charts. All material *free*—sent direct to your children together with a sample box of Cream of Wheat. Also a new enlarged edition of the booklet, "The Important Business of Feeding Children." Just mail coupon to Dept. G-17, Cream of Wheat Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Name of child..... First name..... Last name.....  
Address..... City.....



## The BEST COOKS use Aluminum



At Battle Creek Sanitarium, in main and diet kitchens, all cooking is done in aluminum utensils

## In Renowned Sanitariums



Whose judgment could you more confidently follow in the selection of kitchen equipment than that of institutions like Battle Creek Sanitarium, where medical and dietetic experts ceaselessly study the health-building properties of right food, rightly prepared?

At Battle Creek they cook everything in aluminum. They use aluminum because it cooks everything well, because it holds and transmits heat, because it is durable and economical, because it is unaffected by food acids, and because it is easy to keep hygienically clean.

What invaluable qualities these are; how essential in the home! Surely it is no wonder that so many thoughtful women have adopted utensils of this admirable "modern metal" as the foundation equipment of their efficient kitchens.

*The best cooks use aluminum.*

MAIL COUPON FOR BOOKLET  
ALUMINUM WARES ASSOCIATION  
Publicity Division, 844 Rush St., Chicago

Please send booklet, "The Precious Metal of the Kitchen," to address written below:

## SPRING FIXINGS FOR THE HOME WORKSHOP

[Continued from page 72]

food or chicken. Let's keep them from becoming extinct! They are double-boilers in evening dress, so to speak—and an asset to any hostess.

As the accomplished electric ranges are general practitioners in cookery so there have developed a large number of specialists—appliances that do just one thing and do it well and independently. These include the toasters, which become more foolproof every day; a frying pan of heavy metal with a concealed element that does most acceptable pan broiling and frying standing in its own holder and furnishing its own contact with electricity through the handle; the percolator of course. The two newest additions to this group are the electric broiler, cooking both sides of steak or chop or cutlet at once, doing away with the awkward job of "turning" and letting out of juices. It operates with the meat in a vertical position so that all drippings are caught.

Then the refrigerators. Science has taken a hand again and made us "refrigerator-conscious." Now that we have heard the gospel of refrigeration, we are lost if we do not live up to it. We know now that whether ice or electrical refrigeration is used both are hopelessly handicapped unless the insulation of the refrigerator is good; the proportions of the box are right; the doors close tightly and the handles work easily; the circulation of air must be good, permitting the cold air to drop without obstruction from the cooling chamber and pass through the box, absorbing the heat, and passing back over the cooling unit.

We know further that a cold, dry, clean place to store foods means not only economy and food pleasure, but that there is a large health factor involved. And for the baby and children living largely on milk, this looms up especially large. The microscope has told us very definitely what it means to have milk or milk products subjected to high or varying temperatures. Even with clean pasteurized milk forty-eight hours in a place that is above 45 degrees (and 40 is better) means a notable increase in bacteria. A good refrigerator is life insurance for the baby.

"Penny wise and pound foolish" is a proverb to take with one in buying any kind of refrigerator. It is economy

to buy a good one, whether you choose an ice model or one of the electrical ones.

Not a word has been said about the washing machines or vacuum cleaners. They are old standbys but it might be said that Spring styles in washers are simpler than ever.

The vacuum cleaners are doing their part to keep up with the trend to smaller families and quarters, by showing seven and a half pound hand models and light machines cleaning by direct air chiefly, though old favorites with stationary or revolving brushes are proclaimed by many. Any and all of them swallow the dust from the rugs and draperies and free us from the old cyclonic cleaning days which every good housekeeper once thought necessary. The old-fashioned carpet sweeper has kept pace with modern equipment and is more welcome than ever to our homes.

Just a glance at the sewing room—where generations of women have "pedaled" for many more hours running than one likes to think about. There we find for this Spring's sewing, the electric sewing machine, and whatever reactionaries may have to say about the healthfulness of housework as exercise, no one has advocated the running of a sewing machine. A console or cabinet table that might be suspected of harboring a radio holds the machine and the concealed motor operated by knee control; or a portable type operated by foot control may be tucked away on a closet shelf when not in use. Other handsome table types may be used in any room as bedside table, hall console, reading table or what you will.

Homes cannot be operated in these days of limited time and space, increasing demands and decreasing and vanishing servants, without using labor-saving devices. Take them up as an avocation, an interesting side line. They will repay you a thousandfold. But don't let any man tell you you have only to press a few buttons and spend the rest of your time at the bridge table or at the movies. Life isn't like that—and it ought not to be. Nevertheless the woman who is denying herself capable household devices is missing one of the big thrills of modern housekeeping and missing its convenience and ease too.

## DO YOU WASTE WHAT YOU SPEND ON VEGETABLES

[Continued from page 56]

are of great importance. Thus string beans lost about 18 percent when steamed, 21 percent when boiled in a moderate amount of water and 27 percent when boiled in a large amount. Sweet potatoes lost 24, 33 and 44 percent respectively when cooked by the same methods.

Enough facts have been given to show that vegetables should be cooked by steaming when this method is possible. No special utensils are needed for the waterless cooking of vegetables, although a pressure cooker or the new waterless cooker are both quick and convenient. But an ordinary double boiler will do, if you allow plenty of time for cooking.

When vegetables are boiled by the old method the amount of water should be kept as low as practicable and every drop of it should be saved and used for making soups or gravies. When this is faithfully done there are no reasons

why vegetables should not be cooked by any method the housewife likes.

In boiling some kinds of vegetables it is desirable to extract a part of their flavor. This is true of onions, parsnips and cabbage. It is best to start cooking these in cold water since flavor is lost by gradually raising the temperature. On the other hand, when it is desired to retain all the flavor, start cooking in hot water.

There is a growing tendency to shorten the time of boiling vegetables, since the flavors are better than when cooking is long continued. Short cooking over a quick fire is especially recommended for cabbage, carrots and peas for this reason.

There appears to be no special value of any kind of vessel for the cooking of vegetables. Iron, aluminum, or enameled ware are equally satisfactory provided the methods suitable for each are followed.



# Kotex Prices Reduced

A few months ago, as a means of winning a million new users for Kotex, so as to expedite nation-wide distribution of the new Improved Kotex, we made a special offer of one box of Kotex free with every two boxes purchased for 98c. This sale is now ended.

So overwhelming was the response to this offer that we doubled our output and are thereby now able to announce a permanent 30% reduction in the regular price of Kotex when sold by the box.

## These two exclusive new features have doubled Kotex sales:

- 1 **A new, form-fitting shape**—non-detectable under the most clinging gowns, because corners are scientifically rounded and tapered to fit.
  - 2 **Softer wrapping, fluffier filler** eliminate the discomforts of chafing and binding.
- & ALL THE FEATURES AND PROTECTION YOU HAVE ALWAYS KNOWN IN KOTEX ARE RETAINED.**

**SELDOM** is a manufacturer able to present a greatly improved product at a striking reduction in price. Only doubled manufacturing facilities make such a step possible.

Improved Kotex has been two years in the making; two years of research, of test, of investigation and experiment in our laboratories, and in the laboratories of women doctors.

Our enthusiasm for the perfected product has decided a new production program: because of the tremendous demand we have doubled our output. This makes possible a permanent 30% reduction in the regular price of Kotex when sold by the box.

### *New, form-fitting Kotex*

And, at the new price, you obtain a product exclusive in design—the most radical development in intimate feminine hygiene since the invention of Kotex itself.

A specially perfected process now turns and tapers the corners so that the pad fits snugly, securely . . . without affecting the lines of

modish gowns. Appearance is considered, for the first time in the history of sanitary devices! Now, with the assurance of exquisite grooming, comes a sense of well-being and composure never before possible.

And the gauze wrapping is softer, the downy filler even fluffier than before. Chafing and similar irritation is ended.

### *Doctors, nurses cooperated*

During the past two years, 27 women doctors, 83 nurses and six specialists in feminine hygiene suggested and approved ideas not only professionally but also from a woman's point of view. Their endorsement carries special significance.

### *Features exclusive to Kotex*

Kotex and Kotex only offers these exclusive new features. In no other sanitary device do you get these improvements. And all the former exclusive advantages of Kotex are retained. The remarkably absorbent powers of Kotex remain; the same protective area is there.

Cellucotton wadding which is exclusive to Kotex has all the advantages of any water-proofed absorbent, plus its own unique qualities—5 times more absorbent than cotton—discards like tissue—you simply follow directions; it deodorizes thoroughly while being worn.

### *Nothing else is like Kotex*

You buy Kotex by name, without embarrassment, without delay . . . in two sizes, Regular and Kotex-Super.

Remember, nothing else is remotely like the new Improved Kotex. Buy a box today to learn our latest and greatest contribution to woman's hygienic comfort. At all drug, dry-goods and department stores. Supplied also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.



KOTEX COMPANY, 180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

"617 pounds lady... will you take it with you?"

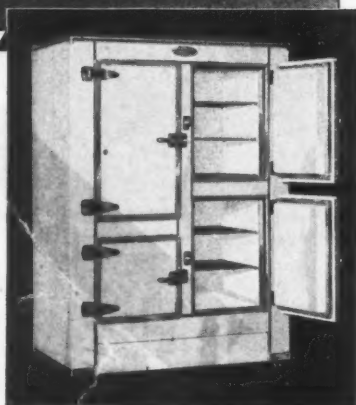


**Y**ou would be at a loss to know what to do with a year's supply of meat if you received it at once. If it weren't for a refrigerator of some sort, keeping even your daily quota fresh would be impossible. Yet, many a refrigerator in use today is hardly a safe place for perishable food. It lets heat in. It wastes ice. *Does yours?*

Put your perishable food in the famous corkboard-insulated Gibson. Corkboard maintains a cold, dry temperature. Manufacturers of electrical refrigeration units approve it.

The inside surface of a Gibson is snow-white, seamless porcelain with rounded corners. Sanitary always. The trap is solid aluminum—unbreakable, non-clogging. Only in the Gibson will you find the patented flat, non-rusting metal shelves permitting dishes to slide across them without tipping. Automatic locks close the doors air-tight.

The Gibson comes in pleasing wood finishes, white enamel, all-metal cabinets, and all-porcelain exteriors, glistening white. You can install an ice-making unit in a Gibson any time. Send for a free copy of "Food and Ice for 365 Tomorrows." Gibson Refrigerator Co., Greenville, Mich.



# Gibson

## REFRIGERATOR

GIBSON REFRIGERATOR CO. MC  
Greenville, Mich.

Please send me a free copy of "Food and Ice for 365 Tomorrows."

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

## QUICK SUNDAY NIGHT SUPPERS

[Continued from page 54]

canned or freshly cooked peas. Turn this mixture into a medium-sized buttered baking-dish and set in a cold place until just before supper time. Then fold into it two stiffly-beaten egg whites, sprinkle lightly with additional dry bread crumbs, dot with one tablespoon of butter broken in tiny bits, and bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) fifteen minutes. Serve at once.

### Eggs and Mushrooms

½ pound mushrooms	Few grains cayenne
1½ cups water	1 cup milk
1 tablespoon butter	6 hard cooked eggs, sliced
4 tablespoons flour	2 tablespoons dried bread crumbs
1 teaspoon salt	
Few grains pepper	

Wash mushrooms, drain and peel, and remove stems. Cook stems and peelings together in the water 15 minutes. Strain liquid into a cup. Slice mushrooms and cook slowly in the butter until tender. Mix flour, salt, pepper and cayenne together and add milk slowly to make a smooth paste. Add the cup of mushroom stock and cook over a slow fire, stirring constantly until thick. Add mushrooms. Put a layer of eggs in a casserole then a layer of the mushroom mixture. Repeat this process until all the ingredients are used. Sprinkle top with crumbs. (This may be prepared in the morning). Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 15 minutes or until crumbs are brown.

### Shrimp Newburg

2 tablespoons butter	2 cups fresh cooked or canned shrimps
1½ tablespoons flour	2 egg yolks
¾ teaspoon salt	1 tablespoon sherry
Few grains cayenne	flavoring
½ cup cream	
¼ cup milk	

Melt butter, add flour, salt and cayenne and mix well. Add cream and milk gradually and bring to the boiling point, stirring constantly. Add shrimps. Just before serving add the

beaten egg yolks and flavoring. Serve on rounds of crisp toast. Garnish with parsley and thin strips of pimiento.

### Red Rarebit

½ pound grated American cheese	Few grains cayenne
½ teaspoon salt	1 can tomato soup
	Toasted crackers

Melt cheese in a saucepan over a slow fire. Add salt, cayenne and tomato soup. Stir until well mixed and heat thoroughly. Serve on toasted crackers or crisp toast.

### Scotch Scones

2 cups flour	4 tablespoons shortening
1 teaspoon salt	2 eggs
5 teaspoons baking-powder	1⅓ cup milk or cream
2 tablespoons sugar	

Mix and sift flour, salt, baking-powder and 1 tablespoon sugar. Cut in shortening with a knife or rub in with the finger tips. Add the beaten eggs (reserving 1 egg white for the tops). Add milk or cream and mix to a soft dough. Roll out on a slightly floured board to ½ inch thickness and cut with small biscuit cutter. Brush with white of egg and sprinkle with remaining tablespoon of sugar. Bake in quick oven (424° F.) 10 to 15 minutes.

### Cheese Biscuits

2 cups flour	2 tablespoons shortening
5 teaspoons baking-powder	½ cup grated cheese
1 teaspoon salt	⅔ to ¾ cup milk

Mix and sift flour, baking-powder and salt. Cut in shortening with knife or rub in with the finger tips. Add cheese, then milk gradually and mix to a soft dough. Roll out on a slightly floured board to ½ inch thickness. Cut with biscuit cutter. Bake in quick oven (450° F.) 10 to 15 minutes.

*Here are a few of my "tried and true" supper menus which I hope you will find helpful:*

Ham Melrose  
Creamed Potatoes  
Baking-powder Biscuit  
Lettuce and Tomato Salad  
Cut-up Fruit with Marshmallows  
Tea

Baked Eggs and Mushrooms  
Grilled Tomatoes  
Whole Wheat Bread and Butter Sandwiches  
Tea Marmalade  
Stewed Fruit  
Cookies

Jellied Vegetable Salad  
Cold Sliced Tongue or Ham  
Dropped Cheese Biscuit  
Coconut Layer Cake  
Tea or Chocolate

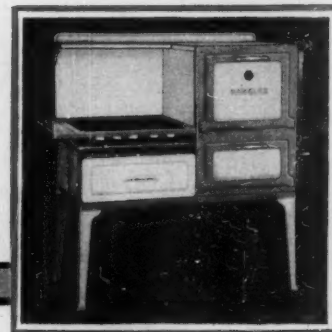
Green Peppers Stuffed  
with Macaroni and Cheese  
Cabbage Salad Scotch Scones  
Sponge Cake with Whipped Cream  
Tea or Coffee



## Merely Seeing These Gas Ranges Will Make You Want to Own One

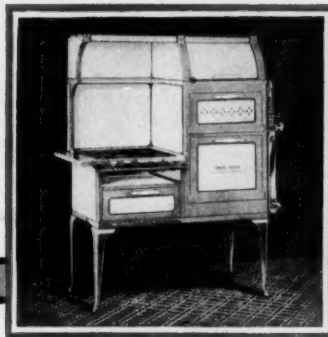


Unless the Gas Range has a RED WHEEL it is NOT a LORAIN



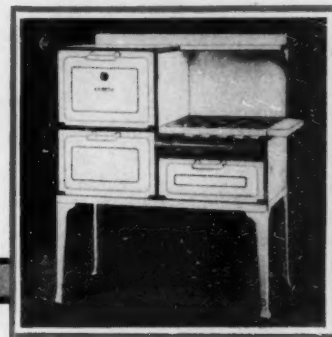
**DANGLER**

Dangler Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio



**DIRECT ACTION**

Direct Action Stove Co. Div., Lorain, O.



**NEW PROCESS**

New Process Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, O.



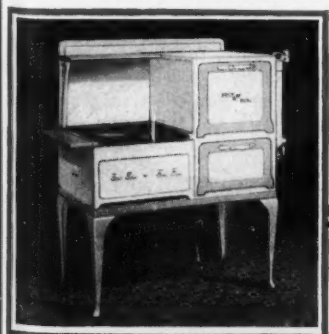
**RELIABLE**

Reliable Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio



**CLARK JEWEL**

George M. Clark & Co. Div., Chicago, Ill.



**QUICK MEAL**

Quick Meal Stove Co. Div., St. Louis, Mo.

YOU CAN'T IMAGINE the charm that a handsome, new Red Wheel Gas Range will impart to your kitchen, until you see the new models now on display by dealers in every section of the country where gas service is available.

Nor, can you imagine all the benefits that you will derive from the Lorain (Red Wheel) Regulator until you witness an actual demonstration. Then, you will surely want to own one of these six famous makes of stoves. (See illustrations.)

Think how happy you will be when you own a stove that will eliminate forever all cooking worries; that will safely and deliciously cook a Whole Meal in the oven while you are miles away; that will enable you to can fruits and vegetables by the new, quicker and better Lorain Oven Method.

Today, more than 2,500 schools and colleges in

the United States use Red Wheel Gas Ranges to teach the art of modern cookery.

Practically every industrial research kitchen of note in the United States is equipped with these same famous ranges.

For nearly fifty years the Divisions of American Stove Company have been making cook stoves for the kitchens of America's homes. Today, the institution rivals in every way the greatest of America's big-production manufacturing organizations.

In the modern Laboratory at St. Louis and the splendidly equipped Research Kitchen at Cleveland, Red Wheel Gas Ranges are given thorough tests for efficiency, durability, safety and cooking-, baking-, and broiling-performance.

In other words, *nothing* is left undone to make Red Wheel Gas Ranges the *preferred* cooking equipment for the home.

## AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY

LARGEST MAKERS OF GAS RANGES IN THE WORLD

829 Chouteau Avenue

St. Louis, Mo.

# LORAIN

If Gas service is not available in your community we'll tell you how to obtain Pyrofax tank-gas-service, for use in a Lorain-equipped Gas Range.

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY, 829 Chouteau Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

Please send me free copy of your Lorain Recipes for Tarts and Fanchonnettes. (Print name and address plainly.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

McC.-5-28



*For a smart woman*

*Heartbreak Age begins with her first gray hair  
and ends when she finds NOTOX*

**Y**OU know—every woman knows—the deep little ache that comes when you think that your youth is slipping away. You are *young*, until one day you see a first gray hair. And the sight of it makes you feel suddenly that heartbreak age has begun for you. A nice woman shrinks from the thought of using the kind of hair dye that coats the hair on the outside. It looks so artificial. And seems so crude and cheap in these modern days. But Notox is not that kind of hair-coloring agent.

Inecto Rapid Notox is as modern as calories and vitamins. It is as different in its method of coloring faded or gray hair, as inoculation is different from wearing a rabbit's foot to prevent disease. Modern scientists have shown that gray hair *is* a disease, called "canities," characterized by an exhaustion of the coloring matter in the hair. And Notox was developed, in a modern research laboratory, to replace the coloring *inside* the hair, where nature had it. The result is that a Notox treatment leaves your hair with its own sheen, its own lively variation of high-lights and shadows in its mass, its own youthful luster on every hair surface. Heartbreak age will end for you when you have your first Notox treatment.

There are shades of Inecto Rapid Notox to reproduce every gradation of natural coloring for the hair. Notox is permanent; it is not affected by shampooing, marcelling, permanent waving, sunlight, salt or fresh water, or steam baths.

The best beauty shops use Inecto Rapid Notox; ask for a Notox treatment when you make your beauty shop appointment. Or you may use it at home; it is on sale at beauty shops, drug stores and department stores everywhere.

Mfd. by INECTO, INC., 33 West 46th St., N. Y. C., and Notox, Ltd., 10 McCaul St., Toronto, Can.—Sales Rep., Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., N. Y.

**NOTOX**

## MARY, WIFE OF LINCOLN

[Continued from page 20]

erly and go to Sunday school."

The two little girls, their plans all awry, their precious hoop-skirts ridiculed, went to their room chagrined and mortified and Mary burst into a flood of angry tears. She thought they were badly treated and freely said so. Her cherished plan had come to naught; her world was in ruins. Elizabeth agreed most heartily with everything Mary said, but, being the guest of her aunt, said nothing.

"It is well," she wrote long afterwards, "that our display was confined to our own premises. If we had got into the McChord church, which we were so anxious to do, Mr. Young's eloquent flights of oratory would have fallen on deaf ears and he, as well as the congregation, would have been convulsed with laughter, and Aunt too mortified to hold up her head. This escapade was a standing joke in the family for years, a fine opportunity for the gleeful teasing of the boys, who witlessly, we thought, presented us with switches, making grand, flourishing bows and low and insulting suggestions as to how the switches should be applied. Our feelings were somewhat salved, however, when father soon after came up from New Orleans bringing each of us some lovely, sheer, embroidered pink muslin imported from France. Much to Mary's delight, Aunt allowed her to direct the sewing woman in making the frocks. Father, also on that trip, brought us each a doll which squeaked most entrancingly when pressed on its little stomach. We thought the squeak sounded like 'Mama' and we hugged our babies with love and pride. We made them clothes, but they were clumsily put together. Mary afterwards developed a real talent for sewing and used her needle with artistic effect."

Among Mary's most intimate friends at this time was her cousin, Margaret Stuart (Mrs. Woodrow). Her father was the Reverend Robert Stuart, one of the first three professors of the Transylvania University and minister of a noted Presbyterian church at Walnut Hills, a few miles out of Lexington.

The Todds and Stuarts were very intimate and there was a great deal of visiting between the two families. In the Summer time there were picnics in the woods and the big family of boys and girls hunted walnuts and chestnuts and played games and shouted for the sheer joy of being alive. Mary in those days was called a tomboy. She was always playing pranks and was the fearless and inventive leader in every possible kind of mischief.

In the Winter when the Todd children were allowed to spend the weekend at their uncle's country place, there were sleigh rides in the farm wagons equipped with runners and filled with straw, and in the evenings before the big, glowing, open fireplace with its huge back log and showers of sparks flying up the wide chimney, there were apples to be roasted and corn to be popped and long interesting talks, conundrums to guess and recitations of poems by Mary.

Mrs. Woodrow wrote, "Mary's love for poetry, which she was forever reciting, was the cause of many a jest among her friends. Page after page of classic poetry she could recite, liking nothing better. She was very highly strung, nervous, impulsive, excitable, having an emotional temperament much like an April day, sunning all over with laughter one moment, and the next crying as though

her poor, sad little heart would break."

Mary had an aunt living at Walnut Hills, her father's sister, married to Charles Carr. A number of children were spending the day with her at her country place when a band of friendly Indians passed. All of these children had been brought up on gruesome tales of marauding and murderous bands of Indians. Not one of them but had heard of some ancestor who had been tomahawked and scalped.

Mary had heard her uncle John Todd tell of the time he had been compelled to run the gauntlet and how he had miraculously escaped. Another of her father's brothers had been captured by the Indians and was held by them for three years before he found an opportunity to evade their vigilance. So it was no great wonder that the children, glancing out of the window and seeing the band of redskins approaching bedecked in blankets and feathers, scampered in every direction, trying to find places to hide. Mary ran to the great open fireplace and crept behind the fire screen, but this seemed too big a place for such a little slender body, so she dashed out to seek another place. The Indians were coming closer. All the other children were safely hidden. She had lost valuable time. Her only hope was Heaven; so in a panic, but with a beautiful faith, she stood in the center of the room and cried, "Hide me, oh my Savior, hide me." This same faith was later in life her chief source of help and comfort when most other sources failed her.

Mary at fourteen years of age was a violent little Whig. Almost from her babyhood, when still in short dresses, and wearing curls tied with ribbons, she had been allowed to come in to her father's table at the close of dinner for dessert. There she had heard politics discussed by eminent men who had patted her on the head and who sometimes, much to Mary's delight, gallantly kissed her hand. She stood in no awe of great men; they were to her as much a matter of course as the air she breathed. Moreover, at fourteen, she knew why she was a Whig and not a Democrat.

General Andrew Jackson was a Democrat and she hated him with all her might and main, because he was a candidate for reelection to the Presidency against her dear friend, Mr. Henry Clay. On Saturday, September 29th, 1832, Lexington was boiling with excitement. General Jackson was coming! The streets were crowded with people from all over the state. Men in broadcloth rubbed elbows with men in jeans. City women in bright, filmy dresses filled handsome carriages, women from the rural districts crowded into rough wagons with all their children. All on tiptoe to take part in the excitement, no matter what their politics. A big rally and barbecue had been planned by the Democrats in honor of the President of the United States, who was at the same time their chosen candidate for reelection. The atmosphere at "Fowler's Garden" was permeated with the appetizing aroma of roast beef and roast pig, and whisky in open buckets and kegs. Great baskets of fried chicken, beaten biscuits, preserves, pickles, cakes and pies were on their way to be piled on the long tables of rough boards stretched under the trees. All comers were welcome to this political feast. "Old Hickory" in an open carriage, seated by the side of Governor Brethitt, who had lately been elected to that office by the

[Continued on page 86]



N

break." Wal- married of chil- th her and of these a grue- murder- f them or who lped. e John d been nd how another en cap- held by found r vigi- er that ne win- edskins ets and rection, ary ran d crept seemed slender eek an- e com- en were aluable ven; so l faith, e room e Savior, later in d com- s failed

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was a with all he was e Presi- d, Mr. otember ng with as com- ed with e. Men ith men t, filmy es, wo- crowded eir chil- part in at their cue had rats in United me their n. The en" was r aroma whisky eat bas- biscuits, ies were he long d under come to ury" in the side d lately by the

**acceptable**

Not until the last vestige of dandruff is gone, can you be considered a fastidious person, acceptable socially.

## Checking dandruff pleasantly

"Glittering tresses which now shaken loose, showered gold". So wrote Meredith. And Bayley added that they "drop upon thy cheek like gold-hued cloud flakes on the rosy morn".

That was in the days before dandruff. Today, the perfect head of hair is the exception. Through ignorance, carelessness, or laziness, today's women needlessly allow

dandruff to get the upper hand.

Don't tolerate this condition, in yourself or members of your family. Ordinary dandruff, (spread by promiscuous use of combs, etc.), can usually be checked quickly and pleasantly by the systematic use of

**L I S T E R I N E**

—the safe antiseptic

Listerine. No expensive "treatments". No complicated "cures".

Simply douse it on the scalp, full strength, and massage vigorously, occasionally using a little olive oil if your hair is excessively dry. Keep it up for several days. You will be amazed and delighted by results.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY  
ST. LOUIS, MO., U. S. A.

### You'll like it

Listerine Tooth Paste is as refreshing as it is effective and but 25c the large tube.



MISS ALICE BRADLEY, Principal, Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, and Cooking Editor, Woman's Home Companion.

MISS SARAH FIELD SPLINT, Editor, Department of Foods and Household Management, McCall's Magazine.



## Famous cooking experts recommend making all your jams and jellies with Certo

"CERTO, it seems to me, is one of those modern aids to house-keeping which no woman should willingly do without," says Miss Sarah Field Splint, Editor, Department of Foods and Household Management, McCall's Magazine.

"To be able to make jams and jellies by boiling the fruit from  $\frac{1}{2}$  a minute to 2 minutes instead of the usual 20 to 25 minutes means a saving of the busy housewife's time and attention to say nothing of fuel. One of the advantages of jelly-making by the Certo method is that it is sure to turn out right. Even if you have never before in your life made a glass of jelly you cannot fail. With your first attempt you become an expert. You need no previous experience. Simply follow instructions! . . .

"Now there is no fruit or fruit juice that cannot be made into jam or jelly with Certo and they will be of a rich flavor and fine color when made by the Certo short boil method. . . .

"Satisfy the natural craving of children for sweets by giving them wholesome jams and jellies made with Certo."

MISS ALICE BRADLEY, Principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, and Cooking Editor of Woman's Home

Companion, says of Certo: "I strongly advise all housewives to make all their jams and jellies with Certo because:—*It's easier*—Takes only one minute's boiling. *Tastes better*—No flavor boiled away. *Better color*—Not darkened by long boiling. *No worry*—Never fails to set. *It's economical*—Fifty per cent more from given amount of fruit and no waste from failures."

The secret of a perfect jam or jelly texture is to have a correct proportion of fruit or fruit juice, sugar, and that natural jellifying substance which Nature herself makes and stores in fruits in varying amounts. The common deficiency of this jellifying substance has been responsible for most of the jam and jelly making failures in the past. Some fruits are comparatively rich in it; others contain very little. Very few fruits have enough of it to jellify all the juice they contain, and all fruits lose it as they ripen.

We have extracted this natural jellifying substance from fruit, refined, concentrated, and bottled it for your convenient use. This is Certo. With Certo any kind of fruit—even those you have never before been able to use for jelly—will now jell perfectly every time. With only one minute's boiling!

So that you may know exactly how much jellifying substance various fruits require, we have worked out in our testing kitchens accurate recipes for all kinds of jams and jellies—nearly one hundred in all. A booklet containing these recipes is under the label of each bottle of Certo.

Get Certo from your grocer today.



**Free:** Nearly 100 recipes for jams, jellies and marmalades, and booklet beautifully illustrated in color showing new and interesting ways to serve them. Just mail the coupon. If you want trial half-bottle of Certo send 10c (stamps or coin)



CERTO CORPORATION, 150 Granite Building, Rochester, N. Y.  
(If you live in Canada, address: Certo, Cobourg, Ont.)

Please send me free recipes and booklet in color on jams, jellies and marmalades.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

☐ Check here and send 10c if you want trial half-bottle of Certo.

## MARY, WIFE OF LINCOLN

[Continued from page 84]

Democrats, was escorted by an immense procession—military companies, clubs, orders, societies, bands, horse-men, men on foot bearing banners with political inscriptions surmounted by game cocks, crowing so lustily they could be heard above the hubbub of music and shouts. Men were shouting, women were waving handkerchiefs and hickory twigs.

Mary, viewing the procession from a carriage in the company of a little Democratic friend who was clapping wildly, said, "I wouldn't think of cheering General Jackson for he is not our candidate, but he is not as ugly as I heard he was."

"Ugly," exclaimed the little Democrat. "If you call General Jackson ugly, what do you think of Mr. Clay?"

"Mr. Henry Clay," said Mary coolly, "is the handsomest man in town and has the best manners of anybody—except my father," she added dutifully. "We are going to snow General Jackson under and freeze his long face so that he will never smile again."

"Humph!" retorted the little Democrat, "Andrew Jackson with his long face is better looking than Henry Clay and your father rolled into one."

This was too much. And the disagreement between the two little politicians ended in an estrangement that lasted through many years.

Another time Elizabeth wrote: "Mary and I could never pass the confectionery shop of Monsieur Giron. Most of our small allowance of pocket money went to swell his coffers, not so much for the pleasure of the palate as for the joy of filling our eyes with the beauty of his unique creations."

"When Aunt was arranging for a dinner or a party we always begged to be allowed to take the written order to Monsieur that we might feast our eyes on the iced cakes, decorated with garlands of pink sugar roses, or the bride's cakes with their fountains of clear, spun sugar pyramiding in the center, veiling tiny fat cupids or little sugar brides. This Frenchman was an artist in his line and his sweet shop was one of the features of Lexington. Above his shop he had a large and handsomely decorated ballroom, where many famous balls were given. Mary used to chat in French with Monsieur, much to his delight."

It was at this time, when Mary was fourteen years old, that she entered the French boarding school conducted by two charming French gentlewomen in a quaint and beautiful place, now Mentelle Park, Lexington, Kentucky. She boarded there four years, coming home Friday evenings and returning early Monday morning. Nothing but French was spoken in that school, and during the four years of her tuition she acquired a thorough knowledge of the language and spoke the purest Parisian French. As long as she lived she read the finest French authors.

Monsieur and Madam Mentelle and their two daughters were French refugees who had fled from the fury of the bloodthirsty mobs at the beginning of the French revolution. Loyal to their unfortunate sovereign, Louis the Sixteenth, and loving with deep devotion the frivolous, but gentle and brave Queen, Marie Antoinette, they could never allude to these "martyrs" without tears. And the poor little Dauphin. At the thought of the brutal treatment that poor child received at the hands of his heartless captors, Monsieur Mentelle's face would flush a deep red and his hands would clench in impotent rage.

Two years after her entrance Mary

spoke French very fluently. A French play had been studied and Mary was given the principal part. "Indeed," wrote Elizabeth, "she was the star actress of the school, and I was thrilled with her talent. It was not like the first time I saw her in a small part when I was trembling with nervousness for fear she might forget her lines. This was quite an occasion, and each pupil was allowed to invite a guest. Of course, Mary invited me. I was to come early that Friday afternoon and bring a cake, which was Mary's contribution to the refreshments to be served after the play. I had promised to bring a basket of flowers for the table, though it was too late for flowers, especially since it was very hot and dusty that fall."

"I thought Nelson would never bring the carriage around to the door, but when it came at last, Mary Jane (a young slave girl belonging to Mrs. Todd) was seated inside with the big round hat box in which Aunt Chaney had carefully placed the cake. Mary was waiting impatiently at the door as we drove up, and flew at me like a whirlwind. I had not seen her for a week and I thought she had grown prettier during that time. She looked so dainty in her fresh, white muslin frock and silk sash. Her cheeks were as pink as the tea roses I had gathered for her. I always thought of tea roses in connection with Mary; they seemed so to suit her, to be a part of her. Her blue eyes were sparkling with excitement, her pretty chestnut curls were bright and glossy."

"She chattered a voluble welcome in French, not being allowed to speak a word of English until she left Madam Mentelle's premises. Mary Jane, who could not understand the 'outlandish talk,' shied away from Mary like a skittish colt. She was holding tightly to the hat box until I took it from her and told her to go and get Miss Mary's things and put them in the carriage. Mary Jane hated to go along with me to call for Mary on Friday afternoons. I think she was really superstitiously afraid of the unfamiliar tongue."

"In the carriage on the way home Mary said, 'Monsieur Giron must have made that cake with his own hands.' 'No, mam' exclaimed Mary Jane indignantly. 'Aunt Chaney made that cake her own self. Her hands is just as knowin' as that Frenchy's is.'"

"That is enough," said Mary smiling. "It looked like Monsieur Giron; the icing on that cake was as white as Aunt Chaney is black, and it was as light and fine grained inside as she is heavy and cross-grained outside. Bless her old heart! I am going to give her a bear's hug just as soon as I get home—if she will let me. I have not had a good scolding for a week but trust Aunt Chaney and Mammy to supply that lack."

"You lamb," I laughed. "You are aching for that scolding and I have no doubt you will soon deserve it. You are planning some mischief right now," I challenged. "I see it in your eyes."

"Yes," dimpled Mary, "I am going to insist that Monsieur Giron made that cake. Then, when Aunt Chaney flies into one of her fierce rages and bangs the pans and kettles and orders me out of her kitchen I am going to give her the red and yellow bandanna head handkerchief I bought for her and tell her that Monsieur Giron with all his icing and spicing could not make a cake half so 'confectionery' as she. Aunt Chaney will fairly eat me up for

[Continued on page 89]



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Little Miss Muffet  
Sits on a tuffet  
Eating of curds and whey;  
After she's through  
She will Double Mint chew—  
It keeps indigestion away!

MOTHER GOOSE UP-TO-DATE.

For l-a-s-t-i-n-g refresh-  
ment at small cost, noth-  
ing equals WRIGLEY'S.

And for a Peppermint  
treat that is REAL PEP-  
PERMINT, durable and  
deliciously toothsome—  
get WRIGLEY'S Double  
Mint.

Try this new and better  
Peppermint flavor and  
see how good good gum  
can be!

1-24



*Do you know* that you can make a delicious caramel pudding just by boiling an unopened can of Eagle Brand? Do you know that you can use this also as a butterscotch filling for tarts or pies?



#### CARAMEL PUDDING

Place unopened can of Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk in a kettle of boiling water and simmer for two and a half hours, being careful to keep can covered with water. Remove from water and chill thoroughly. At serving time remove top of can, cutting along the side so that the contents may be removed whole; serve individually in slices, garnished with nut meats and whipped cream. (Several cans may be caramelized at one time and kept in the ice box ready for use as a dessert or filling.)

*Do you know* that by using Eagle Brand you can make, in five minutes, a perfect, thick, smooth mayonnaise that will not curdle or separate?



#### CONDENSED MILK MAYONNAISE

Beat 1 egg yolk with a Dover egg beater and add  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon dry mustard,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup vinegar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup salad oil, and a few grains cayenne, beating each in thoroughly before adding another.

*"That's news to me!" say delighted women everywhere*

*Do you know* that a super-delicious ice-box cake can be made with Eagle Brand — requiring fewer ingredients and less time to make than an ordinary ice-box cake?



#### ICE BOX CAKE

Melt 2 squares unsweetened chocolate in a double boiler and add 1 can Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk. Stir over hot water for about five minutes until it thickens. Beat yolk of 1 egg, and dilute with a little of the hot liquid. Add to chocolate mixture and cook two minutes. Remove from fire and let cool for few minutes. Fold in carefully 1 stiffly beaten egg white. Line bottom and sides of a mold with split lady fingers, placing round side out. Fill center with pudding mixture and cover with lady fingers. Set on ice for eight or more hours. Turn out on serving plate and serve with cream or custard sauce.

*And . . . do you know*



*. . . that* Eagle Brand creams-and-sugars your coffee, deliciously, at one-half the cost of cream and sugar? Try it for a week — only a teaspoonful or two to a cup is necessary — and see if you do not prefer this rich, mellow flavor! Remember, too, that Eagle Brand keeps without ice for days after the can is opened!

*Do you know just what Eagle Brand is?*

Not plain "canned milk", as some women think—but a smooth, thick blend of pure, fresh, full-cream country milk and finest sugar. It's more than twice as rich as ordinary milk because most of the water has been removed. And because of its creamy richness and smoothness, Eagle Brand gives you a delicious foundation for any dish that requires both milk and sugar. For all sorts of custards and puddings. For frostings and fillings. For candies and ice cream. For salad dressings and sauces. For cakes and rolls and muffins.

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# EAGLE BRAND

## SWEETENED CONDENSED MILK



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Please send me the free recipe booklet, "New Magic in the Kitchen—150 delicious dishes made with Sweetened Condensed Milk."

Name . . . . .  
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City . . . . . State . . . . .

C.—McC.—5-28



# MARY, WIFE OF LINCOLN

[Continued from page 86]

praising her cake so highly.

"Then," she continued, warming to her theme, "I'll tell Mammy that I always did like Biggoty Mr. Fox better than Br'er Rabbit and that I am sure the devil did not paint his tail pea green, but a lovely sunshiny yellow and made of it a road leading down to the bad place. A primrose path of ease and dalliance, leading to abysmal depths of sin and sorrow. Won't Mammy just revel in that combination? It would not surprise me if she quotes it to the children as holy writ."

"As we drove down Main Street busily chatting, I noticed an old white man shambling along the sidewalk. I had often seen him before on the streets of Lexington and smiled at his resemblance to a scarecrow. The old fellow boasted that he and Henry Clay were born in the same county in Virginia, and that he and 'Henry' had played ball together when they were children."

"Mary suddenly ordered Nelson to stop. 'Old King Solomon,' she cried. 'Get out with me, Elizabeth; we must not pass him without shaking hands, and I know he needs a little piece of money for tobacco. I wish I could give him a cake of soap instead, if it wouldn't insult him!'"

"Nelson, who was scandalized at Miss Mary and Miss Lizzie getting out in the dust to shake hands with the grotesque, shambling old creature, muttered loud enough for us to hear, 'Shaking hands with every old po' white trash day meets on de road. I'm gwine to tell Miss Betsy quick as I get home.'"

"Mary held out her hand to old Sol who took it gingerly. 'Howdy, Miss Mary, you ain't never too proud to speak to me.'"

"'Too proud to speak to you,' cried Mary. 'I am proud when you speak to me. I will never forget last Summer when you were the bravest man in town, when you worked night and day digging, digging, digging the graves of those poor people who died like flies of the cholera. You dug the graves of some of my best friends.' Her eyes were brimming with tears. 'You were not afraid. You are a hero.'"

"Old Sol listened with a furtive air of embarrassment tinged with indifference. His face brightened with interest, however, and he pulled at his disreputable old hat when Mary handed him the little piece of money for tobacco."

"When we were again seated in the carriage Mary said, 'I missed you terribly last Summer, Elizabeth, but you were certainly lucky not to be in Lexington. I will never, never forget that terrible time, the choking fumes of the tar that Mother made Nelson burn all through the house, the lime and white-wash over everything, the deadly quiet everywhere. When the baby cried it seemed as if it must be heard all over town. Nothing on the street but the drivers and horses drawing the carts piled with the bodies of those who had just died. The relatives of the dead being too frightened to make decent burial clothes, the poor bodies were wrapped in sheets and blankets, many of them just as they were dressed when the plague caught them. Towards the last not even coffins. Father had all the trunks and boxes taken out of the attic and hauled to 'Cheapside' to be given to the people who could not get coffins. Other people did the same and still so very, very many had to be buried in trenches, just dumped in like old dead dogs.'"

"They would not let us eat fruit or vegetables; just beaten biscuits, eggs

and boiled milk and boiled water, and both always tepid. Elizabeth, I pledge you my word, I was actually hungry. Oh, not just for food, but for something different. You know how I like mulberries. I begged Mother so hard she said I might eat just one—and I did—just one at a time. But the time rolled around every few minutes, until Aunt Chaney caught me, and then such a 'to do.' Mother sent for the doctor post-haste and Mammy made me take ipecac, the great emergency medicine in our family. Mammy almost had to close my nose to make me take it. But what was worse than all, everybody was frightened half to death, talking in whispers, almost afraid to breathe. And poor, brave old Sol going along as if nothing terrible was happening, just doing everything he could."

"Oh, Elizabeth, I am so ashamed of myself. Just to think two years ago I was laughing at him, laughing at his funny old clothes, laughing because he, a white man, had been publicly sold as a vagabond to an old negro woman for thirty cents. Oh, I was an unspeakable little beast," wept Mary. 'I cannot forgive myself, but,' smiling at me through her tears, 'it was a lucky bargain for the old darkey. Every evening Sol handed her his day's wages. And, of course, she did it for Sol's own good, but she never handed him back enough to get on a real good spree, and,' pensively, 'that is the only time he is really happy. But think of the poor, ragged, brave old soul being sold to a negro. It's all wrong Elizabeth,' she exclaimed with heat, 'this selling human beings into slavery. Think of our selling old Aunt Chaney or Mammy or,' laying her hand affectionately on Mary Jane's knee, seated opposite, 'or foolish little Mary Jane, or any one of our servants. I love them all. It would break my heart. I would feel as if I were selling a member of my own family. Has grandmother (Mrs. Humphreys) heard from John yet, since she freed him, educated him for the ministry and sent him to make Scotch Presbyterians of the heathen in Liberia? I think he ought to write very interesting letters home, but perhaps he is too busy teaching the shorter catechism to the cannibals in the jungles of Africa—Goodness,' she exclaimed, her eyes widening at a gruesome thought, 'they eat each other down there, Elizabeth. I never thought of it before. Oh, poor, poor John.'"

"Mary was like this always, her mood changing with every new thought. Like the varying patterns, made by each slight turn of a kaleidoscope, her face expressed her varying moods. With eyes half closed and looking through her long lashes she had the demure shyness of a little Quakeress, but 'presto' they now gleamed with mischief. And before you could be quite sure of that, her dimple was gone and her eyes were brimful of tears. How I hated to see her go back to school on Monday morning."

"Mary even as a school girl in her gingham dresses was certainly very pretty. She had clear blue eyes, long lashes, light brown hair, with a glint of bronze, and a lovely complexion. Her figure was beautiful, and no old master ever modeled a more perfect arm and hand."

"Many years ago I was told by a reporter on the Louisville Courier Journal that there was still living in Louisville an old lady who for four years was a fellow pupil of Mary Todd's at Madam Mentelle's school for young ladies, at that time the most exclusive

[Continued on page 90]



*Life* WILL BE VERY DIFFERENT  
when you are supported  
Comfortably, Correctly by

## CHARIS

YOUTH graces the woman who is helped by CHARIS . . . both the pleasing form of youth and a youthful spirit born of proper physical support.

CHARIS gives you what no other supporting garment can give—positive figure control without annoying restraint. You adjust CHARIS as you put it on, moderating the contour of bust, hips and thighs to produce the slender, youthful outline you desire. This personal adjustment insures a perfect fit . . . and therefore perfect comfort.

Correct abdominal support, provided by the CHARIS Inner Belt, makes an actual fact of the health suggested by your new appearance. Adjustable to the needs of any



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figure, this belt gently lifts the abdomen and supports it in normal position without unpleasant pressure . . . Life will be very different when you are protected from strain and unnatural fatigue by CHARIS.

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You will like the daintiness of CHARIS, its featherweight texture. One-piece convenience, detachable shoulder straps and easy laundering are desirable features. The price is agreeably moderate (\$6.75 up, \$6.95 west of the Rocky Mountains) . . . The newest illustrated folder, describing CHARIS completely, is ready for mailing now. Shall we send a copy to you?



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# So many important

needs  
fulfilled  
by one  
inexpensive little jar



A FEW cents for the "handiest thing in the house"! And practically everyone knows of dozens of uses for which "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly is exactly the right thing. But here are some unusual uses you may not know about.

**To encourage eyelashes and brows**—Apply a tiny bit of "Vaseline" Jelly each night. Won't hurt the eyes. Makes the lashes and brows silky.

**For softening hands**—Massage nightly with "Vaseline" Jelly and wear old cotton or silk gloves over night. This treatment keeps the skin soft and smooth and prevents hangnails. Excellent for the nails and cuticle.

**For tickling coughs and hoarseness**. Take a spoonful internally as necessary. Sprinkle a bit of sugar on the spoonful and see how the children take to it. Has harmless laxative effect, and soothes irritated throat membranes.

**For patent leather shoes**. Apply with a piece of old flannel and rub vigorously. Softens the leather, restores the finish. Use the same treatment for children's leather shoes. Helps to waterproof them.

**For battery terminals**. Coat with "Vaseline" Jelly to prevent corrosion. If you like to keep your car in prime condition this is worth knowing. A jar or tube kept in the garage makes it easy.

**Iron golf clubs**—To prevent rust, coat with a layer of "Vaseline" Jelly before putting away.



Many more useful ideas are included in an attractive new booklet called "100 Hints on Health, Beauty and Home Uses". Send for your free copy. Address Chesebrough Manufacturing Company, Dept. E-5, 17 State Street, New York.

"Vaseline" Jelly in tubes and jars is on sale at all drug stores. The trade mark "Vaseline" on the label is your assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company, Cons'd.

## Don't Suffer Needlessly

Even a pin prick can cause a lot of trouble. If you suffer any skin abrasion, prevent infection setting in by the immediate application of "Vaseline" Carbolyated Petroleum Jelly. Contains 1½% Carbolic Acid. Use it liberally on the affected part and bandage with a soft cloth or gauze. Change dressing frequently. For sale everywhere. Get the genuine.

# Vaseline

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PETROLEUM JELLY

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## MARY, WIFE OF LINCOLN

[Continued from page 89]

establishment of the kind in the state of Kentucky. 'Mary Todd,' said this old lady, 'was one of the brightest girls in Madam Mentelle's school. She always had the highest marks and took the biggest prizes. French was the language of the school and Mary spoke it as fluently as did Madam herself \* \* \* She was a merry, companionable girl with a smile for everybody. She was really the life of the school, always ready for a good time and willing to contribute even more than her own share in promoting it.'

Elizabeth writes later: "At different times French gentlemen came to the University to study English, and when one was fortunate enough to meet Mary, he was surprised and delighted to find her a fluent conversationalist in his own language. It was also at Madam Mentelle's that Mary learned to dance so gracefully. The class was not allowed to receive visitors, so, to enliven the evenings, Monsieur Mentelle would take his violin, while Madam Mentelle and her two accomplished daughters would take their pupils on the floor and respond to his music in the dance. In after years it remained her favorite amusement and the aristocratic society of Lexington afforded her ample opportunity for the indulgence of the pastime."

Meanwhile, Mrs. Todd had grown more delicate, and the water of Crab Orchard Springs had been ordered by her doctor. A great many people from many parts of the South used to come with their entire families to Crab Orchard Springs in Kentucky. The little Todds looked forward with greater excitement to their annual short stay there than the modern child would feel at the prospect of a trip to Europe—the bustle of preparation, the piles of fresh little muslin dresses, the carriages filled with children and babies and nurses, for only the older boys who objected to going were left at home. The long drive, the meeting with old friends and acquaintances, the new arrivals each day driving up in state with jingling harness and prancing horses, the finely dressed ladies stepping mincingly down the carriage steps in mortal dread of showing their ankles, the beaux flocking around to greet those they knew and perchance to gain a fleeting glimpse of those same carefully guarded ankles, the negro fiddlers, the candle light flickering from innumerable sconces over the bright, filmy ball dresses of the belles, and the courtly bowing and scraping of the beaux.

Mary was very vivacious and at eighteen she and Elizabeth were popular belles. After the marriage of Frances Todd, she was the eldest of the Todd daughters left at home, and her mother took a very pardonable pride in her appearance, her wit, her *savoir faire*, her exquisite manner and her graceful dancing—which even as a school girl made her a desirable partner. Ever since she had been a tomboy of eight years she had been trained in all the social graces, and now together with Elizabeth, she entertained visitors in the parlor.

"Among them were many scholarly, intellectual men," said Elizabeth, "but Mary never at any time showed the least partiality for any one of them. Indeed at times, her face indicated a decided lack of interest and she accepted their attention without enthusiasm. Without meaning to wound, she now and then could not restrain a witty, sarcastic speech that cut more

[Continued on page 92]

## Dress your baby this safe way without pins and buttons



The Vanta Baby Copyright 1925 Earnshaw Knitting Co.

Pins come unfastened, buttons break and turn edgewise, to torment the little body. Be sure too, mother, that your baby never can pick up loose pins and buttons and promptly put them into his mouth.

Dress your baby for the first two years, the safe, comfortable, convenient way in

## Vanta Baby Garments

No Pins No Buttons

They tie with dainty bows of Twistless Tape. Dress baby without turning him once.



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## FREE TO YOU

Vanta Pattern, also "Baby's Outfit," a book of 64 pages of care and dressing of babies.

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Send free pattern and full instructions for making the new Vanta square-fold, pinless diaper. Also Baby's Outfit book and illustrated catalog, all in plain envelope.

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# Montgomery Ward & Co's Great Store


**SMART NEW STYLES**  
in Spring and Summer Dresses



**\$2.98 to \$17.98**

Sprightly in color, smart in cut and fabrics, Montgomery Ward dresses for Spring and Summer will delight you. All have been made by leading designers and every one of them offers you real style at reasonable cost.

**HATS in Parisian Manner**



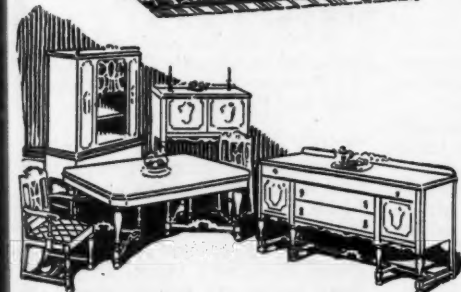
The prices of our Spring and Summer hats are only \$1.49 to \$4.39, yet many of these are from French models and are as stylish as you will find anywhere.

**Rugs and Draperies to Brighten Your Rooms**



You can select your rugs easily from the full color reproductions of patterns in the Ward Catalogue. 9 x 12 genuine velvet rugs as low as \$20.95. Lace curtains, cretonnes, chintzes in many designs and at the lowest prices are listed in our catalogue. You will be delighted to find at what a small cost you can buy rugs and draperies for every room in your home.

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This Tudor dining room set made of beautiful American Walnut veneer from patterns of a master designer is less than \$200. All furniture and floor coverings sold on easy payments.



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### 33,000 Articles of Merchandise

Buyers from these departments go to the best markets all over the world. They buy for cash and at lowest prices. The savings which this buying makes possible result in low prices to you. Yet you have a variety of choice and a stock from which to choose that you cannot find in department stores. And remember that all Montgomery Ward & Company's merchandise is sold under a money-back guarantee in force since we originated mail order buying in 1872.

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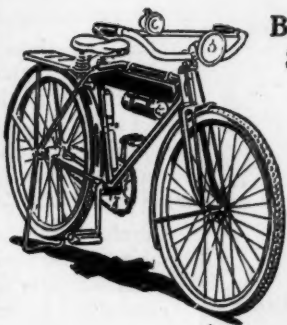
Listen to the RIVERSIDE Trail Blazers  
Every Monday night from stations

WJZ	WHAM	WLW	WHAS
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at 8 P.M. Central Standard Time—at 9 P.M. Eastern Standard Time

### Boys' Suits — Guaranteed for Six Months

The six months' guarantee tells you how these boys' suits will last. They are good looking clothes that boys like to wear.

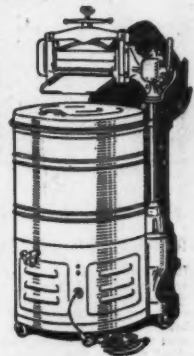


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Our Hawthorne bicycles are well built and good looking. We sell nearly one hundred thousand of these fine, up-to-date bicycles yearly.

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We make our Washing Machines in our own factory and ship them directly to you. The Improved Wardway Gyrator is equal in every respect to washers selling at \$45 to \$70 higher. The Wardway Gyrator is sold under a five year guarantee—at the remarkably low price of \$87.50. Also sold on easy terms.



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Send for our special wallpaper catalogue. It shows scores of designs for every room at prices which are so low they will be a pleasant surprise.

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Our Coverall House paint is sold under the guarantee that if it should fail we will furnish new paint and pay for putting it on.



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## food specialists say:

### "I prefer Cream of Tartar Baking Powder"



The Cream of Tartar Baking Powder. Contains no alum—leaves no bitter taste

THESE women, trained in foods, have very sound reasons for preferring a Cream of Tartar Baking Powder.

They know that cream of tartar is a pure fruit product that comes from ripe grapes and that it is the most wholesome, healthful and effective ingredient from which baking powder can be made.

It is rare and rather costly, yet this precious cream of tartar is always used to make Royal Baking Powder.

For more than 50 years Royal has been made with the very finest cream of tartar in the world, imported from Europe.

That is why housewives of three generations have clung to Royal with real affection. It always leavens so perfectly—makes such a truly marvelous baking. And it contains no alum. Royal leaves no bitter taste even in the most delicate of cakes or hot biscuits.

Careful housewives consider Royal the most economical baking powder. Two cents worth is enough for a large layer cake and it never fails you.



#### BREAKFAST BRAN PAN

Sift three times  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups flour, 6 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons salt, and 5 tablespoons brown sugar and add 1 cup bran. Add gradually, a little at a time, 6 tablespoons shortening melted, stirring the dry mixture constantly. The mixture is now a crumbly mass. Beat 3 egg yolks well and add  $1\frac{1}{4}$  cups milk. Add to the dry mixture. Add  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup raisins, floured, and beat for five minutes. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Spread in a greased square pan about three-fourths inch thick and bake in a moderate oven at  $350^{\circ}$  F. fifty to sixty minutes. Makes twelve  $2\frac{1}{2}$ -inch squares.



#### ORANGE SHORTCAKE

The Shortcake is made from the recipe at the top of page 21 of the Royal Cook Book, using oranges instead of strawberries. The dough is baked in a deep tin, split, and orange sections placed between and on top of layers. The top is sprinkled with powdered sugar before serving.

THE ROYAL BAKING POWDER COMPANY,  
Dept. E, 105 E. 42nd St., New York City.  
Please send my copy—free—of the famous Royal Cook Book—nearly 350 recipes.

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**FREE!** Nearly 350 reliable recipes for all kinds of foods

## MARY, WIFE OF LINCOLN

[Continued from page 90]

deeply than she intended, for there was no malice in her heart. She was impulsive and made no attempt to conceal her feeling; indeed that would have been impossible, for her face was an index to every passing emotion.

"Mary found much difficulty in getting along smoothly with an Episcopal student of theology, who was a tutor in the Todd family. With all of Mary's efforts to be agreeable there was nothing but discord between them. Having an ill-grounded and unjust suspicion that she was on all occasions laughing at him, or trying to insult him, he waged a war without cause."

Mr. Todd was frequently absent on business and Mrs. Todd, by reason of illness, unable to come to the dining room. "One morning on such an occasion" writes Elizabeth, "Mary and I went to the breakfast room. Mary took her seat at the head of the table and Mr. —, the young tutor, took the seat at the foot, I on the other side. Grace was said with due reverence and then we commenced with keen appetites on the feast of good things before us. We had some remarkably fine

maple syrup. Mary helped me and offered some to Mr. — with the remark that she understood the Yankees always ate molasses with everything. It was the word Yankee, I suppose, that raised the storm. He was greatly irritated. With a black frown and rolling his R's more than usual he spoke with great emphasis. 'Miss Mary,' he said, 'there is a point beyond endurance which I cannot and will not stand.'

"Mary was, you must remember, one of a large family of boys and girls who jested much and seized on the slightest pretext to tease each other unmercifully. The wrathful tutor looked so fierce and his wrath seemed so great to have been occasioned by such a small amount of teasing that the scene became ludicrous to Mary and she leaned back in her chair and laughed so merrily and contagiously that even Mr. —'s anger was dissipated and he joined heartily in our laughter. The laughter acted like a charm and the rest of the day we three sailed on a calm sea of good humor."

[Continued in JUNE McCALL'S]

## IN A CLEARING

[Continued from page 17]

submissively. Both teams stopped before the door beside one another, but facing in opposite directions. As the young man tied his pigs to the spoke of a wheel, his wife got down; and at the same time the wife of the man who drove the second cart appeared in the cabin door. The two couples, the young and the old, the arriving and the departing, faced each other for an instant in silence.

Then, the older man, lean, his face a chart of fifty winters, took the younger away to show him for the last time how the fields lay.

"The Winter rye's coming up good," he said, and he led the young man away to see it.

The old woman reached out to take the girl's hand. Perhaps five years younger than her husband, she looked more than ten years older. The white hair on her head was thin, the knot at the back small. She had been a tall woman once, but the years had bent her over and raised the veins in welts on her thin hands.

"Come in, Pretty," she said. "I've left some water boiling for your tea."

The girl followed her through the door.

"You're the first visitor I've had for two years," the old woman said, sitting down on the bunk frame. "I wish I could have made it cozier for you, Pretty."

Her smile was eagerly friendly, and the girl, a little puzzled at her own speechlessness, smiled back. The old woman held a dull knife in both hands, which she clutched from time to time, as if to remind herself of a neglected task.

"I hope you'll like it here," she said. "It looks bare and wild now, but it will look better some day."

"I hate your going away," said the girl suddenly. From where she sat, she could see across the meadows to the woods and the shadowed hills; and just at the door-step, the daffodils in the sun.

"You mustn't mind being alone," said the old woman. "It'll be a home to you soon. How long?" she asked.

"Two months," said the girl.

"When it's over, you'll be glad, Pretty. You'll have it growing up here. You'll have a house some day. My

mother had a house. And maybe a flower or two in the garden."

"Yes," said the girl, who saw them all growing.

"Them daffodils will be a great clump then," said the old woman. She hesitated, looking down at the knife in her hands, and her lips quivered. "Would you mind, Pretty, if I was to take one with me?"

"No. No. Why, no."

The old woman got up and went out of the door, and knelt down before the flowers. She smiled up at the girl.

"They was out of Mother's garden," she said. "She had a garden in front of her house. And I brought away a bulb with me. They've always grown." She thrust the knife down beside the stalk and twisted the bulb out. "And they always left some growing whenever we moved on. John always wants to move on, so they don't have time to make more than two or three new."

The two men returned and now the old couple climbed up on the cart.

"Good-by, Pretty," said the old woman, bending down suddenly to kiss the girl. The men said nothing.

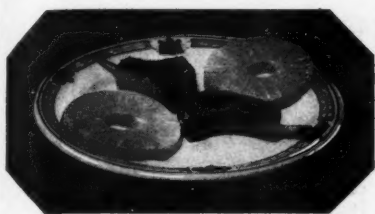
The girl sat down on the door-step staring moodily down the road until the cart had disappeared into the woods, and her husband watched her with a puzzled concern. "I'll fix you a rain-barrel, here by the door," he promised her. "Only I'll have to move the posies."

"No, no! I don't want it. Leave them there."

She dropped her head on her knees and cried passionately. He stood looking down at her, wondering unhappily what had happened.

THEY must have prospered, for here, today, are marks where a large barn stood, and an outhouse; and here beside this old pine stump is a hollow in the ground where there was once the cellar of a big house. The hollow is almost filled with briars, and young thorn apples are growing round the site of the barn. From the state road, a hundred yards away, it is just a brushy tangle. But if, in May, you get out of your car, and cross the brook, and go round to the far side of the old pine stump, you will see a clump of yellow daffodils.





### LAMB CHOPS PARK AVENUE

Time for combining ingredients: 1 minute  
Time for cooking: 10 minutes  
Makes 3 services

For a real treat, just place 6 chops on a well-oiled broiler, and cook for 8 minutes without turning. Then turn each of the chops and cover with a slice of Hawaiian Pineapple. Broil 8 minutes more and serve on a hot plate or a platter.

*You'll find no touchy appetites where these dishes are served!*

That's a wonderful thing about Canned Hawaiian Pineapple: it makes dishes look so good—and taste so good—that even the most listless diner can't resist trying them. And there is no end of delightful ways to serve Hawaii's delicious fruit—both forms—Crushed and Sliced.

Your grocer has Hawaiian Pineapple—in various sizes of cans for various menu needs. Be sure you have a good supply always on your pantry shelves.

### "MY VERY BEST" PIE

Time for combining ingredients: 8 minutes  
Time for cooking: 30 minutes  
Makes one pie

You never tasted a better pie than this: Heat 2 cups Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple in a double boiler. Mix  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar and 1 tablespoon of cornstarch and add this to the hot mixture. Cook 15 minutes; stirring frequently. Add 1 tablespoon of butter and when melted pour the hot mixture over 4 well-beaten egg yolks. Cool and pour into a baked pastry shell. Make a meringue by beating 4 egg whites and adding 4 tablespoons of sugar. Spread on top of the pie and brown in a slow oven for about fifteen minutes. It's fine.



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## BITTER HERITAGE

[Continued from page 25]

ahead hardly justified.

"Billy, do steady down a bit," objected Herrick.

"Nonsense. We're all right," he answered, gathering speed.

But the next turn was a sharp one, and, as they swung round it, for just a single instant Herrick saw the big gray car approaching and recognized Mac's lean dark face bent above its steering wheel. Then a tearing, splintering crash, and Herrick found himself staring past Billy straight into Mac's eyes as the two cars stood locked abreast.

Billy climbed nimbly out of his seat to inspect the damage and Mac, who had by this time joined him in the road, flashed him a glance of unmistakable anger. "You're a careless young cub," he said wrathfully. "If you want to go careening about the roads taking corners on your wrong side, you've no business to ask Herrick to go with you." He was rather white and his voice had roughened curiously.

Herrick smiled reassuringly into Billy's crestfallen face. "I'm not hurt, old thing, and, as we've all come out of it alive, you shall be let off with a warning."

Kenyon spoke again. "You've come off very much the worse. Why not run your car straight on into Tanborough and leave her there to be doctored up and I'll drive Herrick on to Windycroft."

So presently she found herself gliding smoothly along beside him in the big gray car while Billy took his battered four-seater into Tanborough.

They sped onward in silence, and Herrick was glad. Those few anguished moments had shown her her own heart. What she felt for Mac was not comradeship—but love. She felt shaken and bewildered.

"You all right, dear?" Kenyon's voice was very quiet. He laid one hand over hers. Something in Mac's voice made her catch her breath—something possessive, solicitous.

"Quite all right, thank you," she answered, her heart in her throat.

"That's good," Mac answered contentedly and spoke no more until they were at Windycroft. Then, as she turned he smiled down at her. "I'm coming in," he said deliberately, and followed her into the big hall, empty, lit only by the big logs on the hearth. It was as if they were shut together within a luminous circle of light. She made a sudden, impulsive movement as though to leave him. Instantly his arm shot out, barring her way.

"No, don't run away," he said, with tender amusement. "Herrick—darling—are you afraid of love?"

In the next instant she was swept against his breast, and he was kissing her with a fierce passion that almost took her breath away.

For a little space they were silent, wrapt in that first incredulous, bewildering joy of love given and returned.

It was Mac who broke the silence. "How soon can we be married, darling?"

"Married!" She stared at him with startled eyes. Recollection and harsh reality slashed across her dream moments. With a sudden movement she tore herself out of his arms. "You'll have to wait—forever. Because—because I can't possibly marry you."

For an instant he stared at her blankly. "You can't marry me?" he repeated. "I don't understand you."

"Don't you?" Her voice was hard and emotionless. "I meant just exactly what I said: I can't marry you."

"But you haven't told me why. At

[Continued on page 94]

# Scientists discover health-giving power in simple Japan Tea

*A precious food element, believed to be a safeguard against several common ailments, found in our old favorite drink—Japan green tea*

**F**OR those who suffer from "rheumatic" pains—

For those who have a sallow complexion—

For those who are "run down" and easily tired out—

For many of us—there is deep interest in the recent startling discoveries about Japan tea. In pleasant cups of Japan green tea, scientists have found an invaluable food element, a wonderful, health-giving property that is entirely absent from many of the foods we eat.

It is now believed that countless men and women may be missing the joys of perfect health just because their three meals a day give them too little of this all-important food element—Vitamin C.

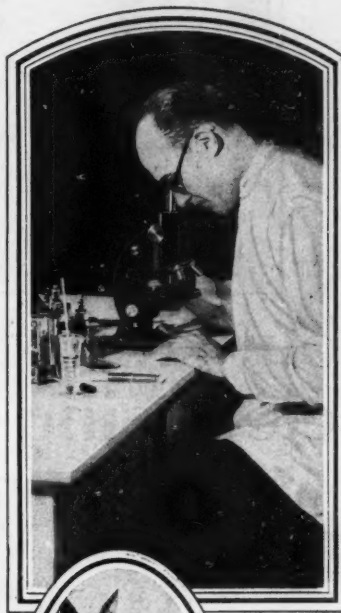
"Observations during the World War," writes one of the country's foremost scientists, "and my recollection of specific cases, all combine to suggest that much of the so-called rheumatism which afflicts such a large part of our people is due, at least in large part, to the use of a diet too poor in Vitamin C. The symptoms are a sallow, muddy complexion, loss of energy, fleeting pains in the limbs, usually mistaken for rheumatism."

*A rich source of this precious element*

Only a small number of foods, aside from Japan green tea—spinach and a few fruits and vegetables—contain this wonderful food element.

The amazing fact today established by science is the richness in this precious Vitamin C, of our old favorite drink, Japan green tea. The leaves of Japan tea which we buy at the grocery store bring us in abundance this health-giving food element.

For that "tired feeling" which takes the pleasure out of life, for those so-called "rheumatic" twinges that spoil many a day, for the sallow skin you hate to see in the mirror, try this simple thing. Drink fragrant cups of Japan green tea regularly at lunch, at supper, in the



Science has now found a rich source of health-giving Vitamin C in the leaves of simple Japan green tea



afternoon. Take advantage of their rich supply of the precious food element, Vitamin C. It is probable that they will build new vitality for you—that you will both feel and look more vigorous after a few weeks. Start this delightful, health-giving habit—now. Begin today drinking Japan green tea. American-Japanese Tea Committee, 782 Wrigley Building, Chicago.



## Your skin requires both cleansing and toning

CORRECT daily attention to the skin is essential to good looks. Yet how difficult it is, in the maelstrom of today, to match duties against relentless time, and have still left a little leisure for even such an important task as being beautiful.



Just saturate a piece of absorbent cotton in Vivatone, and with the same circular motion wipe away the last trace of cold cream. This is very important, since it contains particles of dust and grime which have been dislodged from the pores.

But Daggett & Ramsdell, who for decades have solved beauty problems and furnished the essentials necessary to care for the skin, have simplified the daily facial treatment. Now women are finding that modern skin care requires just a daily *cleansing and toning*.

For cleansing, Perfect Cold Cream has no equal. Its fine oils penetrate the deepest pores, and cleanse them to a remarkable degree. It supplies exactly what the skin requires to preserve its natural softness, health and color.

At least once a day apply it, and massage lightly with an upward, outward motion. Pay particular attention to the lines from nose to mouth, and at the eyes, where tell-tale wrinkles first appear. Remove with a soft tissue or cloth.

Now you are ready for the toning. For this use the new Vivatone, Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Skin Tonic and Astringent. It contains many balsamic and astringent substances beneficial to the skin, is delightfully perfumed and very refreshing.

Then take a second piece of absorbent cotton, wet it with Vivatone, and pat gently all over the face, paying particular attention to the nose and cheeks where the pores are apt to enlarge.

Vivatone dries almost instantly, closing the pores and leaving the face tingling and delightfully refreshed.

If you need a powder base (and this means every woman with a dry skin) follow the facial with a light application of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Vanishing Cream.

It is excellent, too, for the hands and elbows—its daily use will keep them smooth and firm. Perfect Vanishing Cream comes in tubes 10c, 25c; in jars 35c, 60c.

Perfect Cold Cream is sold everywhere, in tubes and jars, priced from 10c to \$1.50. Vivatone is new. A most attractive six-ounce bottle costs 75c at all good shops or direct from Daggett & Ramsdell, 214 West 14th St., N. Y. Also 165 Dufferin St., Toronto (\$1.00), and 40-42 Lexington St., W. 1, London.



### Introductory Offer 40c

Why don't you send for one of these special Clean-up Kits? For only 40c, you can get a supply of Perfect Cold Cream, Vivatone and Perfect Vanishing Cream with Daggett & Ramsdell tissues for removing cold cream. Enough to give the new facial a real trial. Regular size cold cream and vanishing cream (not samples) and a special bottle of Vivatone, in a wonderfully neat and practical container to keep in your desk, or carry in your bag. Mail coupon today.

**DAGGETT & RAMSDELL**

Room 31, 214 West 14th St., New York, N. Y.

Enclosed please find 40c (stamps, money order) for which please send me Perfect Clean-up Kit.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## BITTER HERITAGE

[Continued from page 93]

least, I've the right to know your reason."

"I can give you a reason."

There was an ominous quiet about him, as if bitter suspicion were taking the place of blank bewilderment.

"Perhaps I can guess the reason," he said slowly. "You've been merely fooling with me—amusing yourself at my expense—and now you're through."

She listened to him with slowly widening eyes of horror. "Not that. Oh, Mac, anything but that. Whatever happens, I shall always go on loving you."

At the simple statement Mac softened and said gently, "Why won't you tell me why you can't marry me?"

Her face had grown very pale. "No," she said in a low voice. "I can't tell you."

"Then why did you let me tell you I cared?" he asked sternly, his mouth indomitable.

She shrank away from this Mac, whose inflexible code of loyalty and straight-dealing seemed to make no allowances for human frailty. "Oh Mac, can't you understand?" she exclaimed desperately. "It just happened!"

And I never thought ahead, of—of marriage or anything. till you asked when we could be married."

Kenyon's last distrust of her vanished. "Then, darling, if that's so," he said tenderly, "can't you try to tell me why you won't marry me?"

She bent her head, laying her cheek for a moment against his hands. "I'm not fit to marry anyone," she said, slowly. "I've had blood in my veins. . . If I married you, I should be sure to let you down sometime or other, and then you'd never forgive me. And I couldn't bear that. And I think you'd better go now," she said, almost in a whisper.

"All right," he said. "I'll go—now. But some day I shall come back, Herrick. The past—whatever it is—is not going to keep us apart always. . . Till then, let's go on being pals," and he was gone.

LADY BRIDGET roused from her musings to find Jem's tall figure on the threshold, carrying a basket which he tendered carefully. "Here's the sitting of Wyandotte eggs which I promised you," he said.

Lady Bridget received the offering with equally careful hands. "How nice of you to have brought them over, Jem. And how's your own poultry farm doing?"

"Oh, simply humming along. Why"—smiling broadly—"I've amassed enough money to settle down and get married on." And then, all at once, the smile left his face as he was struck by the irony of his jest.

"But you never will?" she queried softly. "I suppose"—speaking with a shy urgency—"I suppose you couldn't—possibly, could you? But you'd be happy married, with kiddies of your own."

For a moment he stared into the fire. "Think so?" he said at last jerkily. "Well, you're right. But there's only one woman in the world for me—and she can't be my woman. . . You all know it, really."

Lady Bridget felt suddenly fright-

ened. "But it's all so useless," she said. "Sir Francis may live for years."

Jem assented grimly. "I'm not counting on any dead man's shoes. I just want to live near her and see her sometimes. . . . He's such a brute."

Lady Bridget nodded. "Yes, he is a brute," she said. "And that's the reason I want you to be very careful not to do anything to infuriate him—for Carol's sake. He'll make her pay."

"I'll remember. But"—with a slow, rueful smile—"it's a bit difficult at times," and he rose to go.

"I'm glad you know—about Carol and me," he said boyishly. "Whatever happens, Mim, you'd always stand her friend?"

"Always, Jem. You know that," answered Lady Bridget, her eyes steady.



HERRICK faced the situation bravely. But the love she had given Mac and the hurt of it would last as long as life.

Still to be cut off from love and the happiness love brings was her heritage and she refused to let it crush her, so she faced life with characteristic pluck.

The nights were the worst, when

she lay staring into the dark with sleepless eyes. In the daytime there was always some small job with which she could busy herself in the house. And she spent many hours on the lake, often alone, since solitude rather appealed to her than otherwise.

Lady Bridget now and then would come, and sometimes Jem Beresford or Mac joined them for an hour. Carol did not come; she had been firmly forbidden by her husband to adventure on the ice, even although Lady Bridget herself had interceded for her.

"Walking is a far better exercise, my dear—and much less risky," affirmed her husband. "If I were a skater myself and could accompany you, it would be a different matter. I should see to it that you were careful."

Carol only said wistfully, "Mac would look after me all right. I used to skate you know."

"What you did before we were married and what you do now are two very different things," responded Mortimer coldly. "I have no doubt your brother—or your friend, Mr. Beresford—would either of them be delighted to constitute himself your cicerone, but I do not wish it." As he uttered Jem's name he shot a suspicious glance at her under his pouched lids.

A day or two later, when he curtly informed her he was going to London and should not be back until the following day, she waited only until his car sped down the drive to fly to the telephone to speak to Herrick.

"Listen. He's gone away. For two whole days. So please ask me to lunch—and couldn't we have an hour or two on the lake together? My feet are simply tingling to skate."

Herrick responded wholeheartedly. "How perfectly splendid! Look here, meet me down at the lake about twelve o'clock, and we'll have a picnic lunch together in the hut. Mim and Billy have gone to Tanborough. I'm alone."

Herrick stood hesitating, as though debating something, then impulsively she lifted down the receiver once more,

[Continued on page 95]





# Pick any 12 girls— 10 have to be told

ONE of the most serious social handicaps is so difficult to detect in oneself that almost all girls have to be told about it.

They think they are immaculate, their toilette adequate, but all the while underarm perspiration may be causing odor which is unpleasantly noticeable to others. And of course there is always the danger of ruining a cherished dress by ugly spreading discolorations.

So women of distinction rule out the possibility of offense by keeping the underarm dry all the time by the regular use of Odorono. Other ways they say are troublesome, and mar the smart fit of frocks. But with Odorono a suggestion of odor is impossible—impossible too, costly stains, odor tainted dresses.

Odorono was made 18 years ago by a physician to stop perspiration where it causes odor and ruins clothes. The underarm particularly. Checking perspiration in small areas with Odorono has no effect on health. Modern physicians recommend it where perspiration is annoying.

Regular Odorono, (ruby colored) brings freedom from moisture and odor used the last thing at night once or twice a week. And Odorono No. 5, milder (colorless) for sensitive skins and hurried use, used daily or every other day, night or morning gives the same protection. At toilet goods counters, Odorono and Odorono No. 5, 35c and 60c. The new Odorono Cream Depilatory 50c. 10c and the coupon brings you a complete kit of samples.

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(Print name and address plainly)  
In Canada address The Odorono Co.,  
468 King St. West, Toronto, Ont.



## BITTER HERITAGE

[Continued from page 94]

and asked for a number.

"Hullo?" A man's voice sounded over the wire. Herrick spoke swiftly. "Is that you, Jem? . . . Sir Francis has gone up to town, and so Carol and I are going to celebrate by having a picnic lunch together in the lake hut. Would you like to come along?"

Some one laughed softly at the other end of the wire. "Should I not?"

"Then—about half-past one?"

"Half-past one it is, my blessed saint."

She smiled ruefully, not quite sure whether she was saint or sinner, but the hopelessness of her own love affair had made her very tender towards lovers. Jem and Carol were set apart as inevitably as she and Mac.

There could be no harm in their having an hour or so together, Herrick argued. There was no possible danger in their snatching at the few happy moments which came their way. She collected her skates and a small lunch hamper and made her way down to the lake. Carol was already there, and she sped eagerly up to Herrick.

"Oh," she exclaimed rapturously, "I feel as if I dropped ten years."

And she looked it. Her eyes were clear and bright as a child's and her pretty mouth was curved in happy laughter. Together they skated about the lake until at last the pangs of hunger sent them to the hut for the luncheon hamper Herrick had brought.

"I feel like a maid on her day out," declared Carol, munching sandwiches. "Only they get one weekly—I don't."

"What about tomorrow?" suggested Herrick. "Couldn't you come again?"

"He never gives me the least hint as to the time he gets back." Carol's face had sobered. "That's what is so wearing. I never know how long I am free."

"I don't know how you bear it!" burst out Herrick indignantly.

"I sometimes feel as if I can't bear it any longer," acknowledged Carol bitterly. "If it weren't for Mac, I think I should do something desperate. Being a twin complicates life rather," she went on, with a faint smile. "You can't act quite so independently."

"I don't see why you don't do something definite and final, to—to leave Francis."

"No, you see, my marriage wasn't just like any marriage. I told you, I married Francis simply and solely for money. I gave him myself, and in return he made my mother an allowance that made life easy for her. Francis carried out his part of the bargain. I can't do anything but carry out mine."

Herrick could see how hopelessly Carol was bound. "And—is that—what Mac thinks, too?" she asked at last.

Carol nodded. "Yes. His point of view is that it's a question of honor. We've thrashed it all out. I know what Mac thinks—and I know that if I left Francis, I should lose Mac. Honor and straight-dealing is a fetish with him."

"I wonder," pursued Herrick, "if the circumstances were reversed, if Mac's own happiness were involved, would he still think the same?"

"I'm sure of it." Carol's reply came with an unshakable belief. "Mac is one who simply couldn't do a crooked thing, and he's so fond of me, I think it would half kill him if I did. There's only one person in the world who counts more with him than I do," she added, looking at Herrick suddenly. "Tell me, don't you think you might grow to care for him? I should love Mac to be happy. And you'd make a darling sister!"

Herrick smiled, then she grew serious. "It's quite impossible," she said.

[Continued on page 96]

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HEEL in action

you'd cushion your rugs  
with Ozite



HEELS pound down upon your rugs with crushing force. Behind each heel is the full weight of the body! Each step is like a hammer blow, pounding the fabric against the hard floor below—grinding it—twisting it—tearing it.

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## BITTER HERITAGE

[Continued from page 95]

Carol looked at her curiously. "Life's very difficult sometimes," was all she said, with a sigh. "And puzzling."

A CHEERFUL rat-tat sounded on the hut door, and Jem Beresford's big figure, skates slung over his shoulder, appeared.

"I seem to have timed my arrival well," he observed, smiling, as Herrick put down the coffee pot.

Then his glance leapt eagerly past her to Carol at her seat by the stove.

She turned to Herrick, a bit disconcerted. "You never told me Jem was coming," she said.

Herrick was pouring out the coffee. "Didn't I," she answered carelessly, handing a cup to Carol, "Oh, well, we've been so busy talking. Here's your coffee, Jem."

Beresford took it. "How's the ice today?" he inquired. "It struck me as I came along that it is thawing a bit."

"Go out and try it," answered Herrick, promptly. "And take Carol. I'm going to wash up the coffee things."

"I'll help," volunteered Carol.

Herrick shook her head decidedly. "No, you won't. It's your 'day out'."

So presently Jem and Carol were skating hand in hand over the gleaming ice, Carol's face still faintly anxious.

"Jem, did you know I was coming down to the lake this morning?" she asked, "or was your coming up here just an accident?"

Beresford looked down at her in amusement. "Accidents don't happen as luckily as that, in my experience," he replied gaily. "No, the *dea ex machina* was Herrick. She invited me. You're not angry?"

She smiled. "How could I be—angry? No, I'm a little frightened. You see, skating is taboo, and you are taboo. Francis commands it."

"But he can't," said Jem reassuringly. "And I'll see you home. My dear," he went on, a note of rising passion in his voice, "we *must* see each other alone now and then. We're hurting no one. If Mortimer cared for you, it might be different perhaps—"

"He has certain rights—" began Carol.

"The only right a man has over a woman is the right to love and serve her," broke in Jem savagely. "Let me take care of you, Carol—my dear, my dear!"

She laid her free hand swiftly across his mouth. "Jem, you promised never to ask me that again. And it's so hard to keep on saying 'no'. Oh, Jem, don't make it more difficult," she pleaded.

"All right," he said at last, "you needn't be afraid. I shall never take you, unless you want to come."

"I shall never come," she said quietly. "I couldn't. Sometimes I think Mac is right when he says we must not meet—that you ought to go away from here."

"Does he say that?" Jem gave a short laugh. "At least"—with a note of bitter envy in his voice—"Herrick and he aren't tied up to anyone else. Hullo!" He gestured towards the border of the lake where a man's solitary figure was striding along with head bent. "There is Mac, of all people—exactly as we were speaking of him."

Jem sent out a welcoming shout and Kenyon looked up in response. His expression was half pleasure, half dubious astonishment.

"And what's the meaning of this?" he asked, smiling down at his sister.

"Not altogether wise, is this?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "I really don't think I mind very much whether it's wise—or unwise," she said de-

fiantly. "I've enjoyed it, anyway."

Mac in his own mind decided to accompany her back to Mortlake Hall himself. His brother-in-law invariably treated him with a species of unwilling civility and if Carol returned home, having been obviously in her brother's care, Sir Francis would not attempt to find much fault.

"Well, suppose you let me see you home now?" he suggested. "You've probably skated quite long enough today for anyone who's out of practise."

Before Carol could reply, Jem intervened. "I'm seeing Carol home," he said bluntly.

Mac was silent for a moment. Then, "Oh, very well," he replied curtly. With a nod he turned and left them.

As he resumed his way along the edge of the lake he felt thoroughly angry and exasperated with them both. It was in a grim mood that Mac approached the hut.

Herrick was standing idly at the door, smoking a cigarette. He looked up suddenly and saw her. A sudden eager recognition rushed into his eyes. But it was quickly replaced by a deepening expression of uncertainty.

"I didn't know you were down here," he said abruptly.

Herrick regarded him with momentary surprise. Then a smile tilted the corners of her mouth. "If you had, I suppose you would have taken another way home," she suggested lightly.

But he only inquired in a tone of extreme displeasure. "May I ask if it was by your arrangement that my sister is here this afternoon?"

Herrick stared at him with increasing astonishment. "By my arrangement!" she said stiffly. "I'm afraid I don't understand."

His face darkened. "Then I'll make myself clearer. Was it you who planned that Carol should come here to skate? Beresford, too, so that they could spend the day together in his absence?"

The indignant color flared up into her face. Put thus the whole thing sounded horrible—like a sordid intrigue.

Herrick's eyes sparkled with anger. "I think it is an impertinent question to ask."

"Impertinence or not, I want an answer," he returned doggedly. "You know the circumstances as well as I do. And Carol is playing with fire. It's my job—and the job of anyone who is her friend—to prevent it. And apparently, you—whom I would have trusted through thick and thin—have been working against me in this."

"You mean—you *don't* trust me then?" Herrick was hurt beyond measure that he should have jumped to the conclusion which he had obviously drawn. "Well, I told you once that I'd had blood in my veins, so I don't look at things from the high altitude you do. So it's an extremely good thing we agreed not to marry."

Kenyon surveyed her curiously. With her outburst his own died down, and there was an impenetrable expression in his eyes as he watched her.

"If I may advise," he said in a perfectly indifferent voice, "I suggest you avoid the upper end of the lake. It is beginning to thaw, and the ice always gives out there first."

"Thank you, I think I can judge quite well for myself," she answered. "And, as I'm not your sister, I suppose I can please myself when—and where—I skate."

Kenyon, without a word of farewell, swung round on his heel and strode away.

[Continued in JUNE McCALL'S]



# POST TOASTIES THE WAKE-UP FOOD



## Energy *quick* for school and play!

**E**NERGY quick in the morning! That's what children need to make their minds alert, to give them tireless zest for school and play.

That's what Dad needs to send him off to work with quicker step and clearer brain. That's what Mother needs to give her a fast start on the busy day ahead.

New energy *quick*. That's what everybody needs after the long fast between bed-time and breakfast.

Post Toasties are a wake-up food—easy to digest and quick to release its stored-up energy to the body. It gives you zestful energy, and makes you alert for early morning tasks.

And when hot weather takes its toll in energy, you could serve nothing better for lunch or supper. No

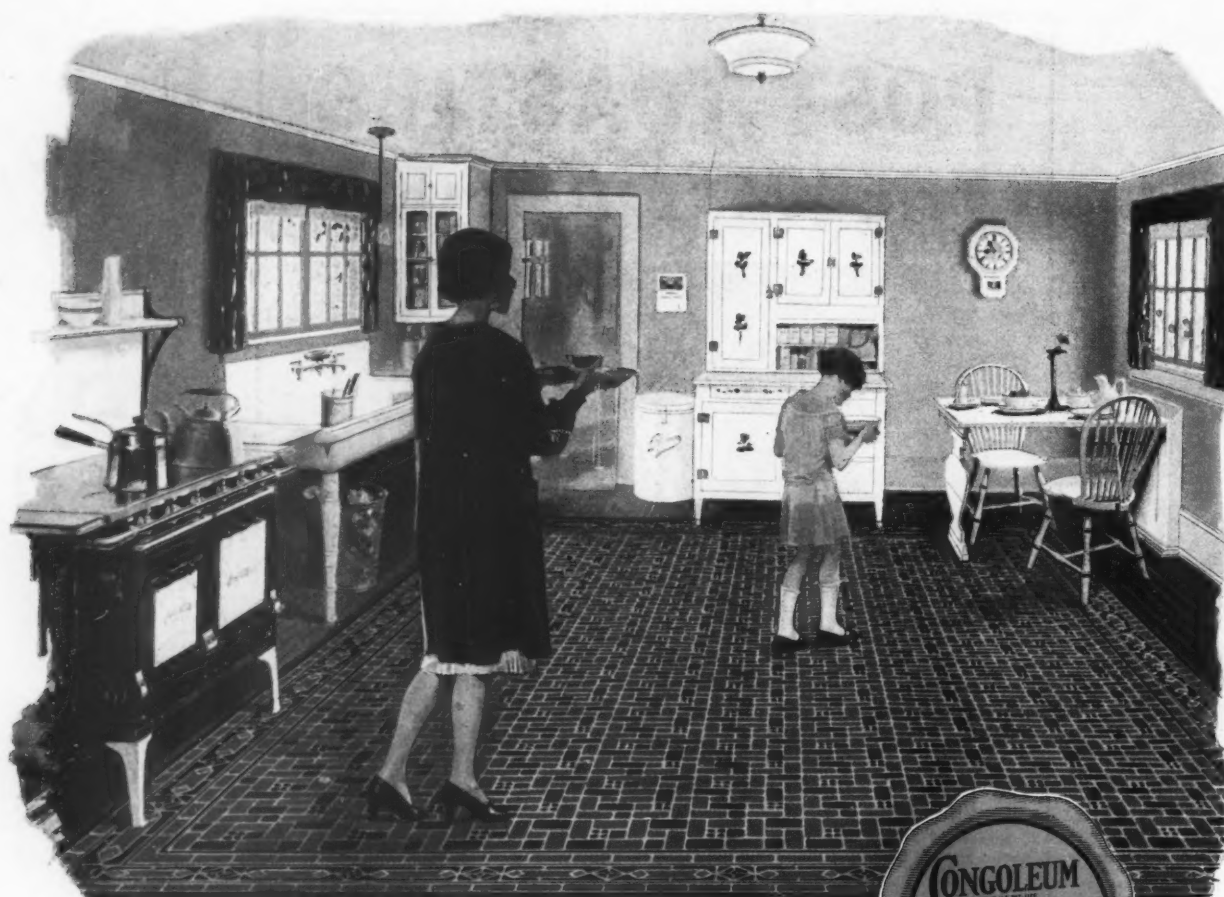
cooking is necessary. Just shower the golden flakes from the package into the bowl and serve with milk or cream.

Post Toasties are made from the hearts of selected white corn, toasted oven crisp, delicately and carefully seasoned. That's why they are so good. For a new deliciousness add your favorite fruit to their crunchiness.

But be sure you get Post Toasties. You'll know them by the red and yellow package.



Postum Company, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich. Makers of Post Health Products: Postum Cereal, Post's Bran Chocolate, Post's Bran Flakes, Post Toasties, Grape-Nuts and Instant Postum.



The "RED-TILE" design is Gold Seal Rug 320

# "RED-TILE".....

the charm of OLD FRANCE -  
in the most modern of floor-coverings

SMARTLY designed in the same lovely shades as the tile floors in old French kitchens. Gay . . . picturesque . . . neat . . . creating an atmosphere of cheerful tidiness. Surely the new Congoleum "RED-TILE" design will be welcomed by a host of housewives—especially those who like warm, radiant colors.

What possibilities to brighten up *your* workshop are offered by this delightful Congoleum pattern. Immediately you visualize gay touches of harmonizing color,—bright curtains—a sunniness spreading to every corner. For after all, why should a kitchen be dull and drab?

And "RED-TILE" is only one of the new Congoleum designs. There are nine in all, four of them shown on this page. The others are equally as distinctive and colorful—all were created by noted designers. Among them you are sure to find an appropriate design and size for any room.

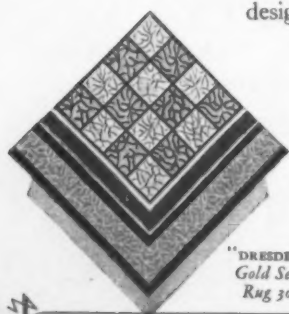
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And remember when you buy a *genuine* Congoleum Rug you get the utmost floor-covering quality and value that money can buy.

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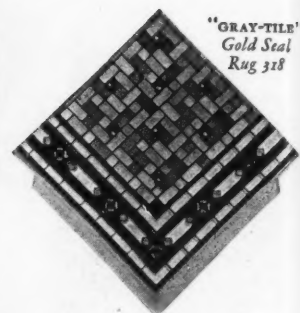


"DREEDEN" Gold Seal Rug 304

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"GRAY-TILE" Gold Seal Rug 318

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valuable  
handbook!



"COLOR MAGIC IN THE HOME," by Anne Pierce has already helped thousands of women beautify their homes at small expense. Full of practical, sensible "pointers" that any housewife can use to advantage. The latest edition is even more complete than the earlier ones. It contains many new illustrations and helpful suggestions, as well as an ingenious chart of color harmony. Send this coupon for a free copy to Congoleum-Nairn Inc., 1421 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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# ADVENTURES IN SEARCH OF ADVENTURE

[Continued from page 22]

salty passengers, its dozen miles of serried masts and funnels, should become a grocer's assistant at once, and stop there for life. Or else a golf club secretary . . .

ONE voyage called me to go to the Pacific Islands. I had not money enough for the trip, or half of it. I started with a hundred pounds, a great deal of self-confidence and a roving commission from a London daily paper.

I spent a happy year or two roaming the Pacific Islands, living at one time for many months on a little schooner that was everything a sailing vessel should not be, but that carried one to interesting places where passenger steamers never went. Hurricanes and waterspouts were part of the experiences of the trip, and more than one narrow escape from wreck.

I had an island for my own during a little while—leased only—and lived on it, without even a native servant. I wanted to know what true "desert island" life was like. And I found out. It was beautiful, it was romantic, it was a hundred marvelous things for which there are, as yet, no words in our miserly tongue.

I know I am saying something that will be understood by thousands who can never hope to live the wandering life, when I speak of the irresistible lure of solitude; the strange drugging sweetness of being alone, in lands where loneliness has a meaning. With me, the lure of loneliness took its birth on that island; I left it not quite as I had come. I have never again spent days and weeks absolutely removed from human society, but I have since then spent years on other islands, in forest dwellings, where only the most casual and rarest of visitors could be expected, and where my companions were of the un-companioning dark races only.

In March of 1923, I had the luck to find a means of going where no white woman, and few white men, had been before me—two hundred miles up the great, terrible and wonderful Sepik River, most valuable waterway of the territory taken from Germany in New Guinea, far north of the division named Papua. The natives of the middle and upper part of this river are among the cleverest, which means the most formidable, in the country. They are almost untouched by civilization, except where they have been recruited for a term of plantation labor by methods that savor strongly of the old blackbirding days (now happily dead elsewhere) and taught thereby to hate and distrust the white man.

There was much to see, little time in which to see it, and little chance of making inquiries about anything. Yet no one could have been indifferent to the strange wild beauty of the silver-green sugarcanes, with brown warriors peering furtively among the stems, a dagger of cassowary or of human bone clutched tight in each hand. No one could have helped admiring the skill of the artist who, squatting under a thatch roof defiantly indifferent to the little party of whites, went on with his terrible portrait sculpture, modeling, with sure hand, a portrait mask of clay on a new-cleaned skull. There was another masked skull beside him with eyes of mother-of-pearl, which were seemingly under repair; it had long, greasy curls that marked it out as a woman's. The decorations of the men, the village houses some way off,

all called attention. Yet one felt, un- easily, the demeanor of the people. They were ominously quiet and sulky, and there wasn't a woman in sight.

Therefore when three or four of them after consulting with each other, asked through an interpreter that I should come away from the two white men and the civilized boat-boys alone into the forest with them so that the women of the tribe might view that marvellous sight—a white woman, never seen on the river before—I hesitated. It was no good sign, in any case, that they had not brought a few old women down to the river. Moreover, the men were distinctly nervous and jumpy; furtive at the same time, and sly.

I had heard of this thing often; even visited savage places whence the women had been removed, anticipating trouble. I realized that it was up to me to do something, and that the use of the revolver was best avoided as long as possible. I rose, and deliberately threw away my temper. Guessing that one or two men might know pigeon English, which is extremely widespread on the Sepik, and that in any case they knew what a scolding meant, I scolded. I said that they had indeed "got their nerve with them" to ask me there, and then take the women away before I had seen them; that the mosquitoes were disgusting, and that the whole crowd were nothing more nor less than bats and pigs. I thought they would see through my acting, but they did not. They seemed puzzled, uncertain, and in the midst of their uncertainty, I marched away.

Afterwards I heard that the village had, two nights before or thereabouts, murdered, tortured and beheaded the inhabitants of another village, with the view of adding heads to their own assembly house, and acquiring prestige. We whites were three only, almost unarmed; I was the possessor of the only long-haired head ever seen on the river. I think that it was about the narrowest escape I have ever had.

Among the adventures—if they may be called such—that I liked best of all were three of my house-building attempts. The first was a dream house, set on the high point of a coral island named Sariba, and overlooking miles and miles of reef water colored like opal matrix. It was built of brown sago bark like satin, used as ordinary building sheets are used, and lined with sago stem, naturally polished. The roof was sago leaf thatch. Round the sitting room I placed a frieze of pure pearl shell; the shine of it, against the soft browns of the sago, in daylight or lamplight, was a thing to remember. It is still standing on the high point of Sariba, looking out to sea, but it has been converted into a mission church.

Drifting by degrees down to Papua again, I embarked on my last adventure of house-building; and now, with-in hand's touch of the true "wild," on the top of the hill that overlooks Rona Fall and a thousand feet depth of magnificent gorge, I rest. How long? That no one knows. I least of all.

Existence bare of romance would be day without sun, but when the sun has sunk below the horizon,

"There are the stars, brother . . . there's a wind on the heath."

A novel by Beatrice Grimshaw of the adventures of an English girl among the wild cannibal tribes of Papua will begin in the July number of McCall's.



## This one distinctive face powder meets the changed conditions of your active modern life

It is the Armand belief that face powder, like fashions, should conform to the life of your times. In fifty years there has been only one definite improvement in face powder. This improvement is embodied in Armand Cold Cream Powder, producing a marvelous texture which fulfils the need of today. It stays on during hours of activity without renewing. Armand Cold Cream Powder gives you a rose petal complexion.

Armand Cold Cream Powder is obtainable at all good stores at home and abroad. The price is \$1. Armand, Des Moines. In Canada, Armand Ltd., St. Thomas, Ontario.

Mail the coupon for this up-to-date trial package of the Armand Ten-Minute Beauty Treatment.

The package contains:

- 1 copy Armand's New "Ten Minutes a Day" beauty treatment.
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## Armand Cold Cream Powder



Always in the pink and white hat box at \$1

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I enclose 10c, for which please send me "The Ten-Minute-a-Day Beauty Treatment," including the four essential preparations.

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# 3 Nights' Sleep this New Drugless Way

Often Erases 10 years from the Face of the Woman Past 30, Say Authorities



Because it is not a drug and because it brings ALL-DAY ENERGY by replenishing your wasted tissues while you sleep, 20,000 doctors endorse this natural way to healthful sleep.

## Please Accept 3-Day Test

of This Unique Swiss Food-Drink, Doctors the World Over Are Endorsing

In sleep for women there is new youth; wasted tissues renewed. 8 hours of natural sleep, for even one night, will often take the care and age lines away. Every beauty specialist knows this. Every doctor will tell you so. Every woman past 25 should know it.

You can have it now; natural sleep almost instantly you go to bed; without drugs. Please accept a 3-day test. Note the difference in your eyes, your skin, in the way you feel and look the next day.

### Not a Medicine

This new way induces sleep without drugs or soporifics. It is as little a drug as the bread you eat or the milk you drink. Women are flocking to its use.

Over 20,000 doctors are advising it. Largely on medical advice, its use has spread over some 52 different nations. New to America, it has been used over 30 years in Europe.

You take it at bedtime. Soon you fall asleep. Next morning you wake up feeling like a new person. All day vivacity, a new interest in life are yours. The lines of fatigue are banished.

That is because this new way does another far more important thing than induce sleep. Being a scientific food-concentrate, it re-supplies your system

during the night with the energy you have lost the previous, active day, and rebuilds your wasted tissues while you sleep.

### Acts This Way

Ovaltine acts on entirely different principles from sleep-producing drugs. Remember, it's a food—not a medicine. Instead of drugging the nerves to sleep, it acts to soothe you to sleep by correcting the digestive unrest to which most sleeplessness now is traced by authorities.

It marks one of the most important scientific findings of its time. And must not be confused with "malt" or "chocolate" preparations which may look or taste like Ovaltine.

Because of its scientific dietetic value, doctors endorse it not only for sleeplessness, but for nerve-strain, digestive disturbance, run-down conditions, for nervous children, for nursing mothers and the aged.

### Accept 3-Day Test

Please accept the 3-day test below. Note how quickly sleep comes. Mark how great your next day's energy. Mark the difference in your whole appearance. Mail the coupon. Or obtain in regular size package at drug or grocery store. Also served at soda fountains.



Over 20,000 doctors endorse this unique way to healthful sleep.

## MAIL for 3-DAY SUPPLY

Send for 3-day test now. When it arrives drink a cup of hot Ovaltine for the next three nights just before retiring. Note how quickly you go to sleep, how refreshed when you awaken, how much younger you look and feel.



**OVALTINE**  
BUILDS BODY, BRAIN AND NERVES

THE WANDER COMPANY, DEPT. L-8  
180 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.  
I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing.  
Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.  
(Print name and address clearly)

Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....  
(One package to a person)

## STAIRS OF SAND

[Continued from page 32]

"All the same to me. Have a good trip down?"

"Fair, only fair."

"Wal, reckon I'd better turn in. See you in the mawnin'."

In the morning the stage-coach, with its six fresh horses champing their bits, stood in front of the post.

Day climbed to the driver's seat beside Merryvale, and untied the reins and Merryvale's ride to Yuma had begun.

The stage rolled on down the winding desert road.

In the distance the green heightened and thickened. Then a palm tree lifted its graceful head. A patch of darker green gave relief to the eye. The road wound along a deepening wash, where desert growths multiplied and flourished. Merryvale sighted a small adobe house, squatting under *palo verdes*.

From behind this house a tall man stepped, to gaze toward the stage. Merryvale's heart gave a great leap. Wansfell!

Day brought the six horses gradually to a stop opposite the adobe house, in front of which Wansfell stood waiting, with a small bundle tied in a red scarf.

The stage door closed upon Wansfell, the horses took to their eager trot and the trip to Yuma began.

The miles slipped by under the rolling stage. It progressed through the last of Lost Lake basin and began to climb. The horses slowed and sweat, the driver dozed on his seat, the sun burned hotly.

The silver sea of sand, the vast rising, heaving billows barred the way to the south. Ruth Virey's stairs of sand! Merryvale caught the symbol; and all his old deep mystic fear of the desert mocked at his hope for Ruth. Who could surmount that sliding stairway? Up and up, toiling, dragging, panting, fighting, only to find it false! His afternoons with Ruth came to him now a poignant memory.

Twilight and dusk! The coach rolled on, round bends, and always between walls of dusty arrow-weed. And at last night fell, so black that Merryvale's tired eyes could not see a rod ahead. The weary horses plodded on.

The last turn of the road! Merryvale saw the lights of Yuma.

MERRYVALE had to lengthen his stride to keep up with Adam down the wide dark main street of Yuma.

Presently, in silence, he led Merryvale down the street, towards the less pretentious section, where the lights grew fewer. At length he entered a narrow araway that led into a *patio*, dark, smelling of smoke and mescal, where figures moved like shadows.

A robust black-browed Mexican stared with sloe eyes at Adam, got up and threw away his cigarette. His swarthy face suddenly beamed, and he leaped at Adam.

"Santa Maria! It is my *grande senor*," he said, embracing Adam. Merryvale did not need to be told that somewhere and sometime this Mexican had run across Wansfell, the Wanderer.

"Si, Augustine," returned Adam, pushing the man back to wring his hand. "My pard Merryvale—we're starved, thirsty—and in trouble."

Without wasting words Adam told him the particulars of Ruth's disappearance from Lost Lake, according to Merryvale's information and deductions.

"Senor Collishaw is in Yuma. I saw him today," said Augustine.

[Continued on page 102]



## BEING UNSELFISH



IN time of sorrow the selfish way is to think only of our own great loss, our own sadness, our own broken hearts.

The unselfish way is to be grateful for having been privileged to share such a life as that just closed, and to make sure we fulfill every obligation to that cherished memory.

And when we consider such an occasion from this calmer and more sensible view-point, we realize that our greatest obligation is to provide the most absolute and positive protection possible for the precious remains.

It will be a constant comfort through all of the trying hours to come to be able to know that we did not slight this obligation, that we provided the Clark Grave Vault, so generally used today by leading families.

Designed according to an immutable law of Nature, this vault never has failed to protect during all of the quarter of a century it has been in use. This positive, permanent protection is due to its construction of Armco Ingot Iron, or Keystone copper steel, 12 gauge thickness and of special quality with a plating of pure cadmium on the higher priced vaults (applied by the Udylite process, exclusive on this vault). Being made of metal it is not porous.

Science knows no greater protection than is found in the Clark Grave Vault.

Leading funeral directors recommend this vault and give a 50-year guaranty with each one.

Less than Clark complete protection is no protection at all!

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Columbus, Ohio

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**CLARK GRAVE VAULT**

This trade-mark is on every genuine Clark Grave-Vault. It is a means of identifying the vault instantly. Unless you see this mark, the vault is not a Clark.



Nobody  
has to drink  
substitutes now.  
Nobody needs to  
give up coffee



*—here's one fine coffee that lets you sleep*

FRAGRANT and cheery this coffee is—yet you can drink it, even at midnight, and sleep. Kaffee Hag Coffee is a delightful blend of the world's finest quality coffees—but it has 97% of the harmful drug caffeine removed. It does not affect the nerves. It will not keep you awake.

But you'd never guess, by tasting, that the caffeine was absent (caffeine is odorless and tasteless). We extract it by an exclusive process. We leave the flavor and strength untouched. All the quick, bracing effects of coffee remain. They have never come from caffeine anyhow—but from aromatic coffee oils and heat. Caffeine stimulation doesn't even begin until two hours after drinking. Thus, there's no such thing as missing it at meal-time—though, if drunk, it may keep you awake hours afterwards.

How welcome Kaffee Hag will be to "substitute drinkers"!

To thousands who have been forced to put up with unsatisfying coffee substitutes because they have never before been able to get real coffee without caffeine!

Try Kellogg's★ Kaffee Hag. This fine, satisfying coffee will add cheer to all your meals. And everybody can enjoy it unstintedly. All the delights remain—but the harm has gone for good. Doctors recommend Kaffee Hag. Many drink it regularly.

Most grocers carry Kaffee Hag Coffee. Full one-pound cans. Air-tight. Ground or in the bean. Ask for it, too, at hotels and restaurants. On dining-cars.

For just a penny a cup you can try Kaffee Hag Coffee at home. Mail the coupon below for a sample can. We invite you to compare Kaffee Hag with any other coffee you've ever before tasted. Blend for blend. Aroma for aroma. Sip for sip!

*Not a substitute—but REAL COFFEE—minus caffeine*



**KAFFEE  
HAG  
COFFEE**

★ Now a *Kellogg* product

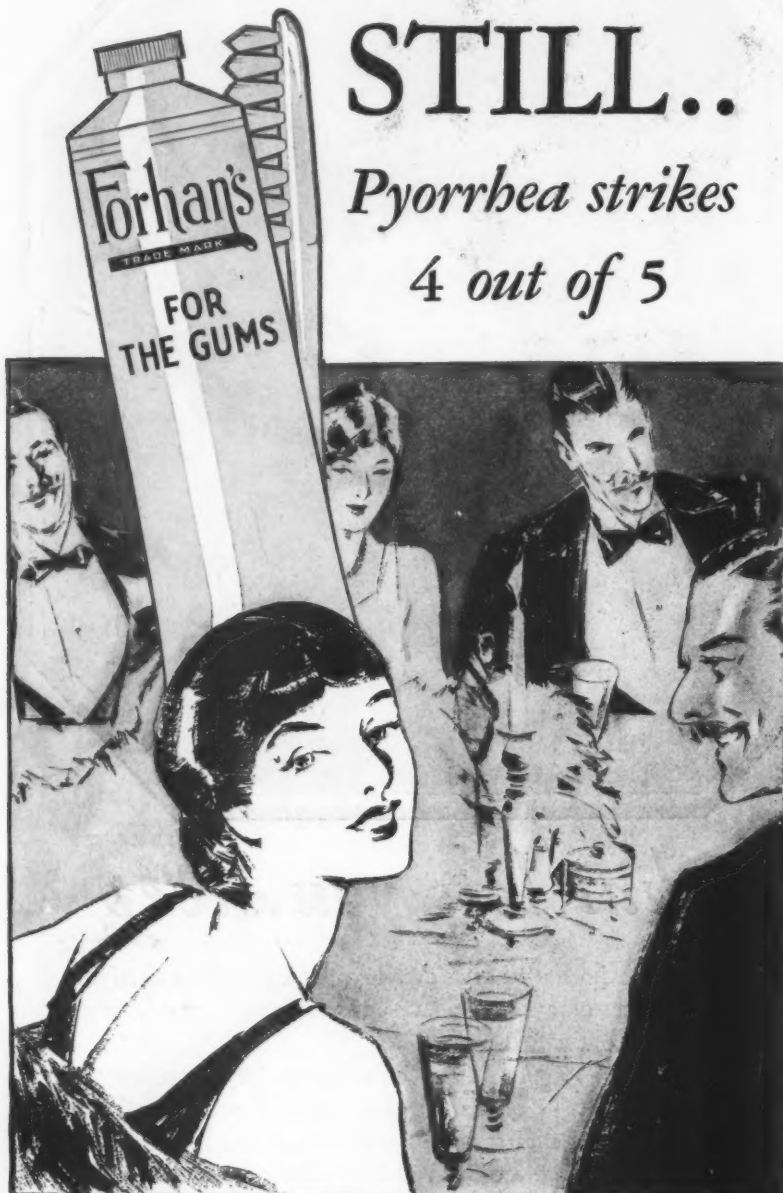
KAFFEE HAG CORPORATION, 1735 Davenport Ave., Cleveland, Ohio  
Please send me, postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag to make ten cups of good coffee. I enclose ten cents (stamps or coin).  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

Although teeth are white

STILL..

*Pyorrhea strikes*

*4 out of 5*



**F**EW people realize that Pyorrhea attacks even when teeth are clean and snowy white.

And as a result, this foe of health takes heavy toll from 4 out of 5 after forty and thousands younger. A needless sacrifice!

Take this precaution: See your dentist every six months. Every morning and night use Forhan's for the Gums. As a dentifrice alone, you would prefer it.

Without the use of harsh abrasives, it keeps teeth clean and white and also protects

them against acids which cause decay.

Moreover, if used regularly and in time, it helps to firm gums and keeps them sound and healthy. As you may know, Pyorrhea seldom attacks healthy gums.

Get a tube of Forhan's. Use this dentifrice every day. Massage your gums daily with Forhan's, following the directions in the booklet that comes with tube. Teach your children this good habit. Two sizes—35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.  
Forhan Company, New York

**Forhan's for the gums**

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

## STAIRS OF SAND

[Continued from page 100]

"Let me describe Stone to you," returned Adam, and gave minute particulars of Stone's appearance.

"No," said the Mexican, decidedly. "Senor, be seated. Eat and drink. I will go see."

He bowed with ceremonious assurance and left the room. Adam and Merryvale turned in silence to appease their hunger and thirst.

A long hour passed by, and time wore on toward a second. But at length quick steps on the stones! Augustine entered, blowing cigarette smoke, his dark face heated, his eyes like black daggers.

"Senor Adam, Collishaw's driver is Manuel Gomez, distant kin of mine. We are long acquainted."

"That is well. But tell me, Augustine," replied Adam, leaning forward.

"She is here," he replied, and flicked the ashes from his cigarette.

Collishaw, according to Gomez, had left Lost Lake to travel north, but when night fell he had turned back and waited till late. Then he had gone on past the post to stop by the water-trough. Here Collishaw left the wagon and went off into the darkness. He came back with another man, and they were carrying a woman wrapped in a blanket. They got in the wagon, where Collishaw held the woman.

They drove all night. No one slept. At dawn they turned off into a canyon, well back from the road.

When night came they resumed their journey, and reached Yuma long after midnight, halting at the edge of the town. The younger man lifted the woman out of the wagon. Then Collishaw took her away from him. They cursed each other and disappeared in the darkness.

"Senor, that is all," concluded Augustine, dropping his burnt-out cigarette.

"You think Collishaw took her to the Del Toro?"

"If he wanted her for himself—no. If for some one else—yes."

"How can we find out?"

"Senor, it is hardly possible tonight," returned the Mexican, spreading wide his hands.

"Senors, come, you must sleep," said their host, rising after a long silence.

In the morning Merryvale was awakened by a call from the door of his room. "Come pard, the day's broken, we have work to do."

After breakfast Adam gave Merryvale some money. "We look worse than scarecrows, and old clothes can't hang on forever. Buy what you need. Get a gun—a forty-five like mine, and some shells. Also razors, towels, soap and things we need so much."

"Fine. But how about the risk of bein' seen?" returned Merryvale.

"No one but Collishaw or Stone would know you. See them first and dodge."

"Wal, I'll go pronto."

The idleness of the night before was making him nervous, so, after buying a gun and clothes for himself and Ruth, and after paying a Mexican boy to bring his bundles to Augustine's, he walked by the Del Toro, across the intersecting street, and down, to turn back again. Viewed by daylight Sanchez's place looked its reputation.

Merryvale proceeded down the side street, so as to get a view of the rear of the building. A wide alley separated

this from a high vine-covered wall running along the back of the other half of the square. Down this side street there were but few pedestrians. Merryvale ventured to cross and enter the alley where he discovered that Sanchez's house had two wings overlooking a courtyard. A stairway led up to a doubled-decked porch. What easy means of entrance and egress from the rear!

With stealthy glance to and fro, Merryvale ascertained that no one appeared to be noticing him. Then he mounted the stairway. When he reached the first landing he faced a long corridor, blank painted wall on one side, with doors of rooms widely separated on the other. Behind Merryvale the corridor ended at a second stairway leading up.

Walking naturally he ascended this flight of steps which were of wood and very badly worn, and from the top looked down another corridor, identical with the one below, except that the ceiling was lower.

Stepping to the first door he knocked with bold, yet trembling hand. No answer.

Merryvale heard voices of women, laughing. He located the room and knocked. The sounds within ceased and the door was not opened. Merryvale kept on round the porch, looking everywhere, until he came opposite to the first door.

With trembling hand he rapped: "Ruth! Ruth!" he called, as loud as he dared.

He caught a low cry, soft footsteps, a guarded knock from the inside.

"Who is it?" she whispered.

"It's Merryvale."

"Oh, thank God. . . . Is Adam with you?"

"He's heah in Yuma. We come to get you. Who fetched you heah?"

"Collishaw and Stone," Ruth replied, in tense whisper.

"What about Larey?"

"All his plot. But don't tell Adam."

"Never mind now, I must go after Adam. Keep up courage, lass. We'll come pronto."

He wheeled and hurried into the street and back to Augustine's!

Merryvale burst into the patio and raced on, to reach their quarters breathless and triumphant.

Adam's two great hands closed on Merryvale's shoulders, like a vise.

"Pard! you know? How? Where?"

"Don't waste time makin' me explain now," returned Merryvale. "I've talked with Ruth. She's locked in. . . . It's the Del Toro, as shore you've guessed."

They left hurriedly and Adam's swinging stride, with which Merryvale kept pace with difficulty, soon brought them to the Del Toro.

Sanchez's saloon was roaring. Merryvale edged out of the middle of the sidewalk, and reaching the stairway he drew Adam in. They went up the second flight and turned in the corridor which was dark except at the farther end.

The porch, too, was deserted. Merryvale no longer looked fearfully in any direction. He saw only the door he wanted.

"Heah we—are—Adam," he said, drawing a deep breath.

He rapped. A moment of intense sus-

[Continued on page 103]







## New Vigor

from this stimulating bath

**N**OWADAYS it is a natural thing for all of us to feel "used-up" at times—we live, work and play fairly hard.

But we don't have to stay "used-up": there's one effective way, most wholesome and agreeable, to bring back our energy and vigor.

There's no secret about it: a hot Soda bath will work wonders in restoring tired nerves and weary muscles.

Nor is there the least difficulty about getting pure Soda. Arm & Hammer Baking Soda, a standby in the kitchen for three generations, is Bicarbonate of Soda whose purity exceeds the U.S. P. standards.

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## STAIRS OF SAND

[Continued from page 102]

pense followed. Adam's breathing was deep and labored.

"Ruth! Ruth!" called Merryvale, in low eager voice.

A dead silence greeted them.

"Get back," ordered Adam, and he drew back and lunged with tremendous force. The door cracked loud, broke from lock and hinges, and fell in with a crash.

Merryvale followed Adam into the room. It was empty. A small adjoining closet, dark and full of rubbish, showed no sign of Ruth.

"She's been taken away from heah," said Merryvale bitterly, getting back his wits and rising under the crushing blow. "Last word Ruth said was for me to hurry—that—" Here Merryvale caught himself and bit his tongue. He had nearly betrayed Ruth's fear of Guerd Larey's coming. "She was awful afraid of Collishaw," went on Merryvale. "She was all right, she said, but bad bruised from fightin' against this heah Collishaw—"

Merryvale's hurried speech died in his throat. Adam had turned white to the lips. With giant strides he crossed the threshold, out upon the porch. Merryvale plunged after him, into the house again, and down the stairs. Adam made directly for the swinging doors of the Del Toro saloon.

**I**N that day the Del Toro was the largest, if not the worst, drinking and gambling hall in the Southwest.

Merryvale entered close upon the heels of Wansfell.

Adam stalked down the center of the hall and halted where he could see everyone to the greatest advantage.

Merryvale, himself, searching with sharp eyes for the two men they wanted, scrutinized everyone within range.

"Heah comes Collishaw!" he said, suddenly, with bated breath.

"Sanchez with him, but I don't know the other," returned Adam, and his relaxed posture changed strangely.

Sanchez opened a door leading into a gambling room, and went in, with Collishaw at his heels. The third man reached for the door, to close it, when Adam, with a swing of his long arm, sent him staggering back. Adam entered the room, while Merryvale, quick witted and swift, followed, closing the door behind him.

The Texan suddenly espied Adam. He stared. His jaw dropped. His one eye, light and hard, expressed astonishment that, as Adam advanced, gathered a darkening suspicion.

Adam took a long step, instantly bridging the distance between him and Collishaw. The amazing swiftness of it caused Collishaw to jerk up stiff. The ruddiness faded from his face.

"I want Ruth!" Adam shot the words too low for Sanchez and the gamblers to hear.

The cool nerve of the Texan betrayed another shock of surprise.

"Who are you?" he burst out, as if involuntarily.

"Where's the girl? Quick!" flashed Adam, lower and fiercer.

"So it was you broke in her room!" rasped out Collishaw, and he lurched for his gun.

Swift as light Adam's hand pressed his gun into Collishaw's prominent paunch.

"Draw!" hissed Adam, pushing hard on his gun.

"You've—got the—drop!" hoarsely stuttered Collishaw.

"Bah! You need two eyes to deal with a man," went on Adam, in studied contempt. "You hideous one-eyed

[Continued on page 104]

## BEAUTY is health's reflection

Sallow, muddy skin often comes from a condition that may easily be prevented.



That lovely freshness that is youth, how glorious and yet how fragile! What folly to sacrifice it on the altar of careless habits!

**BEAUTY** is more than skin deep. It lies much deeper. It is the reflection of inner health, a state of loveliness that no cosmetic can counterfeit.

Constipation is one of the greatest enemies of beauty. Physicians say it causes a multitude of ills that impair bodily efficiency and destroy the loveliness that is woman's right.

One of the chief causes of constipation is lack of bulk in the diet. In most cases constipation can be avoided by eating regularly the bulk food the body needs.

*\*Ordinary cases of constipation brought about by too little bulk in the diet should yield to Post's Bran Flakes. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice.*

Millions of men and women have found Post's Bran Flakes the ideal bulk food. Its flavor is so delicious that it does not tire the palate. And normal persons find that eating it every day guards them against constipation.

### Make this two weeks' test

Constipation must not be neglected! Start our test now. Mail the coupon for a free sample which shows how delicious this food is. Or order a large package from your grocer. Don't expect the one serving from the sample package to correct constipation. To be effective, bran must be eaten regularly.

Every day for two weeks, eat Post's Bran Flakes with milk or cream. Its crispness and flavor will delight you. Vary the dish, if you like, with fruit or berries. It also makes marvelous muffins and bran bread.

We predict that after two weeks you will find this delicious bulk food a natural regulator, and will notice a big difference in the way you feel.

Then follow the example of millions of healthy people who eat Post's Bran Flakes every morning.

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**BRAN**  
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"NOW YOU'LL LIKE BRAN"



## Shampooing this way gives hair Unusual Beauty

*In a few minutes time, your hair is soft, silky and radiant with life, gloss and lustre. Try it!—see how lovely; how beautiful your hair will look.*

**B**EAUTIFUL hair is now easily obtained. It is simply a matter of shampooing.

Ordinary, old time methods, however, will not do. To bring out the **REAL BEAUTY**, the hair must be shampooed properly.

Proper shampooing makes it soft and silky. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle, and ruins it.

That is why thousands of women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

### A Simple, Easy Method

**I**F you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

First, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified coconut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and all through the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

### Just Notice the Difference

**Y**OU will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be delightfully soft and silky. Even while wet it will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

If you want beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, glossy, fresh-looking and easy to manage—and make it fairly sparkle with new life, gloss and lustre.

You can get Mulsified coconut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter anywhere in the world.

A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.



**MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO**

## STAIRS OF SAND

[Continued from page 103]

brute! Why, they'd laugh at you in Texas."

Collishaw's face turned a livid hue; his big head wagged so that it dislodged his hat; huge beads of sweat popped out on his brow.

"Who put out that eye for you?" continued Adam, leaning closer, in suppressed cold passion that was terrible.

Collishaw's frame seemed to expand with slow quivering pressure from within.

"Look at me! Look at Wansfell—the Wanderer! Look close!"

That one eye, evil, with all of hell burning in its depths, glittered on the verge of appalling recognition.

"Look close at Wansfell! . . . At me!—I put out that eye for you!—I am Adam Larey!"

"HELLSFIRE!" screamed Collishaw.

His stiffness broke. With hate-driven speed he snatched out his weapon. As it gleamed blue in the light Adam's gun bellowed with muffled report at Collishaw's abdomen.

Later when they had gained Augustine's quarters, Adam briefly explained to his Mexican friend the probability of Stone's having taken Ruth from the Del Toro. Thereupon Augustine, tense and excited, argued that Stone could not have ventured far with the girl in daylight, that he must have left the Del Toro by the back stairways, and had hidden her somewhere in the adjoining block, which was wholly a Mexican quarter.

"Senor, come," urged Augustine, and

rushed out, turning from the patio into a narrow passage that led into a side street. Here he strode quickly with Adam on one side and Merryvale on the other.

They reached the section the Mexican was bent upon searching. Most of the houses opened on the street, and natives were sitting in the doorways and out in front. Augustine questioned this one and that, proceeded swiftly from house to house, crossed the road and went down the other side. Adam and Merryvale kept pace with him, standing back when he questioned some one or knocked at an open door.

That block and the next were canvassed by the indefatigable Mexican without producing a clew. But he kept on into a narrower and less pretentious street, where only an occasional dim light shone. Augustine turned into an archway while Adam and Merryvale waited in the shadow.

Merryvale, giving away to gloom, leaned against a stone wall. He heard soft padding footfalls and imagined Augustine was returning. A dark form slipped into the dim flare of a light above the archway and entered a door nearby.

Adam leaped through the door like a tiger at this man. He uttered a low sharp cry and tried to swerve aside. But Adam's long arm swept out and the heavy hand spun him around like a top. Next instant that hand clutched his shirt, at the neck, and swung him hard against the wall.

[Continued in JUNE McCall's]

## THE LITTLE YELLOW HOUSE

[Continued from page 29]

briefly.

"What do you mean?"

"Watch your step," Lucille repeated, powdering her little sharp face. "Listen, Emmy Milburn, it never does a girl any good to make eyes at her boss."

"Don't you talk like that to me!" Emmy interrupted her, "I haven't made eyes at Mr. Harbison!"

"Oh, yes you have," Lucille calmly contradicted her, "maybe you don't realize it, but you do it every time he comes into our office."

But Emmy slammed the door of the dressing room behind her and marched out with cheeks burning with indignation . . .

It was only ten minutes to one when she stepped into his big luxurious office. She was wearing the new hat.

"I ought to take the hat off," she had told herself in the dressing room, "but it's so becoming . . ."

Harbison was sitting at his desk on her return. As soon as she sat down with her pad on her knee he got up and began to walk up and down dictating, with his hands clasped behind his back.

In twenty minutes he finished, and Emmy went out to her own desk to typewrite the letters. When she took them back for him to sign, he had his hat and cane on the desk before him.

"I'll walk down to the corner with you, Miss Milburn," he said, picking up his pen, "and we'll drop these into the mail-chute on our way."

"Look here," he said when they reached the street, "it's almost two o'clock. But you've had your lunch, haven't you?"

Emmy shook her head in its new hat. "No," she said, "I bought this hat this noon, and I didn't have time

for a bite."

"My car's up here in a garage on Thirteenth Street," he said, "if you haven't anything to do this afternoon we could go and get it, and find some place to lunch out in the country. This certainly is no day to spend in town, is it?"

"No!" said Emmy, breathlessly. She felt as if all the sunshine of the sunny day was pouring itself into her.

His car was a huge black roadster, shining with nickel trimmings. Emmy seldom rode in automobiles, and her eyes shone as never before when she and Wells Harbison rolled out of the cool twilight of the garage into the sunshine.

"Where shall we go?" he asked, "which way—east or west?"

"Anywhere!" Emmy laughed recklessly.

"That's the proper holiday spirit," said Harbison, laughing back at her with a gaiety that matched her own.

**T**HE great car sped along the shore of the lake. She thought of the dozens of times she and Robb had bumped over this same road. And when Harbison swung the roadster between the gate-posts of a fashionable inn called the House of the Seven Gables she couldn't help thinking of the barbecue sandwiches and "hot dogs" she and Robb had bought along the road sometimes, and the lunch-box filled with Mrs. Milburn's hard-boiled eggs and bread-and-butter.

The dining room was dark and low-ceilinged. A wood fire crackled in the grate near their little table. The windows were hung with printed linen curtains of old rose and powder-blue. Outside bright banners of sunset

[Continued on page 123]





## Like drinking the saline waters of the European Spas

EACH year distinguished people from all over the world throng to the spas and health springs of Europe.

At Vichy you see them—at Carlsbad, Aix, Wiesbaden—gaining relief from their physical troubles.

Many are the ills which these health waters relieve—indigestion, rheumatism, headaches, poor complexion. And the reason is very simple; these waters are charged with valuable salines that are the natural enemies of acidity and constipation—cause of many, many ills.

### Sal Hepatica—the practical equivalent of these famous spas

Few of us have the time or the opportunity to take the "cure" abroad, but still we may enjoy the benefits of the Saline Treatment. For Sal Hepatica, with its delicately blended natural salines, is the practical equivalent of these famous health waters.

Like them, Sal Hepatica cleanses the intestines promptly and clears the blood stream of poisons. And because it neutralizes acidity, corrects constipation and helps normalize bodily functions, Sal Hepatica is a great standby in relieving indigestion, headaches, rheumatism, poor complexion and a host of varied ills.

Dissolved in water, Sal Hepatica makes a sparkling effervescent drink—pleasant to take, mild and thorough in effect. Your druggist has Sal Hepatica. Get a bottle to-day and keep it always on hand.

Send for free booklet that explains more fully the benefits of Sal Hepatica.

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Dept. F58, 71 West St., N. Y. C.



# Sal Hepatica

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## LIVE BAIT

[Continued from page 14]

you shall have it," he said. "I have never endured rebellion from you, and I never will. If Dudley Wroxted comes—"

She turned her head suddenly. "He is here," she said, and rose.

He came into sight, the medium-sized, undistinguished Englishman who had danced with Stephanie the night before. He bowed briefly, first to the girl and then to the elderly Frenchman.

Dudley Wroxted's look dwelt on the girl. "Perhaps this evening—if you are not engaged, *mademoiselle*, you will come with me for a motor run?"

But before she could speak, M. Despard spoke for her. "I am sure that will give her great pleasure," he said. "And afterwards, *monsieur*, you will join us for dinner, I hope, and a little game of poker."

"I will certainly come," said Wroxted, and he addressed the silent figure in the background. "But first, *mademoiselle*, I shall call for you this evening at five and take you for a run."

WHEN Dudley Wroxted presented himself that evening in the two-seater he had hired, he found Stephanie already waiting for him on the steps. She took her place beside him with barely a word.

They had travelled two or three miles before Wroxted spoke. "I must apologize for bringing you out here against your will, Miss Despard. But since I failed to find you alone this morning, I could think of no other way."

She turned towards him very slightly. "Why did you want to find me alone?" she said.

They were drawing near to a blue inlet around which the road curved sharply. The rocky beach was barely twelve feet below its level. Wroxted brought the car to a standstill.

"Shall we get out here?" he suggested.

They reached the beach together, and Wroxted stood still. He laid his hand unexpectedly upon her arm, and she recoiled with a cry that escaped her unawares.

"I am sorry," he said. "I want to see that injury, please."

She faced him with eyes of fierce rebellion, but his hand held her wrist. "Please, you will be sensible."

Suddenly she yielded. "It's nothing—nothing at all," she said, with quivering lips.

She had tied a handkerchief over the wound. He removed it very carefully, with skilled fingers and rebound it again. For the first time she addressed him voluntarily. "You are a doctor, then?"

He raised his eyebrows slightly. "A surgeon of sorts. I had some practise during the war. It may simplify matters if I tell you that I know exactly how this was caused."

She shivered, and drew her cloak of silence about her once more.

He stood looking down at her. "Now, Miss Despard," he said very quietly after a few moments, "I know what your position is. You are a tool—a cat's paw. You have got drawn into this game against your will."

She neither denied nor affirmed. She only sat mute before him, waiting.

He went on steadily. "I can't expect you to trust me off-hand. But I want you to try and believe that my motives are straight. I've never made love to you—like du Vallons for instance."

She drew a hard breath; but said nothing.

He continued. "Last night you were [Continued on page 106]

## 17,510\* more exhibits before the jury



## And every one testifies... No more sleeplessness since changing to Postum

ORIGINALLY, but few of the 17,510 men and women who wrote these letters blamed caffeine for their sleeplessness. Caffeine seemed to make them feel better.

But as night after night brought its hours of tossing wakefulness—and as morning after morning brought its after-math of fagged brain and weary body—they realized that caffeine was not so innocent. That *actually* it deadens the warning signal of fatigue—attacks the nerves—repels sleep!

Then these caffeine users changed to Postum—made it their mealtime drink for thirty days. Before the thirty days were up, sleep had returned—sound, natural, glorious sleep! Mornings found them refreshed, alert.

### Try this test yourself!

Perhaps you know what it is to toss wide-eyed on a sleepless pillow. Perhaps you have suffered from nervousness, or indigestion. If so, make this test! Change to Postum for thirty days! See how much better you sleep—how much better you *feel*! Like the others, you'll become a Postum user for life!

You'll miss nothing in enjoyment by making Postum your mealtime drink. Instead, you'll like Postum for its rich, distinctive flavor—a flavor millions prefer to that of any other drink. Postum is made of roasted whole wheat and bran—no trace of any artificial stimulant in it. A drink that,

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unlike caffeine beverages, never robs you of sleep, never jangles your nerves, never causes headaches or indigestion.

Carrie Blanchard, food demonstrator, will help you start your 30-day test of Postum.

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"Let me send you, free, one week's supply of Postum, with my personal directions for preparing it, as a start on the 30-day test."

"Or if you would rather begin the test today, get Postum at your grocer's. It costs much less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup."

"Please indicate on the coupon whether you prefer Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil."

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I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of  
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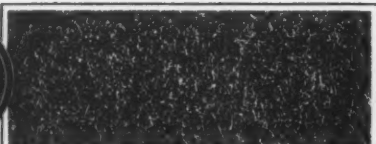
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(A) White-gloved finger tips rubbed over Liquid Veneer are not discolored. Liquid Veneer leaves no greasy film; dust does not stick to it.



(B) White-gloved finger tips rubbed over old-fashioned furniture polishes reveal their greasy film and tell why they attract dust.



## Prevents dust sticking

DAUGHTER'S room—how careless Claire is with her powder, lipstick, etc.—And powder does so stick to bureau tops and dressing tables—There is one sure way to prevent this—use the new Liquid Veneer.

There is a very good reason why the new Liquid Veneer prevents dust sticking

—It leaves no greasy film. Dust does not adhere to a surface polished with the new Liquid Veneer. Scientific tests have proved this.

The scientists found that the new Liquid Veneer polishes without hard rubbing, produces a mirror-bright surface to which dust does not stick, because Liquid Veneer leaves no greasy film.

A few drops of Liquid Veneer on your Dust Cloth every day

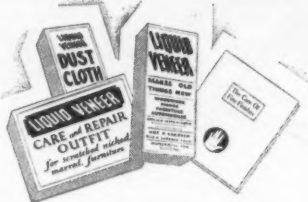
—a few swift strokes, no hard rubbing, and quickly a mirror-bright polish appears on your table tops, furniture, and all your woodwork. And, remember, dirt does not adhere to a surface polished with the new Liquid Veneer—because it leaves no greasy film.

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Offer B Regular Price  
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## LIVE BAIT

[Continued from page 105]

decent enough to warn me against your father, and I behaved like a cad. I wonder if you can bring yourself to forgive me for that."

She spoke at last, not looking at him. "Oh, if you would only go away!"

"I'm sorry," said Wroxted. "I can't. I'm going to get you out of this."

She shook her head. "No."

He went on, as if she had not spoken. "I can offer you a home and an honest living if you'll take it. I think I mentioned that I was staying with cousins at the Bourbon. Have you heard of Lord Bramstead?"

She threw him a sudden glance. "My father told me you were related."

Wroxted's cynical smile appeared for an instant. "No doubt he would like to meet him. I only mentioned the relationship to convince you I belong to a respectable family and honest in the ordinary sense of the word."

She spoke with abrupt weariness. "I can't imagine why you are taking this trouble. I only tried to warn you, because you were rather different from the rest. You are trying to befriend some one who is utterly unworthy of your friendship. And you are making a very grave mistake." She got up with the words. "I think we have discussed this matter enough. Let us go back!"

He put out a hand. "We have only just begun to discuss it. Miss Despard, if you won't accept my help I shall find a means of compelling you. Be sure of that! I am not going to leave you alone—knowing what I know."

She stiffened at his words. "You will help me against my will?" she asked.

"Yes," said Dudley Wroxted. "But, believe me, that is not going to make any difference. I told you last night that I might succeed in swallowing the bait without being hooked. Tonight, you shall see me do it."

But she turned from him in silence and began to walk back to the car.

THERE was a room in the little white villa which shone, rose-lighted above the steps of the garden. Within four men were visible, seated around a card-table. They played earnestly, speaking only when necessary. None appeared to pay any attention to the soft dropping music outside.

Towards midnight the youngest of the party suddenly leaned back in his chair.

M. Despard's eyes were upon him in a moment. "Not tired yet, I hope, Mr. Wroxted?" he said courteously.

Wroxted was smiling his ironical smile. "With your permission I will look on for a little," he said.

The tinkling notes of the guitar came through from behind him like fairy music. In a moment du Vallons was on his feet, his small black beard quivering with nervous excitement. "Myself, I go to walk in the garden," he said.

De Brissac watched du Vallons' clumsy exit with glowering eyes, then he also pushed back his chair. "I also—I also—require some air."

Wroxted smiled. "Exeunt Romeos!" he remarked. "Yes, monsieur, I will play another hand with you with pleasure. But I have a fancy for a new pack of cards."

He pulled an unopened packet from his pocket with the words and laid them upon the table in front of M.

Despard. The gesture hinted contempt. M. Despard drew himself up with dignity. "I do not understand," he said. "I do not expect my guests to bring their own."

"A mere fancy!" Wroxted said easily, and gathered up the cards that littered the table. "Call it caprice if you will! I am a believer in caprice."

The Frenchman leaned sharply forward. "I do not call it caprice, Mr. Wroxted," he said, his voice was trembling. "I have—quite another name for it. Give those cards back to me at once!"

Wroxted stood holding the pack. "But why should I do that, monsieur?" he asked lightly. "Exchange is no robbery. Surely you are no loser if I offer you another pack instead!"

M. Despard raised himself in his chair. "Give those cards back to me!" he said again.

Wroxted began to laugh. "But monsieur, why? Surely this particular pack can be of no especial value to you! New cards are always pleasanter to handle than old."

"Give those cards back to me!" M. Despard said again. "I will not have your new pack! Give those cards back to me, or—take the consequences!"

"That is what I propose to do," said Dudley Wroxted quite suddenly. He put the cards into his pocket but his eyes never stirred from those of the man who faced him.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "I have a use for these cards of yours, M. Despard. I will return them to you later—in the presence of your friends—when I have finished with them."

M. Despard's mouth dropped open and his lower jaw began to gibber. He made several efforts to speak, but utterance failed him. He stared up at the younger man with eyes of flaming hatred.

Wroxted's face showed only unswerving determination. He waited grimly for M. Despard to find his voice. But suddenly he leaned further forward, and for the first time his attitude was threatening. "Keep your hands on the table!" he ordered. "Your hands—on the table!"

The old Frenchman suddenly collapsed, falling forwards upon the table, his silvery head bowed. "Give me back—my cards!" he moaned piteously.

Wroxted laid a firm hand upon his shoulder. "M. Despard," he said, "listen to me! The game is up. But I have no wish to expose you. I will give you back those cards—on one condition." "Quick! Quick!" gibbered M. Despard. "The price!"

Wroxted's brows suddenly drew together. "The price, M. Despard, is your daughter. You will give her to me—in exchange for these cards."

"My daughter!" Astonishment and dismay gaped at him from a face that had become senile. There was no longer any dignity in M. Despard's demeanor; he was as a man floundering for his life in deep waters.

"You will tell her that she has been offered the post of secretary to Lord Bramstead, and that it is your wish that she should take it up at once. Otherwise—" He glanced towards the window.

M. Despard's hands were feeling along the edge of the table.

[Continued on page 109]



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## LIVE BAIT

[Continued from page 106]

Suddenly there came the sound of an opening drawer, a sharp click and in a flash Wroxted was upon him.

"You devil!" he said.

There followed a desperate struggle that ended as suddenly as it had begun in Wroxted drawing away with a revolver in his hand while the older man dropped back exhausted in his chair.

"So much for that!" Wroxted said. "And now to business! I will give you back your cards, and you will give me—your daughter."

M. Despard ceased to curse and lifted a panic-stricken face. "They are coming!" he said. "They are coming! Quick, *monsieur!* The cards!"

Wroxted's lips twisted a little. He slipped the revolver into his pocket. "I will give you both later," he said.

STEPHANIE came up the steps, carrying her guitar. Her father turned in his chair slightly. "I have been having a talk with Mr. Wroxted about you," he said.

"Yes?" said Stephanie.

"I have received an offer from him," he said, "which in your interests I feel bound to accept. On his recommendation his cousin Lord Bramstead desires to employ you as his secretary. An interview has been arranged for you tonight, and if he is favorably impressed with you, you will enter his service at once."

Stephanie's look flashed to Wroxted's face. He was looking full at her with a mastery that compelled.

He spoke. "I have put the offer before your father, Miss Despard, and he thinks it is one that should not be refused. Lord Bramstead is waiting to see you and clinch the matter now at the Hotel Bourbon."

After a few seconds she spoke, addressing him as if they were alone. "Is it true? Does my father wish it?"

M. Despard replied at once with exasperation. "Should I say it if it were not true? Go and put on a cloak, Stephanie! We must not keep Lord Bramstead waiting."

"Is he waiting?" asked Stephanie of Wroxted.

He looked at his watch. "No doubt he will be by the time we arrive."

"And you are coming too?" she said to her father.

"But of course!" protested M. Despard irritably.

Du Vallons and de Brissac exchanged glances and bade their host farewell. As the door closed upon them, M. Despard heaved a sigh of immense relief. "And now," he said courteously, "if you will kindly hand over the cards, Mr. Wroxted, I shall not accompany my daughter to the Hotel Bourbon. I will leave her—to your care."

Wroxted without a word took the cards from his pocket and laid them upon the table just beyond his reach.

He was still standing, grimly waiting, when the door re-opened and Stephanie appeared on the threshold.

M. Despard turned to her. "I have placed you in Mr. Wroxted's care," he said. "He will conduct you to the Hotel Bourbon. Go now!"

She stood for a second motionless; then she turned and went through the door and Wroxted firmly followed her.

WROXTED was guiding his car in and out of the ruts that made the shore-road so little beloved of

motorists. The hills beyond were vague and shadowy in the moonlight.

She turned her face towards him.

"Does Lord Bramstead know I am the daughter of a swindler?" she asked abruptly.

"He knows as much about you as I know."

He brought the car to a standstill. "I know that when you left school your father brought you here and made you—in your innocence—the live bait on his hook. You loathed it; but you were powerless. You so loathed the old men that your father gathered round him that you didn't care what happened to them. But you weren't prepared to let a man of your own breed be sacrificed."

"And have you told Lord Bramstead all this?" she said in a low voice.

"I have told him more," Wroxted said quietly. "I have told him that you are honest to the core, and that I am prepared to vouch for you."

She spoke with sudden passion. "Oh, stop playing with me! You have done what you intended! You have swallowed the bait without getting caught on the hook. I am yours now, and I suppose you will treat me as—as my father expected you to treat me when he made me the price of his honor."

Wroxted spoke very gently—"It is not quite fair to judge everyone by your father's standard. Can't you take me for a friend, Stephanie?" He laid a small glittering object in her lap. "If you can't—take this from me for your protection. You have a right to it. I took it from your father."

"You took it from him!" She stared at him as if bewildered, then something seemed to give way within her, and she broke into a passion of tears.

"Oh, child!" Wroxted said.

She gasped out between her sobs. "He might—have killed you!"

"And if he had—you don't mean to say you'd have cared?"

His hand found hers; her fingers, cold and trembling, closed upon it.

"I should have died!" she whispered tensely.

"Thank heaven for that!" said Wroxted. His arm went round her. "Marriages are better than funerals, Stephanie. Shall we get married instead?"

"Married!" She slowly turned to him. "Are you really thinking of—marrying me?" Her eyes shone with a strange brightness.

"I have never thought of anything else since I met you," said Wroxted very simply. "But—" he paused as if in momentary confusion—"there's one thing I've got to tell you first, I ought to have told you sooner. But you see, I wasn't sure of you. And now . . ."

A queer little smile struggled through her tears. "No you are not sure of me," she said. "But why don't you take me to Lord Bramstead? I've got something—very important to say to him."

Her smile deepened and a dimple he had never seen before appeared near the corner of her mouth. "Wouldn't you like to know?" she said.

"Tell me!" he begged. "What is it you want to say to Lord Bramstead?"

Roses hung within her reach. She pulled them to her, gathered one and pressed it closely to her lips. Then she gave it to him.

"Just that!" she said.



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## IN THE COOL OF THE DAY

[Continued from page 27]

other day. Way back, Grant wanted Everett badly . . . didn't he ever tell you that?" Selange shook her head. "Corporation stuff, big money. In fact, he made your husband a definite offer. I was in the office during that interview and I can remember your husband . . . what he said and how he looked. It made a . . . con-founded impression on me."

"A . . . con-founded impression?" repeated Selange with her laughter.

"I mean, it was so odd—what he said."

"What did he say?"

"He sort of grinned a little the way a boy does when he's obstinate and a bit ashamed. He 'couldn't live without a garden and time to walk in it . . . and he quoted something—Browning, I guess—about 'the cool of the day.'"

So her surmise was true. That dissipation of Roger's was an old one and had already stood in the way of his advancement. Grant thought of him as a "rube." But this big man at her elbow, this empty and possessible man, believed in Roger, wanted him still. Selange spoke again. "Would you really like to hear me play?" She leaned beyond the umbrella shelter with shy eyes inviting.

"I'm as particular," Selange went on, "about my music, who listens and how and when, as Roger is about his garden. Will you do . . . just this?"

He was flushed by that look of hers. "Just anything," he whispered, "to hear you."

"Come out to the house. It's the white one at the end of Traver's Lane." "I know it, the one with the highest hedge in Connecticut."

"Yes—Roger's garden. Come at half past six, no earlier, no later, and the maid will let you into the room that is always called the South Parlor. I'll be playing and I won't stop. Just slide in and take the easiest chair and sit quietly and listen. I'll be improvising. If you really want to hear that sort of music?"

"It's you," he murmured and Selange signalled to a straying waiter and asked for some more of the delicious little round brown cakes.

**T**HE old Admiral who lived next door was the only person in Stock-stone who was not surprised when the Everetts rented their house and moved into a New York apartment. This bachelor, who spoke of himself as an "ex-seafaring man," was a quiet, observant old fellow who had a trick of marching in and out of Roger's garden, pulling a weed here and there and making comments of a rumbling kind to any stray robin.

That move—and the Admiral guessed it—was the result of Selange's friendship with John Brandt. He set himself to lure Roger, for a dual reason only one half of which was known to Roger's wife, into the lucrative and ambitious conducting of the legal business of that powerful New York corporation of which Brandt was a partner. After that first music-baited hour, Brandt was forever coming to Stock-stone.

As for Roger, finding a listener there so often in his own chair during that hour must gradually have troubled the evening peace of the garden until its spell was dissolved into a jealous restlessness.

He could not help but see Selange's admiration for achievement, her impatience of that lack of ambition in the husband-lover. But never a word from either of them. It all worked together, smoothly and subtly as a serpent works

amongst the stalks of flowers, to the point where Grant's dazzling offer of the once rejected opportunity found Roger unable to plead again his rendezvous in any garden. So this time, his troubled look upon the lovely turbulent face of his life-partner, he consented.

The Admiral promised to provide a home for Cupid, though he felt that the "poor child" would be a bit *de trop* in the garden of an ancient bachelor ex-seafaring man.

**N**OW, there are many excellent things to be had in New York City, but the leisure for contemplative solitude is not easy to come by there, not if you are introduced into the very center of one of its innumerable social and business vortexes by such an expert New Yorker as John Brandt. He did not know, of course, that he was acting as an instrument for Selange's desire to possess her husband. In fact his object was to occupy the mind and time of this young country lawyer he had so cleverly advertised into the confidence of the firm. Brandt took care of his business hours and saw that Selange and Roger dined and danced, wine and smoked and flirted with the rest. Only once, that Winter, did Selange, coming into the new brave living room with its inevitable apartment-stiffness, find her husband standing by a window, quite silent and alone.

She paused on the threshold of the unlighted room with her finger on an electric button. She spoke softly, "Roger," but he gave no sign of having heard.

How long he must have been standing there, forgetful of his engagements, of his life, of her, completely absorbed, while New York's cataract of sound fell slumberously, incessantly below him. Selange caught up her courage and moved resolutely to stand beside him. He did not seem to feel her touch. The evening city under its clear turquoise sky was beautiful and shining. It looked like a garden of strange, tall, bright-petaled flowers . . .

Selange pressed the nearest button as Brandt was introduced into the mercilessly lighted room. Roger's face, as he wrenched about, looked seared.

It was the change in that dear face from its beauty of detachment to its sharpness of competitive desire that gave Selange her first small chill of compunction. She was not a stupid woman and she knew then, as she stood there at her ease between the two polite and smiling men, that she had started a conflict whose prize came near to being a bewildered human soul.

Later, she received her second chill. It came, quaintly enough, from the lips of their old neighbor, the Admiral, in whose charge poor Cupid had been left. He duly received his invitation to visit the Everetts and came to the apartment in a great state of flattered excitement. He was taken the first afternoon by Selange to a musical comedy and in the evening to a studio dance. This dance was the Admiral's first experience of jazz. He sat in his neat old evening clothes, his two hands on his knees, smiling and wrinkling his brows, his face faintly flushed with excitement and a taste of wine.

"What've you been doing to your husband, my dear?" he asked Selange when she had danced herself into the just vacated chair beside him.

Her attention fixed like that of a startled bird. "But, Admiral Dean, what have I done? He's been a great success here, you know. Don't you

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# IN THE COOL OF THE DAY

[Continued from page 110]

think he looks well and happy?" "He looks—um," the Admiral had become omniscient again, "like . . . um . . . one of these changelings, you know, that got into the bodies of medieval babies and scared their nurses into fits—looking up at 'em under simple little bonnets with awful wise little old eyes. Trolls, weren't they?"

"Admiral Dean," said Selange, her eyelids weighted, "if I'd known what a horrible old troll-king you were yourself, I'd never have invited you to visit us. How is Cupid?"

The wicked seafaring man chuckled. "He don't know where to shoot his arrows, poor chappie, lost his sense of direction, maybe. He's gettin' cross-eyed squintin' first at the old lady and then at me. Better come back, Selange, for Cupid's sake."

But Selange did not come back. She stayed in New York all Summer, her husband being too busy for any vacation, and Brandt stayed too, sullen at her refusal of a yachting trip with a well chosen party of acquaintances. Brandt was becoming very difficult for her to manage and Roger had an air of bitter and complete absorption in his work that shut her out. It worried her—the bitterness, the acidity of his reserve. He had the look of a jungle hunter with a poisoned arrow on the string.

There came a day when the poisoned arrow struck. Its quarry was with Selange and she was playing passionless music in the dusk. Roger had not yet come up from his office. But Brandt was there, close to her elbow. She had fenced with him to the point of exhaustion. If there were only some way to free her life of this agent of Roger's surrender to her will, some not too thankless word which would drive Brandt out from her perfected Eden as with a gently flaming sword. But Brandt, thanks to her skilful use of him, was possessed now. She played intricate, cold music. Roger would soon be here. If only he would come before . . . before . . .

"Play a Spring song, won't you?" said Brandt. "Don't you know it's April? That stuff you're hammering out is mid-Winter. Play me something . . . out of a garden . . ."

And it was because she was stirred by the memory of a small hedged garden, wistful and empty of everything but sweetness, that Selange forgot her part and turned to look at him.

A trifling, giddy instant later, Roger faced them, but not with the face which had lifted itself towards a tremulous silvered poplar. "I'll give you, Brandt," he said, shortly, looking into the eyes of the other man, red and loud-breathing, "half an hour to leave New York."

Brandt laughed, opening and shutting his great hands.

"Grant's got out a summons for you. I've been on your tracks for this last year. Suspected your methods from the start. Smythe put me on your trail. I paid him higher than you did. Your method of falsification was shrewd but not quite so shrewd as it should have been, Brandt, considering you'd intentionally engaged a country lawyer, a rube, in love with gardens, not too wise on corporation intricacies. Have I said enough?"

To Selange's bewilderment, it seemed that he had said enough. Brandt melted like a dwindling snow-wreath, out of their room, out of New York, out of their lives.

But Roger stood before Selange and she saw that the strength had gone out

of him. "Why did you let him?" he stammered in the broken voice of boyhood.

Selange came and she took him, all hers at last, body and mind and twisted soul, in her penitent, maternal arms.

Stockstone heard in May that Roger Everett had had a nervous breakdown, and that the Everetts were coming home. The Admiral, humming jazz, carried his borrowed Cupid back to the neighboring garden and superintended the raking and Spring planting, with a more than neighborly zeal. So that the odor of hyacinth and jonquil came stealing in across the open thresholds on that first evening at dusk when Selange began to play. It was her hour.

Roger lay, more relaxed than a day in Stockstone's legal world had ever made him, along his chair, and this time there could be no doubt as to the direction of his look. His eyes hung upon Selange and she felt their weight, almost as an oppression. The Admiral's green door clicked and Roger and Selange knew that he sat out there again with his old pipe to listen to her music.

It was improvisation but it was no longer Selange: a gentle, drifting melody, a lullabye for childhood—not Selange. But it satisfied her listener, the nearer one at least. He smiled for pleasure in her and in her tunes, smiled and drank her beauty with his tired, home-coming eyes. Selange's breast rose and fell.

"Roger, why don't you go out into the garden? It's lovelier than ever."

He was in no haste but presently he did get up and come to stand beside her. "Will you come too?"

She looked up. There had never been a word between them about that rendezvous of his. "You want me?" "How could any garden be lovely without you, Selange?" He kissed her lingeringly.

"Go out then. I'll come presently—when I've finished this."

He went reluctantly. Selange played slowly and more slowly, with one hand at last, the other wearily pressed against her eyes.

Then Roger called, "Selange, Selange." And she came running, for his voice was desolate. He sat on the stone bench beneath the little Cupid, his hands limp, a haunted expression on his young pale face. It was the result of his illness, of course, she told herself, and patiently came to sit beside him there and soothe him. "Anything wrong, dear?"

Roger laughed a little and laid his cheek against her lifted hand. "Oh . . . nothing. I was lonely, that's all. The garden," his voice broke, "seemed so empty. No one here."

She drew his head to her shoulder, not only for tenderness but so that he might not see the terror in her face. His garden was empty. She had driven away that comrade with whom he had walked at peace in the cool of the day. Roger was all her own. But he was no longer the lover of her passionate longing, the unattainable lover who had given her that priceless gift of loneliness. Now he was only her child, and her possession. It must have been her enemy in him that she had greatly loved, her enemy, her Friend, the very Lover of her soul.

The Admiral knocked out his pipe and softly closed his green door. Moonlight slid over the tall green hedge. A high air silvered up and down the poplars. Selange sat there, holding her child in her arms, calling with all the passion of her awakened soul upon the name of that invisible, silent Enemy.

"The house was a blazing furnace . . . the

# flames caught me!"



"We were living at a saw mill camp. One day our house caught fire. I rushed upstairs to save my baby. A celluloid comb in my hair ignited. My hair caught and my clothing . . . The doctor immediately applied Unguentine. Relief from pain was almost instantaneous. We kept on with the Unguentine and in an amazingly short time the burns were healed. Now scarcely a mark can be seen. Needless to say, Unguentine is always in my medicine chest."

DAILY we read of the ravages of flames. For fire can mean tragedy—the agony of scorched flesh, the legacy of terrible scars.

Take no chances with any burn. Burns from stoves . . . Hot water burns . . . The many burns to children. Spread on Unguentine at once!

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Apply Unguentine liberally. It has the power to soothe the pain— instantly. It kills dangerous germs, protects the tissues. It helps speedy, healthy healing. Soon, almost invariably, not a scar remains!

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"My father, who fought from '61 to '64, is now, of course, a very old man. One day he had a fainting spell before the fireplace. He was so terribly burned we scarcely dared hope his life would be spared. We used quantities of Unguentine at once. As soon as the doctor got to the farm, he prescribed Unguentine for the anxious weeks that followed. Mercifully the pain was eased and the tissues repaired. You can well imagine we never let our supply of Unguentine run low."

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Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

## GETTING REACQUAINTED WITH MOTHER

[Continued from page 15]

sabbatical year writing a novel.

I discovered here that my lady appeared to have read everything! She was decidedly up on modern authors and I was surprised at her liberalism in ethics and politics and religion.

I had trotted along to Europe with mother under a dormant sense of chivalry. It was my bounden duty to protect her. Rather she protected me.

It was not, perhaps, until we stepped into a milling crowd outside the Long-champs race course, on our first holiday afternoon in Paris, that I really realized what a boon it was to be abroad with mother. The taxi driver had been liberally dowered with *pour-boire*, but demanded more.

Men in spats, manikins in mauve, gamins under foot began to draw near to observe the sport. The hangers-on snickered at the foreign dumb-bell's discomfiture. Furiously helpless, I was about to yield the blackmail as the easiest way out when, from the line waiting to purchase tickets at the gate, twenty feet away, came a calm voice. Mother walked slowly to the curb, fastened her eyes upon my lowering tormentor and said quietly:

"Allez-vous en!"

No more than that. And without even a murmur, the bandit ceased his noise. He saluted and, in a moment, his tiny cab was scurrying back towards the city. Mother smiled.

"Mr. Parker told me to say that whenever I was being imposed upon," she explained. "It means: 'Get out and get out quick.' I don't know whether it's quite nice but it is effective."

As I took her arm, the years dropped away and I was again a small boy being helped over a rough road.

A DOLL'S house of a hotel, at the foot of Lake Geneva, was our home on the Swiss Riviera. It was painted scarlet, its walks covered with red gravel, the awnings and easy swings on the terrace were crimson. In the quaint garden there were beds of blue forget-me-nots and the pink and white horse-chestnuts mingled with the silvery leaves of queer, stunted little cypresses.

At our feet, tiny sail boats passed with scarce a ripple. The great *Dents du Midi* were folded in cloud, fog and snow. There was a queer feeling of unreality as though one lived in a painting. One day I heard mother say gently, as though thinking aloud:

"Here life seems to stand still long enough to look at it."

ON our first excursion atop those gaily painted London buses that seem to laugh away the miles even in thickest traffic, mother fell into conversation with an old gentleman in morning coat and bowler. He pointed out the pigeons of St. Paul, the Stock Exchange, the Bank, Fleet Street, the Strand and, when he saw we were fascinated, confided with vast pride:

"I am one of the fifty-six surviving freemen of the old City of London. I was born in the City. This gives me certain privileges, Madam. I am entitled to call upon the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House and call him out if I wish. He would have to come right out on the steps! Of course I never exercise this prerogative."

In London, mother remarked:

"We have seen much of this dear old city from Rotten Row to Petticoat Lane. These people are putting up a brave show of courage. But things are not well. Don't you sense a heart-

break behind the mask of these English faces? But, come what will, they are going to pull together. They know the value of cohesion."

CERTAIN seasoning, certain qualities of reflection may be acquired only with the passage of the years, most philosophers believe. But there are short cuts sometimes for the young who will go back a generation to learn. One way is to rest your head again, and as often as you can, upon your mother's knee. Her precious wisdom is yours for the asking.

Long, long ago great Grandfather, a boy of fifteen, set out on the great adventure of his life in a sail packet from Ayr. The pocket of his Sabbath suit held the Book of Common Prayer and a letter to an uncle, a merchant in a settlement on the Wateree River in South Carolina. In mother's memory, this lad was a keen, neat little old gentleman who paced his parlor and recited *The Cotter's Saturday Night* with a fervor none could equal.

At the Jane Darling hotel in Edinburgh we met a sprightly old lady of Ayr, a wonderful old lady. Her cheeks were rosy, her hands as fragile as lace, and her blue eyes beamed behind old-fashioned good spectacles.

"Have you ever heard of the Kennedys of Ayrshire?" mother asked her.

"Aye, my child," she replied, with a slight shudder, "the 'Wild Kennedys.' They were pirates in Henry VIII's time. One of them once roasted a monk and fled to his fastness, Kennedy's Pass, at Girvan on the coast."

Mother looked at me and I looked at mother. Then we burst into laughter. Great grandfather was a Kennedy!

"A' weel," smiled the little old lady when we told her, "don't you take it to heart. They've been bonnie good lads, the Kennedys, these last two or three hundred years!"

WE lingered long in the country of Fair Ellen and Rhoderick Dhu. But mother had prepared the pleasantest surprise of all for the very end of this joyous journey. Our last evening but one we passed with Cousin John in Glasgow. I understood better the qualities that have gone into the fashioning of mother's character when I saw her with this surviving patriarch.

Cousin John is a remarkable man, scholar, sportsman, historian, collector. His strong jaw and jutting brows bespeak a will of granite. But kindly light eyes and ready smile tell of a heart responsive and generous.

He warmed at once to mother's spirit. He got out the old family bible with its quaint lettering and its chronological record of births. And after supper he showed us his collection of books, armor, swords, Rembrandt etchings, paintings and spoils of the chase.

Finally we sat before the coals and, at mother's subtle urging, he recited *Tam O'Shanter* as only a Scotchman can. The richness of his dialect is still in my ears.

When the car came the old gentleman patted mother's hand, saying:

"Tis a pity you must leave me, my dear, a pity. But come soon again."

A LETTER from mother came yesterday. She wrote:

"I do feel our trip did a lot for us, don't you? Everything seems so much clearer and dearer."

Ah, I wonder if even you realize, mother of mine, how much clearer and dearer!



## "In Ten Minutes I Tinted It New!"

You can restore delicate, fresh tints to faded frocks, lingerie, hosiery, etc., with a few drops of Putnam used like bluing in the rinsing water. Any light-colored garment or home furnishing given clear color as simply as washing in cool water. Same 15-cent package dyes or tints all materials in one operation. At your druggist's.

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# Writing

A source of income that many women neglect

MANY women who should be writing never even try it because they just can't picture themselves making "big money." They are so awe-struck by the fabulous stories about millionaire authors that they overlook the fact that \$25, \$50 and \$100 or more can often be earned for material that takes little time to write—stories, articles on home management, children, fads, recipes, etc.—things that can easily be turned out in spare time.

Mrs. M. Genevieve Foley, Lock Box No. 5, Laurium, Mich. (a busy woman, mother of seven children) wasn't afraid to try. She writes:

"With very limited educational advantages, I am now, after a year with you, writing for the biggest paper in the world. A letter this morning praises me for most excellent work on a recent submission, and gives me the appointment of correspondent here."

Another of our student-members who tried is Mrs. Jennie C. Cooke, 315 Catawissa Ave., Sunbury, Pa.—"I received my first check just before Christmas. I looked upon it as a present. I write at least one article a day; yesterday's contribution was a six stanza poem."

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**Cal-o-cide FOOT REMEDY**

# WOMAN—AND A DECADENT JURY SYSTEM

[Continued from page 30]

ample charities for their suffering families and furnishes the work for which such immigrants should be grateful. Those men are tools of Moscow and should be punished summarily, as we punished the unpatriotic in war time."

And then an old jurist, sitting quietly at the end of the desk, spoke softly, saying: "I fancy we do not yet know just where the borderline of guilt and innocence lies in such cases. The future may tell us, but most of us close these questions by voicing our prejudices. It is the purpose of the law to find truth, and apply justice; but it is doubtful if in this case a really detached point of view can be achieved."

Thus we have five men, and five different judgments. The case was decided by the judge without a jury. He found for the union men, and a higher court sustained him; but when brought before the Supreme Court of the United States, his decision was reversed, and the labor unions were condemned. Even in that high tribunal, four separate opinions were written expressing four separate views, and the majority opinion was followed by strong dissents from two justices. Yet men solely—not women—were dealing with that case. They showed as great variance concerning judgment of guilt as did Dr. Bisch's four women.

But certainly we would not assume from this example that men are therefore unfit to judge guilt! It was a type of case where those called upon to deal with it felt deeply and were unable to set aside their individual feelings and prejudices; and as a consequence no unanimous verdict was possible. Such results are inherent in a humanly administered law.

In some districts of the United States the notion prevails that woman is fundamentally incapable of judging fairly. There she is being avoided instead of tried out on juries. These are states where she is needed most. New York is such a place. It seems incredible that fear of her persists in spite of the continued decadence of the jury system. It amounts to saying that any kind of man is a better juror than the best woman, for as a matter of fact, in many districts we are only getting the least responsible type of men on juries.

The deterioration of juries is a dangerous civic symptom. The ancient right of trial by jury lies at the very foundation of our nation and its liberties. Time was when jury service was a mark of leadership and distinction in the community. Now, those called rush to the judge with excuses or seek the district political leader in an effort to secure influence for their exemption.

Nominally, every citizen is liable to serve; but actually, in most districts, over half of those called find a way to escape. States vary, but in most of them the laws have been too generous in providing for exemptions.

While waiting in court for my case to be called one first Monday morning of the term, I saw a panel of eighty reduced to thirty-four in less than an hour. Only four of those remaining had ever gone to high school. Most of them were plumbers' assistants, waiters, clerks from small shops, chauffeurs, soda fountain boys, and men out of a job. There were too many old men with impaired fac-

[Continued on page 114]



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A large ten-ounce can of **Energine!** A soft cloth! And a few minutes of your time—will make many a spot-soiled garment clean and wearable! Spotless, pressed neckties make husbands happy. Spotless gowns make wives more beautiful. Spotless garments give children character.

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**Physicians prescribe Bayer Aspirin; it does NOT affect the heart**

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If you wish, however, to try in sample form the two beauty aids most in demand, I will be glad to send you a generous tube of my Youth Cream and a Petite Boudoir box containing a thirty-day supply of my Face Powder at the cost of wrapping and mailing. Simply enclose a dime with the coupon. I will include my Beauty Book in the package.



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## WOMAN—AND A DECADENT JURY SYSTEM

[Continued from page 113]

ulties and others too young to judge of human values. I later mentioned to the judge my experience with mixed juries in California, and asked him if a few wholesome middle-aged mothers on that panel would not have helped him out, and his answer was spontaneous and illuminating:

"Would that we did call women! They would at least leaven this sodden lump of humanity left in the jury box after excuses are over!"

It is a menace to our institutions to leave this constitutionally established arm of justice to the ignorant and indifferent; or, worse, to the "professional jurymen" who most of all degrades the Constitution's high intentions. His kind is usually found hanging around police or county courts. I have frequently seen the venire exhausted with places still to fill, whereupon the bailiff would go out into the halls and the doorway of the courthouse, summoning bystanders. Then these hall-bench professional dispensers of justice would step forward to earn for their masquerade the few dollars per day in fees. I have later heard them in the police corridors gloating over the number of cases they decided "for" such and such a policeman or sheriff; for these professionals are usually convicts.

Then there are the professional "acquitters" who infest jury panels. An illustration of that came to my notice within the last few years in the Federal Court in Pittsburgh. It was reported to me that juries in that city would not convict on liquor charges. An investigation disclosed that the clerk and commissioners, discouraged at the bother of making up long lists of talesmen and sending notices out, only to have those summoned present excuses from serving, had fallen into the habit of filling the jury box from lists of names handed to the clerk as "willing jurors." Of course the attorneys who most often represented defendants saw to the making up of these lists, consequently keeping the jury box filled with "professional acquitters."

Thus, a round robin of evasion by citizens and indifference by court officials is bringing this most important of our Constitutional safeguards into contempt and ridicule; so that, as one writer has bitterly characterized it, the average jury is—

"a lot of men picked from the polling lists who have not enough political pull to get off, or who are out of a job and want to pick up three dollars a day."

In the police courts I saw the advent of the gentler sex rout professional jurors, and I have heard those scavengers of justice complain to their ward politicians that women didn't ask to be excused enough, and therefore no vacancies appeared in the lists of venire, so that they could no longer pick up a living by hanging around the hall of justice.

When women were first called on juries in California, an old judge who had served for upwards of thirty years violently opposed having women come into his court to judge of guilt. But after a year's experience, he sought an opportunity to say to me:

"Mixed juries have not only changed

my mind as to women's fitness for the duty, but they have restored my fastebbing respect for the usefulness of juries at all. I find if the club women and other public spirited women are put on the jury lists, few of them present excuses, and consequently a much better educated class of women remain than men. They listen carefully to the instructions of the court. They view their duties conscientiously. I hope that women may be drafted where usefulness of the jury is deteriorating because the best men refuse to serve."

We should bear in mind that merely because emotion is easily shown by woman, it does not follow that she feels emotion any more deeply, or that showing it will make it sway her reason. I have twice seen women on a jury break down and weep at a touching appeal on behalf of the child in one instance, and the mother in another, of defendants who had committed serious crimes. But together with the men, who showed their feelings

less openly, the women promptly brought back verdicts of guilty.

I am not claiming for woman any superiority, per se, over man as a juror. The good results which follow her into the jury box come from other causes. What I do insist is that she is not inherently unfit, and that when unfitness is encountered in her, it arises, like it does in men, from particular prejudices peculiar to the individual, and dis-

qualifying only in cases where that prejudice would have an opportunity to be exercised. When she is believed to harbor prejudice, it can be avoided by challenging her, as for generations past prejudice has been handled when encountered in other talesmen. It furthermore is apparent that from the women who are called we secure jurors superior intellectually and educationally to the men who remain after those whose business will suffer have been excused, and the presence of women on the panel is causing jury commissioners to be more careful of the type of men whose names are put with those of women in the box, and is goading indifferent officials into providing clean and respectable surroundings in which the jury is to deliberate.

The facts disprove such prejudices as Dr. Bisch has voiced, facts which are accumulating from many states and territories of the nation where the experiment of mixed juries is receiving a really fair trial. Fears of and objections to woman's judgment come from places where it has not yet been put to the test. Such fears develop out of a complex from which some men have always suffered since antiquity.

We have outgrown virulent notions of woman's mental inferiority. But sometimes it comes to the surface; and when it does arise to thwart the use of women for a civic duty—performance of which is at the point of breakdown without her—it is then high time to recognize its unreliable origin. It is only mental wreckage circling in surface eddies. To cling to it is aimless. Why not strike out for deeper, truer currents of thought that lead to broader recognition and use of the civic resources that lie in womankind!





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There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine from any drug or department store and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful complexion.

Be sure to ask for double strength Othine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

Ask Your Dealer to Show You the Latest Model

**Imperial**  
Electric Vacuum  
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You Will Certainly Be Surprised  
Price with all Attachments **\$69.75** On Easy Payments

**Be a Tea Room Expert**

Tea room managers, assistant managers, hostesses, table directors, buyers, etc., needed everywhere. We teach you entire business in your spare time. You can quickly qualify as a tea room expert, ready to step into a well-paid executive position, or open a tea room of your own. A splendid income. Fascinating work and easy hours await you. Send NOW for Free 44-page Book, "Pouring Tea for Profit."  
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## FOR RENT—25,000 CHURCHES

[Continued from page 47]

on very special occasions, at not less than 25,000—practically one-fourth of the total number. And hundreds of churches are being added to this "vacant" list every year!

GENERALLY speaking there are three things by which one can measure the condition of any church—the financial support, the membership roll, and the attendance record.

Naturally the financial condition of the rural church is far from rosy. One couldn't expect anything else in the circumstances. Yet the money situation could be worse. One thing seems to be sure: it wasn't love of money, or Mammonism as the preachers would say, that caused the present disaster.

Nor do the membership rolls look as bad as one might be led to expect with the casualty list of rural churches before him. In fact, one of our prominent bishops made the statement only recently that the American people as a whole are more religious than formerly because the proportion of inhabitants who are church members is much larger than a century ago.

WELL, if the main source of the church's trouble is that the people don't go to church any more the way they used to, what may be the cause of this neglect?

I once preached in a section where life had formerly been a hard taskmaster. Clearings had to be made in the primeval forests, swamps had to be drained, and the good people could barely make a living. Then the malaria fever epidemic came. Hundreds of these brave, hardy people lost their lives. The churches were crowded. They remained crowded for many years afterwards. Today that section is a beautiful stretch of country, with concrete highways, flourishing towns and losing out; there is a decline in spirituality, an increase in ritual and formalism. The rising generation seems apathetic; its mentality is different from that of the fathers.

The phenomenon is quite ordinary. What I have just described happened in scores of sections of the country. In the first struggles of pioneering, in the storm and stress period, people felt the need of supernatural support and the church was the logical place to go to. Today we are surrounded with luxuries of every kind. We are in a sense leading the victorious life. We feel more or less independent of God and man. The church is now looked upon as an interesting and sometimes useful adjunct of modern life; not as a dire necessity without which life itself would collapse.

I still remember the time when the rural church was practically the sole medium of social intercourse. But now the farmer is no longer shut up in his own little world. Automobiles, newspapers, the radio, have in a sense placed the great world itself at his feet. His mental horizon has widened to an enormous distance, and the little church or meeting house doesn't loom up half as large as formerly.

There is another thing the rural citizen will call your attention to, and that is the multiplicity of church organizations. Your modern farmer is not theologically developed, like his fathers. Those fathers may have had a whole bushel full of reasons why they were Baptist and not Presbyterian, or Methodist and not Congregational, but their descendants have none whatsoever, generally speaking, and these same descendants cannot for the life of them

[Continued on page 116]



## Wash away those annoying hairs!

JUST a touch with the liquid De Miracle, just a rinse with fresh, clear water—and your skin is smooth, hair-free, clean and charming. Literally, you wash away the annoying hairs of under-arm, limb, neck and face! You actually see the hairs dissolve. How easy, how natural, how womanly! Smart women today are turning instinctively to this modern method of removing annoying hair with the liquid De Miracle.

De Miracle is a delicately perfumed liquid, pleasant to use and guaranteed to satisfy. Sold at all toilet goods counters. In three sizes 60¢, \$1.00 and \$2.00. Buy a bottle of De Miracle today and have a clean hair-free skin by the pleasant, natural, modern method of washing away hairs. If you have any difficulty in obtaining it, order from us enclosing \$1.00. De Miracle, Dept. 35, 138 W. 14th St., New York City.

**DeMiracle**  
REMOVES HAIR

## FAMOUS FEET

..how they're kept free from corns



DOROTHY DILLEY's Famous Feet

"Dancing with a corn is like attempting a trans-Atlantic flight with a grand piano. Let Blue-jay check your excess toe-baggage."

So writes the charming Dorothy Dille, who is leading ingenue in the new Broadway hit, "Take the Air."



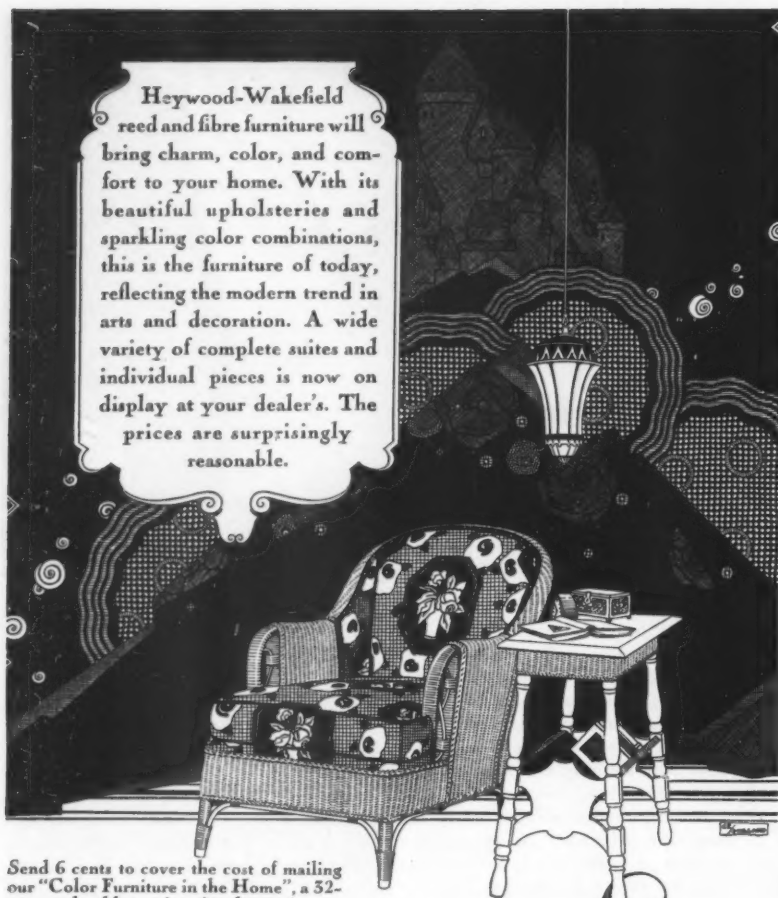
Blue-jay has been starred for 28 years as the safest and gentlest way to remove a corn. The "longest run" of any corn-remover... and going stronger than ever. To its millions of friends, the new Blue-jay offers some pleasant surprises. A creamy-white pad instead of the old-style blue one. A more flexible disc and an improved package. Now at all drug stores. For calluses and bunions use Blue-jay Bunion and Callus Plasters.

**THE New Blue-jay**

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THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

Heywood-Wakefield  
reed and fibre furniture will  
bring charm, color, and com-  
fort to your home. With its  
beautiful upholsteries and  
sparkling color combinations,  
this is the furniture of today,  
reflecting the modern trend in  
arts and decoration. A wide  
variety of complete suites and  
individual pieces is now on  
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prices are surprisingly  
reasonable.



Send 6 cents to cover the cost of mailing  
our "Color Furniture in the Home", a 32-  
page booklet on interior decoration.

# HEYWOOD-WAKEFIELD

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## \$100 FOR YOUR CHURCH

**\$75,000 Will Be Distributed  
Among Churches This Year**

**WOULDN'T** you be proud to be able to  
give your church a gift of \$100 or more?  
Wouldn't you personally or a committee of your  
society in the church be glad to learn of a new plan  
that is easy, pleasant, and dignified; a plan that  
eliminates the distasteful soliciting for funds which  
so often has to be done?

There is such a plan, the McCALL CHURCH  
PLAN, under which more than ten thousand different  
church societies have secured funds in varying  
amounts, some over \$800.00. Large church or small,  
in big city or tiny village, no matter what the de-  
nomination, this plan is open to you.

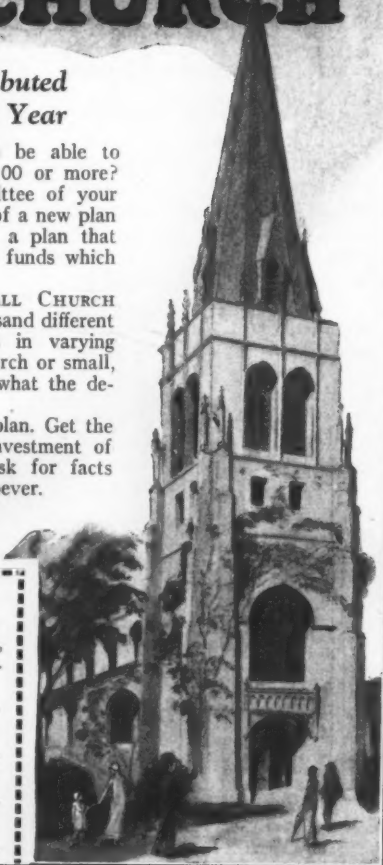
Send for the facts about this \$100 plan. Get the  
information at least. Remember no investment of  
any sort is required and you may ask for facts  
without incurring any obligation whatsoever.

### Send This Coupon

Dept. 5A, McCALL'S MAGAZINE,  
McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio.

Please tell me without obligation or expense,  
about the McCall \$100 Plan for Churches.

Name .....  
Local .....  
Address .....  
City & .....  
State .....  
Name of .....  
Church .....



## FOR RENT — 25,000 CHURCHES

[Continued from page 115]

see why Omniville, with its 600 inhabi-  
tants, should have half a dozen more  
or less of sickly, struggling, and yet  
sharply competitive churches. It all  
looks rather farcical to them.

In my own territory where I carried  
on my investigations there is a little  
town with four little churches, all of  
different denominations, and all so  
close together that on Sundays they  
disturb one another in singing. They're  
all in the same block! And today they  
all preach and pray and sing the same  
thing. The situation hardly appeals to  
a sensible man or woman.

There is also noticeable among the  
American people a growing dislike of  
what I would call a religion of prohibi-  
tions, a religion that says, "Don't  
do this; refrain from that; do not go  
there." Many churches, especially in  
the small towns and the  
country, still have their  
private select list of  
prohibitory command-  
ments, and godliness  
often seems to consist  
in the keeping of them,  
and no more. Modern  
Americans, rightly or  
wrongly, rebel against  
this. In fact, I have  
spoken to large num-  
bers of young people  
who assign that as a  
reason for their refusal  
to join the church.  
Many of them have no  
objection to "Not Al-  
lowed" and "No Tres-  
passing" signs, but they want to see  
the sensibleness and the reasonable-  
ness of the injunctions.

Another important factor in the de-  
cline of the country church, in my  
opinion, is the really poor education of  
a considerable part of the country  
ministers. People know a whole lot  
more than they did a generation back.  
The church has failed to realize the  
vast increase in popular learning and  
is sending out thousands of men for  
whom well-read and well-schooled  
farmers cannot possibly have much  
respect. Poor diction and poor logic  
can no longer be camouflaged by clam-  
orous oratory and wild gesticulations.

On the other hand, there is the min-  
ister who is well educated and who  
still doesn't give the people what they  
want. I have received countless lam-  
entations from laymen in this con-  
nection. They tell me that what they  
want is soul food, while their ministers  
give them nothing but *brain* food. They  
want a *preacher* in the pulpit, not an  
amateur scientist.

**THEN** there is the great trio of  
modern inventions—the automobile,  
the movie, and the radio.

Fully eighty percent of the cars  
owned by the members of my recent  
church never see the church yard. They  
are used a-plenty on Sundays, but they  
take their owners to the neighboring  
towns, to the lake, to the cottage, to  
the ball games, etc.

The movies, too, carry a heavy bur-  
den of guilt. The small town movie  
houses are crowded from Sunday to  
Sunday, while the minister addresses  
his perorations largely to vacant pews  
that stare at him with a benign and  
tender look of pity.

Finally there is the radio. Here is  
what happens to thousands of min-  
isters: I called on a parishioner re-  
cently, a splendid type of husband and  
father, and in my cheeriest tone of  
voice said, "Well, Mr. Brown I haven't  
seen you in church much of late. Any  
particular reason?" And Mr. Brown

with a peculiar squint in his eyes in-  
vited me into his living room, pointed  
to his radio receiving set, and said,  
"There's my reason! I am getting the  
best sermons over this outfit every  
Sunday, from New York, and Roches-  
ter, and Pittsburgh, and all over." Which  
naturally made me feel a bit  
helpless. Ye shades of our Puritan  
fathers, what a find! What a glorious,  
invincible excuse to stay out of church!

The remedy?

You can divide the thousand sug-  
gestions in two well-defined groups.

Here is what one group proposes:  
The country church has not kept pace  
with the humanity of the new day. She  
is lagging far behind. She is too nar-  
row in her views and methods. She  
should branch out into all sorts of  
social work. Forget about heaven and

things heavenly for a  
while and seek the de-  
velopment of soul,  
mind and body by a  
broad program which  
will include social ser-  
vice, general education,  
wholesome entertain-  
ment, athletics, etc. In  
other words, bring the  
modern institutional  
city church into the  
country, and see what  
happens.

The other group  
champions a different  
plan. They say the  
church must remain  
true to the ideals of

her Lord. The great trouble with the  
church of the more recent past has  
been that she busied herself too much  
with things that were not of her im-  
mediate concern, and the only way  
in which the country church, and any  
other church, can get back to her  
early florescent condition is for her  
to tend strictly to her own particular  
business. That business is purely spir-  
itual in nature. Give the people what  
they really need and what they are  
secretly hungering and thirsting for,  
and you will witness a revival of in-  
terest the country over.

And there you are. The doctors agree  
on the diagnosis, but differ radically  
when it comes to the medication.

I feel that this country cannot afford  
to let the "Little Brown Church" and  
its thousands of sister churches in the  
rural districts go to utter ruin. Our  
national life in all its ramifications is  
too closely wrapped up with the fate  
of the country church. An agricultural  
population of fifty million, churchless,  
faithless, would hold possibilities of  
disaster too frightful to envisage.

Weak spots will be strengthened.  
Obstacles of all kinds will be gradually  
removed. The two groups described a  
moment ago will get a chance to work  
out their different ideas, and one or  
the other will succeed. A steady, pro-  
gressive movement will develop in all  
parts of the country. While holding  
tenaciously to the great principles that  
were the basic strength of the Christian  
church in its onward march through  
the centuries, and that produced,  
through the church, our civilization, the  
church will at the same time apply  
those principles to modern conditions,  
by modern means in a modern way.

Our people will be up and doing.  
The country church will regain its  
glory and live.

And it will be a happy day when  
from the thousands of steeples, now  
silent the glad bells ring out once more  
calling the throngs to worship, and tell-  
ing the world that America is still true  
to her own, God-consecrated self.





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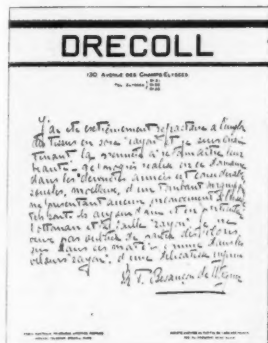
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# The loveliness of Rayon proclaimed by

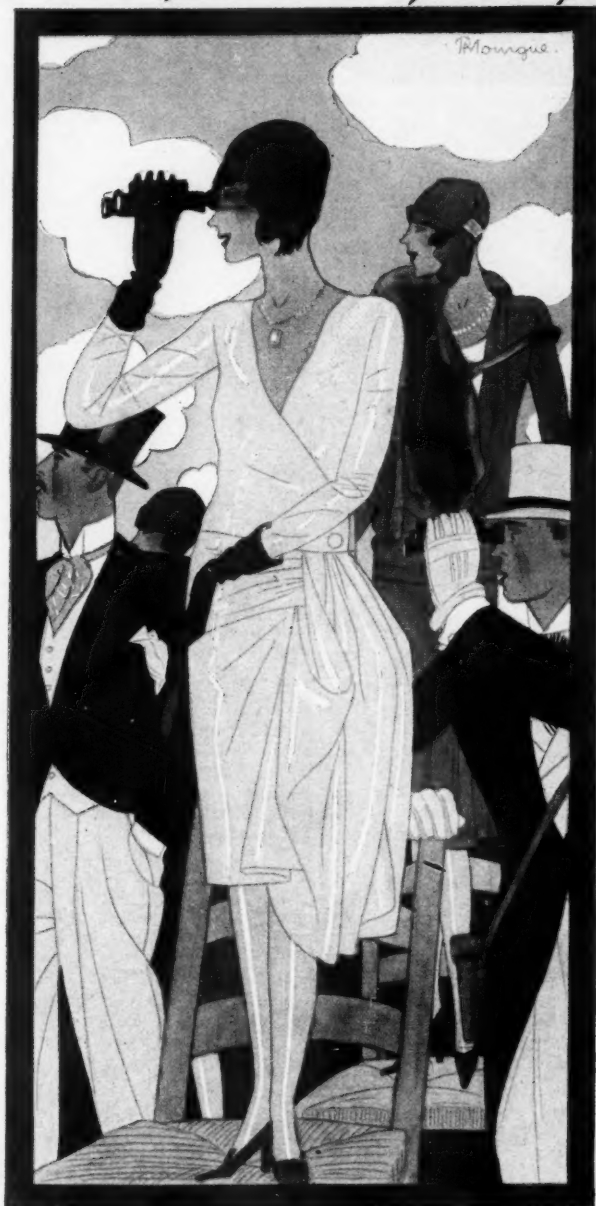
## DRECOLL



An artist-sophisticate who handles fabrics gracefully and beautifully—and for whom rayon has been a delightful medium of expression.



"I have found rayon well adapted to the subtle sophistication of the mode and consider it a priceless addition to the materials at the designer's command."



America, also, has yielded to the allure of rayon fabrics. Textures fine as spun gold, delicately woven. Surfaces soft as the rose-petal, surfaces on which the fingers caressingly linger. Colors—soft pastel tones, clear and pure, and rich shades of crimson and gold, shot through with romance and glamor.

There is hardly an end to the myriad ways in which rayon serves you. Crepes, voiles—taffetas, velvets, satins—rayon sounds every note in the range of lovely fabrics. It is made into apparel of every kind, from lingerie to evening gown.



An unusually durable textile, rayon requires in laundering only the same precautions you would ordinarily take with any fine fabric.

To the salons of the Parisian couturiers come the most beautiful of the world's women for the most sumptuous of the world's costumes. And in these centers of the mode, these capitals of fashion, rayon is used for the most exquisite and most distinguished creations. Drecoll, designer of the sophisticated, has bowed before it. So, too, have Poiret, Callot, Jenny, Lanvin—dictators of elegance, originators of modes.

And interior decorators, admiring rayon's marvelously clear colors, greet with even greater enthusiasm its extraordinary draping quality and warmly sponsor rayon for draperies, hangings and upholsteries.

Rayon underthings, laundered again and again, keep their soft freshness, their true, deep colors. Rayon holds its shape without stretching or shrinking and though it should be laundered with the same care you give other lovely fabrics, no special precautions are required.

Here are a few of the many ways in which rayon makes costumes smarter and homes more charming:

**COATS.** Forecasts of the autumn mode indicate a wide use of rayon grosgrain and rayon satin for coats and ensembles.

**FABRICS.** Virtually every fashionable fabric type is found among the many rayon weaves. Velvets, satins, georgettes, crepes, voiles, taffetas, wool crepes, basket weave woolens—these are but a few of the many rayon fabrics, beautiful, modish, long-wearing.

**EVENING GOWNS.** Charming debutante and sophisticated hostess alike are enthusiastic over rayon velvets, satins and taffetas for formal wear throughout the season.

**HOSIERY.** Wishing to maintain a special hosiery shade for every costume, the fastidious woman appreciates the long wear and moderate cost of rayon, which permits an unlimited supply of fine hose.

**UNDERTHINGS.** With their fine, even texture and soft, flower-like surfaces, rayon underthings possess the charm and delicacy so indispensable to intimate attire.

**UPHOLSTERIES.** Permitting the most splendid effects of colors and pattern, rayon is unexcelled as a material for the finest upholsteries.

**CHILDREN'S THINGS.** Dainty dresses, attractive underthings, long-wearing, trim-looking stockings, nightgowns, pajamas—fortunate, indeed, the mother who has discovered the charm—and the economy—of children's rayon attire.

**MEN'S WEAR.** Socks and cravats . . . scarves and handkerchiefs . . . underwear and pajamas . . . smoking jackets and lounging robes . . . rayon appeals not only to the beautifully gowned woman but to the well-dressed man as well.

# Rayon

Send for "The Mode and Rayon," a book telling the story of rayon and its use by Parisian couturiers. Illustrated with rayon creations by Drecoll and other famous designers.

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Please forward my free copy of "The Mode and Rayon."

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# Fabrics designed to tempt a woman

INDIAN-BASKET DESIGNS woven into dainty modern fabrics—restrained, civilized, yet colorful—with all the richness that tempted Navajo maidens long ago!

Fabrics in the weaving of which Civil War ladies might have had a hand. Simple stripes, but in colors that no linsey-woolsey ever had.

Among Aberfoyle Fabrics there are materials in many shades and even more designs. In the shops one sees Aberfoyle Fabrics in riotous designs, in dainty feminine motifs, in simple smart de-

signs, and one always finds admiring women reveling in them.

Aberfoyle Fabric designs are appropriate for every occasion—little French flowered fabrics for summer afternoon—smart bold plaids for sport. And there's not a colorful piece of Aberfoyle Fabrics but what may be washed as often as you

## THE NAME ABERFOYLE

on the ends of the board around which the material is rolled assures quality. ABERFOYLE fabrics are fully guaranteed as to quality and fast color. They are dyed in the yarn, then each piece is thoroughly laundered before leaving the mill.

# Aberfoyle Fabrics

please. Aberfoyle Fabrics are on display in shops throughout the country and may be purchased at a wide variety of prices—ranging from inexpensive little cotton lawns through many exquisite weaves to handsome and more expensive voiles. Aberfoyle Fabrics are distributed to wholesalers by Galey & Lord, Inc., New York City.





# TARGET

[Continued from page 23]

Mr. Prentiss? When are they coming?" "About second day of June week, sir. I'll let you know exactly."

Blossom found Commander Fitzhugh sitting in his chair in the dark. "Mistah Cap'n, what you sittin' here in de dawkin' lookin' at? It ain't like you all. Dat Misshippum—"

"That Midshipman is a most excellent officer, Blossom. . . . And Blossom, I've been considering some important matters. I want you to move my things from the big front room into the smaller one. I want you to go over the house and see to every piece of furniture not in condition, every bit of linen not mended, every item of silverware and china needed and—so forth. I shall conduct a very severe inspection, Blossom."

She stood in amazement, hands on her hips. "Will you all have a little more of your mid-afternoon, Mistah Cap'n? You isn't well."

"I'm quite well, Blossom. You see, I'm entertaining a few guests for the graduation week celebration. Two ladies. That is all, Blossom."

THE town observed a new energy in Commander Fitzhugh. Charlie could testify that the Commander had bought a box of gold-tipped cigarettes and four boxes of chocolate-covered mints. The Nicholas Tailor Shop exhibited as something of a curiosity an ancient dress uniform which had been sent in to be cleaned and pressed.

Midshipman Prentiss came several times. He did not notice any change in the cottage. There was a little fresh paint on the gate and a new flag had been run out, but that was all. Or rather that was all that Midshipman Prentiss saw. He was there in his own interests. He wanted to clinch his quarters. There was just June Week, a short leave and then—two long years at sea!

MAY skipped by and Annapolis made ready for her festive June. Hourly trains from Baltimore and Washington were bringing crowds to the town.

Then, one day, "Blossom, the young gentleman informs me my guests will arrive tomorrow afternoon." The Commander spoke casually, from behind his pipe. "I want you to remember that, as hosts, we represent the United States Navy."

That evening after an inspection of his guest chamber, he sat at the window and listened out into the night. A pleasant satisfaction was upon him.

Yes, he was glad to entertain the ladies of the Navy. . . . Some of the June roses were out. He must remind Blossom to cut them tomorrow. . . .

THE four-twenty train the next afternoon brought many aunts, mothers, fathers, and "very wonderful girls." But Midshipman Prentiss' aunt and his young lady friend were evidently not among them. At least the old Commander, sitting stiffly in his dress uniform and glancing occasionally at the little white gate out front, had seen no sign of them by six o'clock. In the dining room was Blossom, in a ludicrously inadequate white apron, putting out linen and silver for four covers.

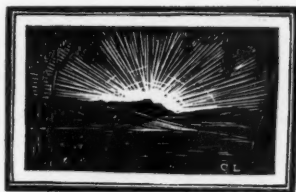
But a few minutes later Midshipman Prentiss stood in the doorway, breathless with hurry and excitement and practically sightless for too much looking into some very wonderful eyes. "What do you think, Commander!" His words were rushed. He wanted to have them said and get away. "What

do you think of my Aunt's being long-headed enough to have engaged quarters at Carvel months ago? Says she thought I knew it. Isn't she a knockout! But certainly was good of you to offer, Commander. Good lord, I'm late already. Whew! Women drive me crazy, Commander." . . . He was off.

Blossom came in to announce dinner. It was quite dark. "Now look heah, Mistah Cap'n," she broke out, ". . . don't you all go gettin' down in de mouf about des here white trash not comin'. Stuck up in dot ol' Cahvel Hall wif beds as old as Annierunnel County!"

He cleared his throat. "That will do, Blossom. The ladies just happen to have made previous arrangements. Carvel Hall. . . . quite natural. The cottage needed fixing up anyway. I'd been thinking of it for some time."

Blossom served him at dinner with



elaborate ceremony. But Commander Fitzhugh didn't feel much like eating, and he left the table without coffee. In the library he jerked out a red bound naval history and tried to interest himself in the privateering adventures of Nicholas Biddle and the Mississippi running days with Farragut. But tonight it bored him. . . . He was thinking of women. . . . He turned on over to the story of Dewey's descent from Hong Kong upon Manila Bay. In the early morning, once again aboard the Concord, flags flying, putting bravely out to sea, he fell asleep.

But in spite of himself the next day found him early within the Academy gates. It was dress drill, an impressive ceremony which always gave the visitors an idea of what a really big thing the Navy was. The battleships for cruise would be in the Bay, too, by now. He liked to see the burly things out there, tho' he hated 'em.

He caught no sight of Midshipman Prentiss or the girl. But he bore himself with a distinction at the ceremony which carried him with inner satisfaction through the rest of the day. The uniform was—well, quite splendid. Many took him for a dignitary. His excellent carriage, the white head, the fine gray eyes breathed a pride that would do honor to the spirit of any Navy.

One morning later, brought a note, delivered by a tardy nigger and expressing, feminine fashion, the regrets of the ladies at not having been able to accept his hospitality. The Commander put the note aside. That was over. No, he was not for women.

Through the calendar of June Week he passed, a silent spectator. Last Chapel, the Masqueraders, Commencement Exercises, he was present at all. The night of June Ball came. He had planned to attend the affair as part of his obligation as host, but of course he didn't have to go now. And yet—well, perhaps he'd better walk up and glance through the door.

The soft night air soothed him somehow as he walked along the sea-wall. Behind him light flooded from the windows of the Gymnasium. Strains from the band broke through and sub-

merged it all. Couples passed him, talking in low voices, heads together, tall, white-uniformed young men and lovely girls.

The Commander came at length to the end of his promenade along the wall. He gazed out into the bay as far as eyes could penetrate the white night. A queer chill passed through him. He had seen three warships anchored out there. Now he saw four.

There were certain lights on that fourth ship. He could see just enough of her profile. She was the U. S. S. Concord, finest fighting cruiser in the whole darn fleet!

He must tell young Prentiss at once. Prentiss deserved to see her first.

Midshipman Prentiss was somewhat disconcerted when the Commander charged right out on the dance floor and dragged him to the door. "She's in, Mr. Prentiss."

"Who's in, Commander? Who's her old self? Oh—the Concord! You don't say so, sir—" Midshipman Prentiss was a very young man, very much preoccupied this special evening. "Well, I'll have to get a look at her, Commander. Now? Oh, sir. Look at my dance card. I'd lose my happy home."

The old fellow's excitement blazed in his eyes, but he said nothing more. He walked as fast as he could through the grounds. Down to the river to his own cottage.

THE morning sun was just clear of the hills across the Severn. Briskly along the sea-wall went the old Commander. But the briskness was an effort and in reality he was a trifle shaky. He hadn't been able to sleep very well. He was mumbling and laughing, strange names, gestures.

Some minutes later he said. "I don't know why they haven't kept her painted up. It's the paint makes her look so much smaller. It's an outrage!—not to keep her painted." What he saw out there in the Bay was the scarred and dismantled bulk of an incredibly antiquated later nineteenth century cruiser—a ludicrous contrast to the modern vessels alongside her, or a tragic contrast. But for the trail of smoke from her stack and the activity of a boat pulling away from her side, she might have been a derelict. "She has beautiful fighting lines," he murmured.

He could distinguish some men out on the scaffolds making quick work of painting white lines and square markings on the old ship's side from rail to water line. "What sort of business is that?" he wondered.

Everybody who saw Commander Fitzhugh that day began to agree with Charlie's wife. The old boy was certainly getting cuckoo. He was talking to himself all the time now.

Late that afternoon a black boy pulled at the oars of a skiff. He had a passenger in the stern. He'd picked the old fellow up on the wharf. "You wants to go out to the old one? You ain't belong on her, does you, Cap'n?"

"Well—it will take Yankee gunners to do it. The Spaniards couldn't hurt her."

The black boy looked scared.

MIDSHIPMAN Prentiss turned in the Commander's little white gate the next morning. Some one was with him. She had insisted upon coming the very first thing. Midshipman Prentiss hadn't been very gay last evening, and she had made him tell her what was the matter.

Blossom, distraught, met them at the door. "No suh, he ain't been heah all

[Continued on page 120]

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## TARGET

[Continued from page 119]

night. I done look all over town. Georgiana Roger's boy come here this mornin', say he row Mistah Cap'n out to that ol' ship in the Bay—"

There was no old ship in the Bay. Midshipman Prentiss knew she had been targeted in the night and she was done with the things of men and ports. And the Commander—?

**C**OMMANDER Fitzhugh awakened suddenly. He was in a ship's cabin and he felt the pitch and stagger of the vessel as she plowed the open sea. Ah, he remembered now, and smiled. He remembered the black boy who had taken him out to her last night. He'd felt funny in the head and had gone to his old cabin to rest. He heard the rattle of tackle letting down the boats and then he heard nothing but the throb of the Concord's engines and the crash of waves against her sides.

Who but the Commodore would attempt to float right into Manila Bay like this? Who but Dewey would succeed?

The Commander made his way slowly forward to the deck. A spume of white water geysered up suddenly off the port quarter and a series of dull reverberations trembled from the invisible distance.

Ah, the Spaniard had begun to range for them. Where was everybody? The old Commander struggled forward and dragged himself to the bridge. Where the devil was Graves! "Lieutenant Graves!" he shouted. How did Graves dare leave the bridge at a moment like this? Why doesn't the Commodore give us the word to fire? "So there you are, Lieutenant. Send Ensign Saunders to me at once—"

So the Concord's ghosts were coming back to serve her in the last battle.

A shudder passed through the ship and with the impact the stern seemed to explode in a great gust of smoke.

The Commander on the bridge was roaring orders, shouting through the tubes to the engine room. "Tell Ensign Saunders to report that damage—"

Another shock ripped a great hole through the deck plates. White steam smothered the ship aft. "Tell 'em to cut loose," shouted the Commander from the bridge, "Cut loose and provide! Are we going to be sunk without striking a blow?" Four successive explosions made a shambles of the ship. Everywhere was fire. Part of the bridge had been smashed, but it was not the part on which Commander Fitzhugh stood, bewildered, gripping the railing.

A wall of water washed to the Commander's knees, but he maintained his hold. Another wave came on. The volcanic bursting of shells, the seething of fire, the rush of water, and against it the last faint challenge of a gallant commander to his foe! For one brief instant the U. S. S. Concord pointed half of her long body to the sky. A wave rolled unbroken over the spot where she had been, and the endless gray curtain was drawn.

**M**IDSHIPMAN Prentiss stood staring at that gaudy picture of the old Concord until his eyes blurred. A hand crept softly into his and he looked down. Yes, the Navy was a pretty big thing, he thought. But it wasn't big enough to take a man to the end. Perhaps a far day would come when he himself would have nothing left but to take his old ship to her last battle.

Somebody's hand stirred gently in his. "But you won't ever be alone," she said, reading his thought. "So it will be different. Won't it?"

He lifted her up so that the tips of her toes just touched the floor—and ships and guns and battles were nothing. There was a silence.

"Yes," he said, "it will be very different with us."

## LIFE AND LETTERS OF GENE STRATTON-PORTER

[Continued from page 36]

Nevin's beautiful 'Spring Song.'

**S**INCE her arrival in California, Mother had been besieged by various picture companies to sell them the picture rights to her books. At first she was not particularly interested, and refused them all point blank without even an interview because of one unfortunate experience. She had allowed a well known company to do one of her early books. They had invited her to approve the adaptation and continuity and make suggestions; all of which she did. But when they made the picture, they ignored all of her ideas and suggestions. Consequently, the result was very unsatisfactory and disappointing to Mother, and she declared that no more pictures would be made until she was ready to make them herself.

About this time, she began to see that pictures could be made from her books which at least would be interesting to the people who read the books, and as she had some twenty-five million readers, she considered this sufficient audience to warrant the success of the pictures.

Mother formed her own company, employed a director to write adaptation and continuity, and to direct the picture. She worked with him all the time, and during the actual "shooting" she was on the set every morning from nine o'clock until the running of the daily "rushes" about six-thirty in the evening. She enjoyed the work thor-

oughly, and I think nothing that she ever did in her life interested her more or gave her more real pleasure.

The first picture went slowly as she expected it would. It was even more difficult to convince releasing organizations and exhibitors that the pictures would be popular if the public were given a chance to see them. The second picture went over much better, and she felt greatly encouraged and enthusiastic about continuing. In the letters she wrote at this time she preached her doctrine of clean, wholesome, entertaining pictures and urged club women all over the country to lend their support to her endeavor.

Mother's last accomplishment for 1922 was the writing of *Euphorbia*, a poem descriptive of the struggles and hardships endured by a woman trying to reform her husband and make life possible on a ranch in Southern California. The following letter shows how close to her heart lay this suppressed desire to write poetry.

To Dr. Charles Wharton Stork she wrote:

"When I attempt to write fiction, I write the featheriest kind of romance; and whenever I pick up a pen and begin to write poetry, I write the bloodiest realism. It is the queerest thing, but the only time I see life in the raw, see it as it really is lived by aching, sinning, suffering, struggling, rejoicing humanity, is when I try to express my self poetically. No doubt

[Continued on page 121]



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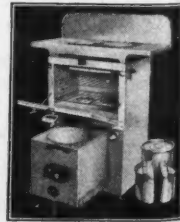
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## LIFE AND LETTERS OF GENE STRATTON-PORTER

[Continued from page 120]

the joke is on me, and I can see that it is a reasonably sized, fine, healthful one; but what I am going to do about it I do not know, except to take whatever small gift God may have given me and use it to the best of my individual mental capacity."

IN August, 1923, *The White Flag* was published. Into this book Mother put more stark realism and more of the seamy side of life than any of her other books contain, and for this reason it proved less popular than many of the others. This only proved her own idea correct, which was that, after all, away down deep, the American people can be trusted to like the simple, beautiful things of humanity and Nature. I believe she really wrote this book just to see whether she was right or wrong, and to prove to some of the critics of her "sugary romances" that she was not ignorant of life's cesspools and could write about them if she chose.

In December of this same year two books were published: *Jesus of the Emerald* and *Wings*, the latter being a collection of Nature stories.

In the "Afterword" of *Jesus of the Emerald*, there are a couple of sentences which clearly show Mother's philosophy of life and religion. She has written: "In the economy of Nature nothing is ever lost. I cannot believe that the soul of man shall prove the one exception."

EARLY in 1924, Mother began plans for the building of two California homes, one in Avalon, Santa Catalina Island, and the other in Bel-Air, West Los Angeles, a five-acre tract of land in the hills six miles from the ocean. She was very enthusiastic in developing the plans for these homes, and of the Bel-Air location she writes:

"I cannot remember whether I told you of buying five acres of land out in the hills about six miles from the ocean on a little baby mountain half way down the side of the range with a highly interesting growth of native timber and flowers on it. On the mountain I am going to set my workshop, fashioned much like Limberlost Cabin in size and arrangement, but differing from it in architecture as it must conform to this location; and around it I am going to begin growing the wild flowers of California. I want it, also, as I want any spot on which I live, to become a sanctuary for the birds. I go out several times a week, when I can find a little time, and gather rare things off the surrounding mountains where they are going to make roads and destroy stuff, and move it over to my mountain. The land has been untouched since the beginning of time, and it is my plan to keep it in its wild state with the exception of an acre or two at the back for a small orchard and garden in order that I may have a fresh selection of grapes and fruits that I like best. It is going to make a wonderfully beautiful place. Part of it is valley, part rocky formation and a lovely gentle slope at the back. In front there is a wonderful view of the ocean, and on a clear day Catalina Island can be plainly seen."

Amid such surroundings and environment she wrote *The Keeper of the Bees*, *The Magic Garden* and the *McCall* editorials. She loved open spaces, and because she could work better with the sky for her roof, she chose the out of doors for her study. Her inspirations were the lazy hum of

the bees, the chirp of the birds, the blue haze hanging over the hills, and the flecks of sunlight dancing through the trees. Working thus, she accomplished more than she had ever done before during the same space of time writing indoors.

To a friend she wrote:

"I have written twenty books. Please God I live so long, I shall write twenty more. Very probably every one of them will be located wherever I am living. Each one will be filled with all the fields and woods legitimately falling to its location, and peopled with men and women like my father and mother and the manliest and best and bravest of my men friends, and the motherliest and purest of the women, and the books will be absolutely clean and true to the highest of life."

MOTHER finished the work she had planned in Catalina Island, and returned to Los Angeles early in November. She had a happy Thanksgiving, with the family all together.

It was dusk on a December evening when the telephone told us of her accident.

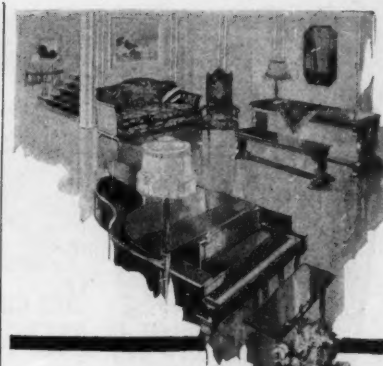
The rest is only a fearful confused memory—an ambulance with the siren shrieking—the quiet halls of a hospital—doctors—nurses—blankets—hypodermics. Then the fingers I held began to grow colder and colder—the pulse grew gradually fainter—and so Mother slipped away from us, quietly and painlessly, thank God. Somehow I feel she knows I waited until the end for one last look from the keen gray eyes—but when I realized that her entire right side was crushed, and realized what pain she would have suffered had she regained consciousness, I was glad she slept away as she did.

It was the same old story—a heavy car—street cars coming from each direction—a careless motorman—a crash—a grief-stricken chauffeur—and death. A beautiful and useful life snuffed out. Whose fault? He who doeth all things well, says, "Judge not."

As I look back over the years, it appears to me that the two most noticeable things about Mother were her eyes and her hands. She could maintain an immobile face under almost any circumstances, but if you knew her, and knew what to look for, you could read instantly approval or disapproval in her eyes. They were the one feature she could not mask. They had a piercing quality when she gazed straight at you that penetrated to the very depths of your soul, and she read character almost infallibly. She had a keenness and a sweep of vision that was almost uncanny, and invaluable to her in her field work. She had a great sense of humor, and how those eyes twinkled and danced when she threw back her head and laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks!

I think the thing that struck me most forcibly as Mother lay sleeping, was the absolute quiet of her hands. They were not beautiful hands in the sense of being well kept or perfectly manicured, but they were hands made beautiful, as some faces are made beautiful, by constant work and toil for others. Hers were such busy hands—they fluttered over everything, the velvet cheek or silky curls of a baby, the texture of rich tapestry or embroidery, the down on a butterfly wing, or the grain in a beautiful piece of wood. Things she liked and admired, she loved to touch, and she ran

[Continued on page 122]



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## LIFE AND LETTERS OF GENE STRATTON-PORTER

[Continued from page 121]

her fingers over them with a daintiness and a delicacy of touch which is given to few people. Flower magic was in Mother's finger tips, and everything she planted grew. She studied the wants and needs of flowers and birds with the same painstaking care that she studied the needs of humans, and helped them with the same degree of unselfish generosity. In the old days when we did field work together, I have seen her stop the horse, clamber down from the buggy, and straighten a wild flower, broken by some careless foot, pat the dirt around it, prop it up with a stick or stone, straighten the petals and leaves carefully, and give it a drink from her thermos bottle.

So it is that the impression of her hands, hovering over everything, stays with me. One of my most prized possessions is the simple little string of beads, given to her by one of my kiddies years ago, that she fingered constantly as she dictated her books and articles. It is made up of smooth, brightly colored shells, with bits of amethyst crystal between each one, and she liked to study them and watch the lights in them as they ran through her fingers, for Mother loved color, and she used to remark that she "must be part Indian."

In her books she tells people what they themselves think, but puts it in such a new and attractive way that they are surprised when they see it in print. The woman on the farm has thought these things; the misguided boy in prison wonders why he was never taught to meet life's complicated situations in simple ways; the instructor wonders why he never thought of things in that simple, direct way before; and the wealthy woman, who perhaps is weary of a narrow, selfish existence, realizes that she is not really living at all, and sighs unhappily as she ponders on whether it is all true or not, and if it is, why she is unable to understand it or apply it to her own hectic twentieth century life.

Her ideas of life were not complex and complicated. They were based on a few fundamental principles, and Love—love of God, love of Nature, and love of her fellowmen. She believed indeed that she was her "brother's keeper," and that if you kept the Commandment, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," you kept all the others. What of grief or suffering was sent to her she endured with a serene repose and calm dignity, with no outward show of emotion; always in a way that was a help and comfort to others, never faltering in her implicit belief in God's Plan, which some day we will understand. It is the memory of Mother's faith, her patience, and tremendous courage that will be my inspiration to keep trying when all things else fail.

Mother is gone, but the valiant spirit, the beautiful soul of her must be marching on, doing all the "little big things" that endeared her to thousands of all kinds and classes. Perhaps if she could speak now, she might say to us the lines she wrote for me in my copy of *Music of the Wild*:

"Come with me, and you shall know  
The garden where God's flowers grow.  
Come with me, and you shall hear  
His waters whisper songs of cheer.

"And if you lift your eyes on high  
To see the larks fly in the sky,  
Let them rove on to the Heavens above  
And meet the miracle of God's love."

[THE END]

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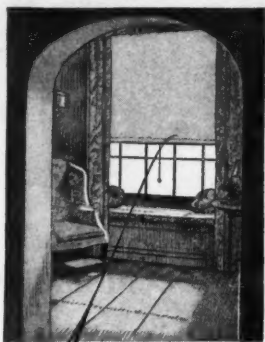
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## THE LITTLE YELLOW HOUSE

[Continued from page 104]

flamed along the sky above Lake Erie. "I'm having a good time—I wonder if you know it," Harbison said as they sat waiting for chicken and waffles.

In the warm shadowy room they had all to themselves, he leaned forward and began to talk eagerly as if he were saying things he had been waiting to say for a long time.

"It means a great deal to me to be here with you this afternoon, Emmy," he said. It was the first time he had called her by her first name.

Emmy suddenly felt herself shaking from head to foot.

"I suppose you know I like you tremendously," Harbison's deep quiet voice was saying now, and it seemed to come to her from a long way off. "I think I must be in love with you, but whatever it is, it's been coming on since that first Saturday when I walked into the office and saw you sitting at your desk."

"Are you still hungry?" he asked suddenly, and Emmy shook her head. "Then let's get out," Harbison took a cigarette from a gold-and-platinum case and lighted it. He laid a bill upon the table, and he and Emmy went out into the pale-blue dusk.

They rode a long way in silence. Emmy, in her corner of the seat, never took her eyes from Harbison's clear-cut profile. "He's in love with me," she kept thinking, and the thought made her breath come thick and fast in her throat. It was a disturbing thought—in love with her, this man, with easy manner that only a background of wealth can give—with his foreign car and his platinum-and-gold cigarette case! . . . The thought flashed into Emmy's mind that the wife of a man like Wells Harbison could meet a man like Jim Baldwin on more than an equal footing. She could have almost anything that her heart desired or her pride dictated!

They were halfway home when he put out his gloved hand and drew Emmy's hand under it on the rim of the steering-wheel. "We'll talk about this again," he said, "not tonight. There are some things I've got to think out, Emmy." Emmy drew her hand from under his after a minute or two. It made her uncomfortable to have it in his, somehow.

At half past eight they came to a stop before Grandmother Pentland's red brick house.

"Do you live here? In this house?" Astonishment sounded in Harbison's voice as he looked up at the dwelling-place of his \$22-a-week stenographer.

"It's my grandmother's house," Emmy said simply as she stepped out of the car, "we live with her. Thanks for this lovely afternoon. Goodnight."

"Goodnight," Harbison field her hand. For a second she thought he was going to say something more. Then suddenly he let her go. "Goodnight," he said again and drove away.

And that was how things began between them.

EMMY stood on the front porch and watched his car go down the street and turn the corner. Not until then did she leave the front porch and go around to the side door.

Grandmother Pentland was having her regular Saturday night bridge game with her three old cronies in her little card room.

Dan was all alone in the sewing room, deep in a murder story.

"Where's Mother?" asked Emmy. "Robb came for her and they went for a drive."

[Continued on page 126]



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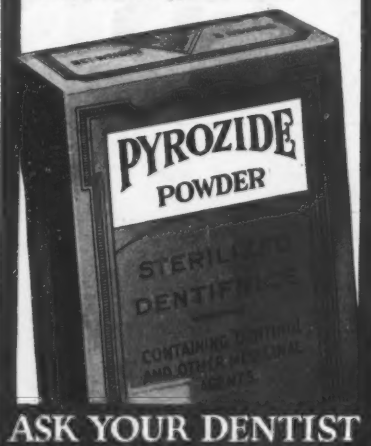
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## THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

[Continued from page 34]

*Rey*, for all its brevity, contains five masterpieces delicately wrought.

Uncle Pio, whose love for the Perichole is traced beautifully, the brothers with their love, the mother Marquesa with hers. One passes through shades of laughter and pity as one reads *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*. There is none of the smartiness of contemporary fiction and no straining for bombshell aphorisms and epigrams in the telling. The purity of the writing, after so many seasons of sharp and brutal prose, gives the novel an air that might fall to a classic read when its speech has long lain silent upon the lips of the dead.

Above all, the book has within it the unsolved riddle of life. The inquisitive priest, for all his study, never guessed the central passions of the lives under his study. And the novelist himself admits that he may have missed the very

*Spring within the Spring.*

Thornton Wilder adds: "Some say that we shall never know and that to the gods we are like flies that the boys kill on a Summer day, and some say, on the contrary, that the very sparrows do not lose a feather that has not been brushed away by the finger of God."

I have never read a modern book so filled with quotations that seemed destined for the anthologies of English prose. One of the great pleasures in the reading is to gain them first hand, before they have been torn from the book to be quoted and recited and hung above chimney pieces. *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* is the philosophical novel brought to perfection.

*The Bridge of San Luis Rey* by Thornton Wilder, published by Albert and Charles Boni.

## THE MONTH'S INTERESTING EVENT TO WOMEN

[Continued from page 35]

Catholic doctrines long after he had repudiated the authority of the Pope, and since his day there has been a group within the Church known as the "High Church" or "Anglo-Catholic" party which has clung to many Catholic tenets even while England as a nation was priding herself on her Protestantism. During the last century this Anglo-Catholic party has grown rapidly.

The revised Prayer Book recently presented to the House of Lords was drawn up in order that the wise and traditional policy of compromise might be extended to meet both the liberal spirit of our times and the doctrinal tendencies of the Anglo-Catholic party, without committing the Church to the extreme position of either group. Thus greater latitude was given those ministers who desired to draw nearer to the Catholic forms in the communion service while permitting others to continue using the present forms if they preferred.

The militant Protestants, however, felt that this extension of tolerance would permit far too close an approach to Catholic practices on the

part of many High Churchmen. It was the strong Protestant sentiment in Parliament which rejected the proposed revision.

The defeat comes as a terrible blow to a large part of the Church of England. But to an American the most extraordinary aspect of the whole affair was that any Prayer Book prepared by the leading members of the Anglican Church and ratified by a majority of the clergy should have to be submitted to an assembly where Scottish Presbyterians, Irish Roman Catholics, Methodists and Baptists, and even one Parsee from India took part in the discussion and the final vote. The ultimate result may be the separation of Church and State in England, and to an outsider it seems that this might be the happiest solution possible. Americans cannot but feel that the day of the State Church is over; that Christianity is too much a world force not to suffer when it is left to the mercy of national governments and politicians, and that a decision for or against tolerance should be the act of the church members and not the act of a legislature.

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3623	6 mo.-1-2-3	.25	5144	2-14	.25	5232	14-18, 36-42	.85	5260	4-14	.35
3640	2-4-6-8-10	.35	5164	1-2-4-6	.35	5233	14-18, 36-42	.85	5261	2-3-4-6	.25
3892	2-4-6-8	.25	5173	14-16, 36-42	.45	5237	14-18, 36-42	.45	5262	14-18, 36-42	.45
4019	2-4-6-8	.25	5196	14-16, 36-42	.45	5238	14-18, 36-42	.45	5263	14-18, 36-42	.45
4502	6-14	.35	5197	14-16, 36-42	.35	5239	14-18, 36-42	.45	5264	14-16, 36-42	.35
4598	2-4-6	.25	5198	14-18, 36-42	.35	5240	14-18, 36-42	.45	5265	14-18, 36-42	.45
4708	4-6-8-10	.30	5200	14-18, 36-42	.45	5241	12-20	.45	5266	2-4-6-8-10	.30
4948	1-2-3-4	.30	5203	14-18, 36-42	.45	5244	2-4-6-8-10	.30	5267	14-18, 36-42	.45
4977	2-4-6	.25	5206	2-4-6-8	.25	5247	14-18, 36-42	.45	5268	2-4-6-8-10	.30
4995	14-16, 36-42	.35	5208	14-18, 36-42	.45	5248	14-18, 36-42	.45	5269	14-18, 36-42	.45
5006	14-16, 36-42	.35	5210	14-18, 36-42	.45	5249	12-20	.45	5270	14-18, 36-42	.45
5023	14-16, 36-42	.35	5213	14-18, 36-42	.45	5250	14-18, 36-42	.45	5271	14-18, 36-42	.45
5034	2-4-6-8-10-12	.25	5217	14-18, 36-42	.45	5251	14-18, 36-42	.45	5272	14-18, 36-42	.45
5044	14-16, 36-42	.35	5219	14-18, 36-42	.45	5252	14-18, 36-42	.45	5273	14-18, 36-42	.45
5045	14-16, 36-42	.35	5220	6-18	.35	5253	14-18, 36-42	.45	5274	14-18, 36-42	.45
5054	14-16, 36-42	.35	5222	4-6-8-10-12	.30	5254	12-20	.45	5275	14-16, 36-42	.35
5072	4-14	.35	5224	14-18, 36-42	.45	5255	14-18, 36-42	.45	5276	14-18, 36-42	.45
5075	6-14	.35	5225	14-18, 36-42	.45	5256	4-14	.35	5277	14-18, 36-42	.45
5090	14-16, 36-42	.35	5227	14-18, 36-42	.45	5257	4-14	.35	5278	14-18, 36-42	.45
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1506	Yel. or Blue	.25	1592	Blue	.30	1620	Blue	.35	1640	Yellow	.45
1522	Yel. or Blue	.25	1595	Yellow	.40	1623	Canvas	1.00	1641	Blue	.25
1539	Yel. or Blue	.40	1598	Art Color	.50	1625	Yellow	.40	1644	Art Color	.75
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This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

## THE LITTLE YELLOW HOUSE

(Continued from page 123)

A little later Mrs. Milburn and Robb came softly up the back stairs from the kitchen into the sewing room.

"Robb drove me down to Flower Street," her mother said, "some people have moved into our house, and all my bridal wreath bushes were smashed against the fence! And the dirtiest curtains were hanging in the windows!"

She had been crying and there was a hint of tears in her gentle voice.

"What do you go down there for?" Emmy asked impatiently, "I shouldn't think you'd ever want to see that dump again."

"She's homesick," Robb said later.

Emmy's eyes widened. "For that horrible place? Robb, you're crazy!"

He shook his head. "The yellow house is home to her all the same, Emmy, just as it's home to me," he said, "I never go past it without wanting to walk up the front steps."

His eyes, steady and steadfast, met Emmy's. Then he told her his great news.

"Emmy, I'm buying the little yellow house," he said, "Mr. Tello's going to give me five years to pay for it."

Emmy stared at him. Behind him she seemed to see the woolen mill and Flower Street with its grime.

"I'm going to fix it up and live in it," he said cheerfully, "It's the only place on earth that ever has seemed like home to me. Besides, it's near the mill—" Suddenly he put his hands on her shoulders and turned her so she had to face him. His nearness filled her with the vague aching longing it always did unless she fought against it.

Let me alone, Robb," she said irritably.

His hands tightened on her shoulders. "Emmy—everything's so—so sort of footless and empty without you," he said jerkily, "I want you back—"

She knew he was going to ask her to marry him again. And she had his answer ready for him.

"Well, I'm not coming back, so just keep on wishing," and her voice had a ring like precious metal. "You've known all along just how I feel about Flower Street. I've told you I'd rather be dead than living in it, and then, by jinks, you buy the yellow house and ask me to settle down there! I'm through with Flower Street," and she wrenched herself away.

"I won't touch you if you don't want me to," Robb said quietly, and he picked up his cap to go.

At the door he paused and turned. "But remember," he finished, "if you ever need me or the house, we're there."

She heard him go down stairs, open the front door and go down the steps.

The struggle-buggy coughed two or three times and started. At the sound of it dying away on the night air, the oddest melancholy swept over her.

"I haven't anything to be blue and sad over," she told herself. But she was both blue and sad, nevertheless.

Mrs. Milburn came back down into the room with her mending basket.

"Well, Emmy," she said, her tone changing, "Perry and Lovey have separated at last."

"Left each other?" It was hard for Emmy to believe.

Her mother nodded, as she filled a darning needle with gray cotton and picked up a sock.

"Yes, Perry came here to tell me about it this afternoon. They had a quarrel about some dance, and Lovey told him to get out of the house."

"Where is he now?" asked Emmy.

"Down in Flower Street—at Mrs. Brainard's boarding house. He had to go some place where he could live for next to nothing, for naturally he'll never go back to the Sinclair Company."

"What's he going to do?"

Mrs. Milburn put her head to one side.

"Well, I advised him to live there for a month or two and do all this drawing he's been wanting to. He'll never be happy until he tries it, and I've a feeling he'll make good. Perry ought to finish up some of the things he was doing months ago—the dry docks and that picture of the High Level bridge—and take them down to New York to some maga-

zine. It might start him off on the career he wants."

The door was flung violently open. Grandmother Pentland stood on the threshold, looking more like her old-time self than she had in months.

"There's a man downstairs to see your beautiful Charlie!" she snapped. "A tailor from Cedar Avenue—trying to collect a bill for some clothes Charlie had made fifteen months ago. Fifteen months ago. It's disgraceful to have a bill standing that long!"

Grandmother had no patience with people who couldn't make both ends meet. She always had plenty of money to pay her own bills, and she made it perfectly clear that she thought anybody who did not do that must be slipshod and careless.

"What ails you people, Rosy?" she said, "the way people come to this house with bills makes me think you all must be a lot of dead-beats. You haven't paid me but five dollars for your board this week, either."

Emmy knew that five must have been her own contribution which she gave her mother every Saturday.

Mrs. Milburn got up. "I'll have to go down and see this man, I suppose," she said, and Emmy could see she was trying to pull herself together as she hurried downstairs.

Mr. Milburn did not come home that night. He did not come until ten o'clock the next morning when the family were at breakfast.

He made no attempt to explain his absence. He simply breezed into the dining room carrying a string of fish which he handed solemnly to Finch, the butler.

Mrs. Milburn's birdlike cheerfulness was gone, for once. She broke up her toast, carefully buttered it, and laid it down upon her plate again. Her eyes lifted and met Emmy's eyes in a look of utter wretchedness.

Grandmother, looking like a dowager Empress, drank her tea in silence.

Presently Mr. Milburn laughed shakily. "Well, Rosy, I lost my job yesterday," he said. Had it twenty-

(Continued on page 148)



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No. 1646. Stamped on fourth of summer from work with the success of the develop- sity shad- background the spray of planting sti- 1 1/2 x 9 1/4 in. a pattern. No. 1637. Turne. A ch- time, which made of tan- green or bl- edged edge- and the insi- ming. You a- be steel be- be back is a- beaded al- 123. No. 1638. Lower. An u- spots en- match you- ue or green- ges to floo- sh is acc- aves and s- together, fol- free. 50 cent- patterns ma-



# The New Italian Quilting and Smart Novelty Bags

Designs Stamped on Material Ready for Working

By Elisabeth May Blondel



1647—A lovely conventional design that accords with the new Italian quilting

1648—A second example of the delightful effect won from cording on wrong side



1645—The latest mode, quilted in the Italian manner



1637—Suede bag and purse for your spring costume

1638—Suede shoulder flower that matches bag

1646—Envelope Bag in crepe twist, suitable for summer frocks



1629—Refreshing for summer, quilted in alternating plain and printed ginghams



Detail of Italian quilting showing the raised effect on the right side of your work as seen in pillows and bag above

Detail of Italian quilting on articles above, showing wrong side of work—you stitch through both lining and silk then pull the wool through

No. 1646. McCall Envelope Bag Design Stamped on Canvas. Nothing smarter in warmth of color for carrying with the sheer summer frock. The crepe twist that is used in work with on the canvas contributes to the success of this unusual bag which might be developed in dull tapestry tones or in faint shades with equal effectiveness. The background interlacing stitch is easy-going, the spray design being worked in simple blanket stitches. The size when finished, 10 x 9 1/4 inches. Complete directions found in pattern. Price, 60 cents.

No. 1637. McCall Suede Leather Bag and Purse. A chic accessory to the street costume, which you may get in this novelty made of tan, or in a lovely French blue, in green or black ready for finishing with beaded edge. The leather is of a fine quality and the inside so smooth that it requires no lining. You seam the sides while sewing on the steel beads (1 bunch required). Across the back is a strap for handle which should be beaded also. Size 3 1/4 x 6 1/2 inches. Price, 45 cents.

No. 1638. McCall Suede Leather Shoulder Flower. An ultra smart decoration for street sports ensemble, which comes in colors to match your bag and purse—in tan, French blue or green. Fashion approves of beaded edges to flower as well, though the plain finish is acclaimed by many. The petals, leaves and stem are ready cut for putting together, following directions in the pattern. Price, 50 cents.

No. 1645. McCall Bag Design for Italian Quilting Stamped on Lining Material. Absolutely the latest in silk bags, boasting the new corded quilting that hails from Italy. Simplicity itself, developed the same as the pillows described below. Pattern provides the design for both sides of bag stamped on cotton lining material, each side 8 1/4 x 12 inches. You require 3/4 yard of silk for outside of bag, which is to be basted to the stamped lining. Details above show how wool inserted between stitching on wrong side produces the raised effect on right side. A bag top about 9 inches across is required. Complete directions given. Price, 40 cents.

No. 1647. McCall Pillow Design for Italian Quilting Stamped on Lining Material. Gorgeous pillows of pastel tinted silks are created in this newly revived Italian quilting. The principle is simple—a cotton lining is basted to a silk piece for top, then running-stitches make little pathways for inserting strands of wool at the back which gives the corded effect on the front. This pattern for pillow, 17 inches square, provides the stamped cotton lining. You require 3/4 yard of silk for completing pillow. Full directions given. Price, 45 cents.

No. 1648. McCall Pillow Design for Italian Quilting Stamped on Lining Material. Another fascinating example of the new corded quilting. This round design is 16 1/2 inches in diameter. As the pattern furnishes the stamped cotton lining, you require 3/4 yard of silk for pillow top and boxed sides. In the two descriptions above is explained the principle of this wrong side quilting. Complete instructions included. Price, 45 cents.

No. 1629. McCall Design for Quilted Block Bedspread. For the summer chaise longue or guest bed, what more inviting than this new coverlet quilting in the old fashioned padded way. The pattern provides 22 transfer squares, 9 1/2 x 9 1/2 inches, and 8 1/4 yards of border. For plain and matching printed chambray or gingham. Full directions in pattern. Price, 85 cents. Yellow.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, or from the nearest Branch Office.



Worth

5252

No. 5252. Worth contrives to get six new fashions into one silk frock. Buttons in a row, bolero effect, collar and cuffs, long sleeves, shoulder pleats, kid belt. Size 36,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch material; vest and cuffs,  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard of 40-inch.

No. 5253. Here are the bias streamlines so much discussed in fashion. Here's the irregular hem flying away at one side. Also the feminized neckline. All in flowered silk. Size 36,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 40-inch material; contrasting,  $\frac{1}{8}$  yard 40-inch.

Lebouvier

5253

### Here are the Telltale Fingerprints of the Masters

WE just have to be aware of what the great designers of Paris has taken into their minds to make the fashion of the hour before we go to work on our own clothes. On these colorful frocks are the masterful imprint of four of the French artists. Knowing this, we can go ahead full speed. They transpose femininity to practicality. Every woman can wear them everywhere during the day hours. The outstanding features are narrow shoulders, bands and borders in contrasting colors, diagonal lines, regular rows of buttons, softened neck treatments, ornamental cuffs.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

Thomassin

5254  
Emb. No. 1585

Vionnet

5251

No. 5251. When Vionnet, of Paris, points the path, we tread it. This printed silk frock shows softening tricks: shirred shoulders, cravat cuffs, tennis collar, two waistlines. Size 36,  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards 36-inch or  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 54-inch.

No. 5254. It's now clever to play one color against another. And cleverer still to do it well. Size 16 requires  $2\frac{5}{8}$  yards 36-inch; tunic,  $\frac{1}{8}$  yard 36-inch. Hemstitch and satin-stitch motif from Embroidery No. 1585 may be used.





Agnès

5247

Worth

5250

Drecoll

5248

Groult

5255

Emb. No. 1602

No. 5247. Agnes shows us how to handle red, blue and white in printed chiffon. She adds a belt of red ribbon and steadies neck with plain chiffon collar. Size 36, 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch material; collar, 1/2 yard of 36-inch.

No. 5250. Worth takes the best-loved green shade of silk and refuses to put another color with it. The complicated skirt has sufficient merit to carry the frock. Size 36, 3 3/4 yards of 36-inch or 2 1/2 yards of 54-inch material.

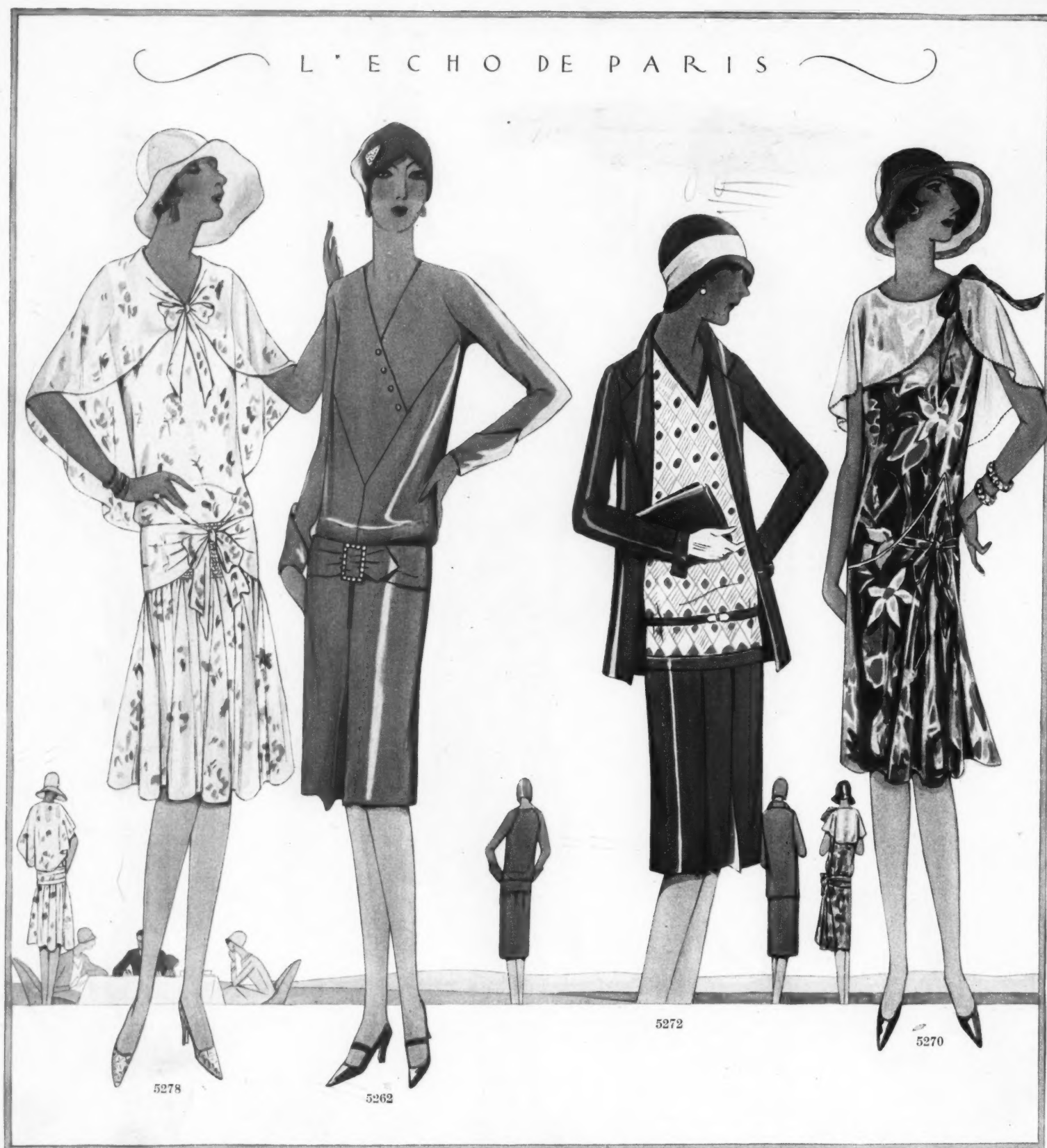
### Paris Throws Standardization of Colors to the Winds

THE inrush and onrush of frocks in vivacious colorings looks as though France had pushed back all the shadows and let in brilliancy. Fabrics in garden colors tumble over each other as in a child's kaleidoscope. All that the clothes and fabric designers ask of the home dressmakers is that they use this riot of tones with distinction. That's asking much. In choosing and mixing colors lies the most difficult task of dress. So tiptoe carefully in this work. These four frocks by four Paris masters are first aid to the puzzled women wandering among the glowing shop counters.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 5255. Groult of Paris plays with terra cotta silk in a beguiling fashion through dropped sleeves, banded neck and wide pleats on a dropped skirt. Size 36, 4 1/4 yards 40-inch. Appliqué motif from Embroidery No. 1602 suggested.

No. 5248. When georgette is as brilliantly printed as this, no embellishment is needed. Drecoll knows that. But he swirls his lines by jabot, sash and shirred flouncing. Size 36, 4 yards 32-inch or 3 1/4 yards of 40-inch material.



### Vivacious Frocks Replace Sedate Severe Ones

No. 5278. No man could desire a more feminine frock on his women-folk than this of gaily printed georgette with flying skirt, broad girdle, transparent cape and bare arms. Size 36 requires  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch material.

No. 5262. The bias lines of this frock of crepe silk are fingerprints of fashion. So are the buttons that hold the surplice fronts. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 36-inch material or  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 54-inch material.

THE significant overturn of existing fashions which have been in power so long that they had the air of being standardized, is getting through to all kinds of clothes and women who do not study changes, merely accept them. The vivacious frock is preferred now to the sedate one. More fabric is used. More coloring is accepted. Flying capes, berthas, lace, buckles, flounced skirts have thrown the post-war fashions into the discard. Clothes are now called "romantic." Some say they are forerunners of sentimentality. Whatever they are, women must get new Spring outfits to meet Fashion's new demands.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 5272. Coats are good-natured. They open widely to show the gay blouse beneath. This silk suit carries out all injunctions of fashion. Size 36, blouse,  $2\frac{1}{8}$  yards 40-inch bordered; coat, skirt,  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 40-inch.

No. 5270. If it's not a shoulder cape, it's a bertha that recalls other days. On this sprightly frock of printed georgette, it's of plain georgette. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material; bertha, 1 yard of 40-inch.



## L'ÉCHO DE PARIS



### Silk and Cotton Race And Both Win

THE sensible thing to say of silk and cotton weaves for the expected warm weather is that they are wearable. The sensational thing to say is that the high-priced artists in America have gone into the work of fabric designing and figuration has taken on new importance. Even Helen Wills the tennis player works with a brush as well as a racket. Neysa McMein stops painting heroines now and then to decorate materials for frocks. Here are printed cottons and silks, the two fabrics that are running neck and neck, showing various figurations that stimulate women everywhere into making their own new frocks.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 5273. Here, the design of the silk conforms to the design of the frock. It's aglow with color. Its frivolity is checked by outlines of solid silk. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch; contrasting,  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 36-inch.

No. 5276. It's Suzanne Talbot, of Paris, who inaugurates the sailor influence in Summer frocks. Observe it here in solid colored satin with yoke and cravat, tight hips. Size 36,  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 36-inch or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 54-inch.

No. 5272. To repeat the blouse fabric as a coat lining shows that the costume is "in the know." Both the printed and plain fabrics here are silken. Size 36,  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards 36-inch; blouse and coat lining,  $3\frac{3}{8}$  yards 40-inch.

No. 5274. We are liking cotton very much indeed these days. Why not? It's our national material. In this frock, it's colorfully printed. The yoke and cuffs are plain. Size 36,  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 36-inch; contrasting,  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 36-inch.



No. 5277. France decrees polka dots. Very well. We'll wear them. But as accessories rather than as frocks. Here, they delightfully adorn a spectator frock of heavy silk. Size 36, 2¾ yards of 40-inch material; scarves, 1 yard of 36-inch.

No. 5265. Italy, Fascist or otherwise, holds its spell over us. Silken embroidery on a silken background makes this frock as romantic as the Bay of Naples. Size 36, 3¾ yards of 36-inch. Embroidery No. 1539 worked in chain-stitch, may be used.

No. 5267. Paris started our enthusiasm for short jackets. Gorgeous ones are carried with evening frocks. Here's one in silk with matching skirt that goes to sports. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 32-inch or 2¼ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 5273. White silk vests have renewed their youth. Here, a wool jersey gown gives the vest an opening in front by reason of its extended yoke. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards of 54-inch material; vest, ¾ yard of 36-inch.

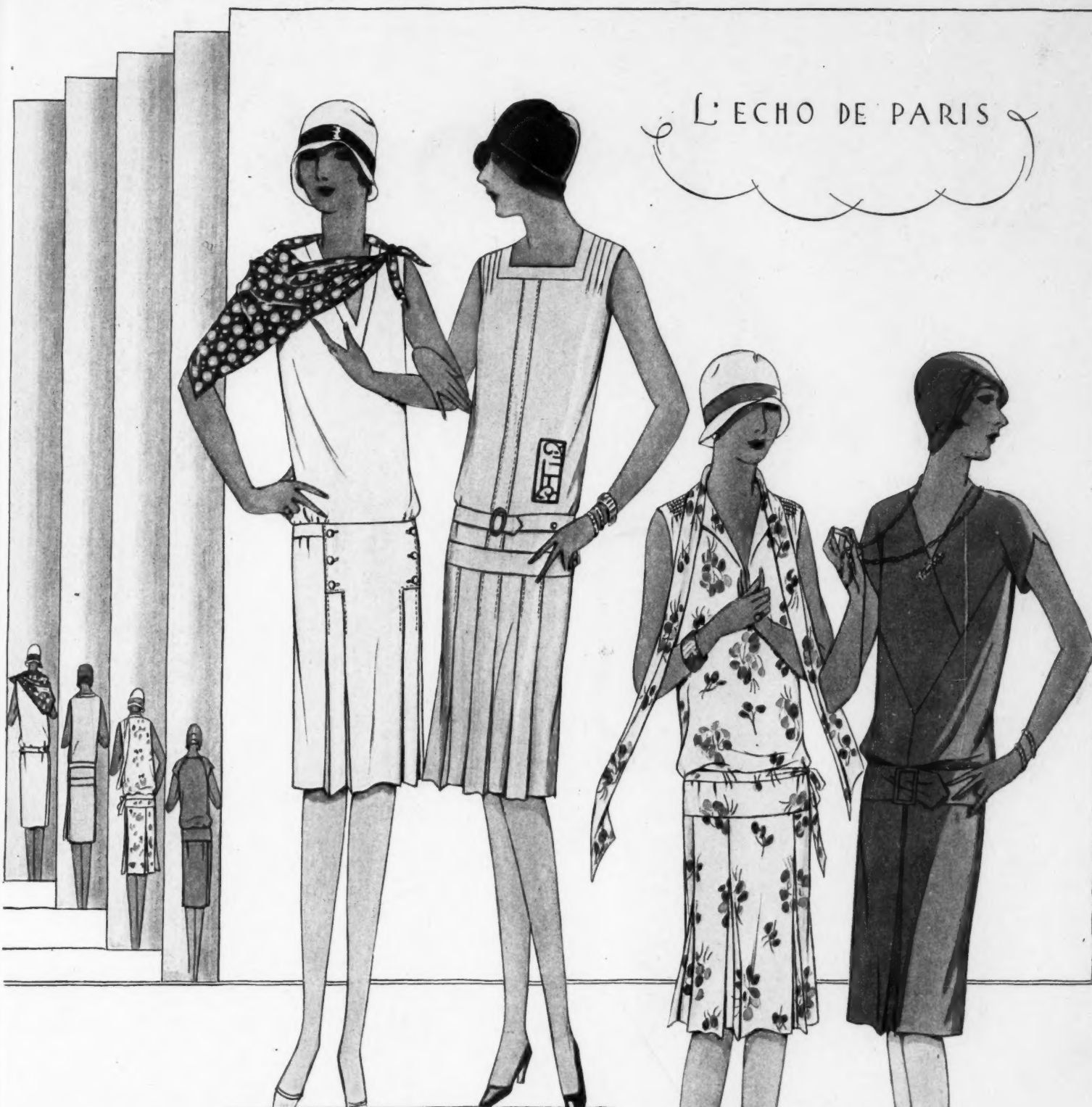
Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 124.

### Romanticism Casts Glamor Over New Clothes

THE world is ready for a renewal of romance, say philosophers. "We'll put it in clothes," say Paris designers. "We have always designed with our ears to the ground." So our clothes this Summer are what the men delightedly call "feminine." What the French call "romantic." Stern utility is to be discarded. Color and gaiety, bravado and reckless usage of fabric fight to re-establish the broad highway and defeat the straight and narrow path. Diversity as against standardization is the fighting slogan. In cut and coloration clothes are now taking a new stand.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE





5274

5271  
Emb. No. 1590

5251

5262

### Frocks Omit Sleeves for Sports Comfort

WOMEN don't want to be pink and white these days. They want to be brown, a kind of brown that hints of rosewood, of mahogany, of dead leaves. The choice of face powders is made by the individual to suit the rest of her coloring. If the face is tinted brown, so must the arms and neck be. But that trickery is left to sunshine. France took sleeves out of sports frocks. So do we. That saves trouble for the home dressmaker, for putting in sleeves is, as all women know, certainly difficult business. If there's a cap sleeve, it is part of the shoulder.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 5274. The manipulation of the skirt of this frock of silk pique gives prestige. The front carries all the trickery of pleats, buttons, panel and stitchery. Size 36,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch material; scarf, 1 yard of 36-inch.

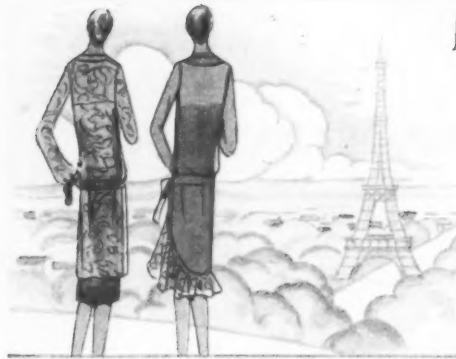
No. 5271. Arms and neck are allowed to burn by this gown of habutaye silk. Its double waistline, pleated shoulders and monogram give it character. Size 36,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 40-inch. Satin- and out-line-stitch monogram motif from Embroidery No. 1590 suggested.

No. 5251. Printed linens leap from house decoration to personal decoration. In this colorful frock the gaiety of collar, cravat, belt, with the wind-blown design. Size 36 requires  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 32-inch or  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch material.

No. 5262. Here the arms are slightly sleeved by shaped caps. The heavy silk of the frock lends itself easily to other Vionnet mannerisms, fagotting and surplice fronts. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 32-inch or  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch material.

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## L'ECHO de PARIS



5255  
Emb. No. 1565



5217



5173



5278

### Must We Care For Our Arms?

THE slim, well-turned arm now becomes as important as the slim ankle. The former is to show itself as valiantly as the latter. For arms are bare or transparently covered. The sleeve is no longer of first importance. If the arms have unsightly lumps and bulges, such will surely show. Is massage the remedy? Some women think so and have massage. The athletic woman is in despair. Muscles are taboo. Stringy tendons are abhorred. In each of the frocks illustrated on this page, the arms from shoulder to wrist are exhibited.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 5255. This extended shoulder that forms a sleeve is gracious. It hides when necessary that juncture of arm to back. Size 36,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards 36-inch material. Motif in lazy-daisy and straight-stitch from Embroidery No. 1565 would be smart.

No. 5217. The translucency of this figured fabric discloses the perfections of shoulder, neck and arms. Built into a tunic it gets solidity from a well-cut slip. Size 36, blouse,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch material; slip,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch material.

No. 5173. The bordered neck line here accentuates the sheerness of the revealing fabric and gives it character. The pointed lace flounce gives it frivolity and swirling movement. Size 36,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch material; lace,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards 36-inch.

No. 5278. The season is as full of shawls and capes as was the Directoire. This flowered frock follows the fashion by a handkerchief cape that ties in front. Size 36, 3 yards of 40-inch material; cape,  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 40-inch material.



## L'ECHO de PARIS



### The Fascinating Diversity of Skirts Grows Apace

No clothes designer is content to make a simple skirt and let it go at that. Diversity is demanded. That's why perfect patterns are more needed than for ten years. Designers are prone to exercise their skill in making fabric "jump through hoops." The result is fascinating variations from standardization of which we are all weary. The usage of lace in any color gives impetus to the exploitation of skirts. The acceptance of all lines but straight ones, helps. But behind the seeming whimsicality of outline, there is a design and a purpose.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 5270. The grace of this skirt is achieved through the bias seam that connects it to the bodice, the irregularity of the narrow ribbon sash and the sudden spurt of fullness at the left. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 40-inch material.

No. 5219. A shaped lace flounce, the lovely thing we thought had vanished, lifts this skirt from the commonplace. The manner of its placing increases the effect. Size 36 requires  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch material; lace,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36-inch.

No. 5248. This skirt plays hide-and-seek with the bodice. It's plain on one side; shirred into fulness on the other. The bit of ribbon indicating the waistline is youthful. The longer line is accented! Size 36,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36-inch or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 54-inch.

No. 5249. The permission to again wear the blouse inspires frocks like this, with simulated bolero of contrasting color, gay with embroidery. Size 16, waist,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards 40-inch; contrasting,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards 40-inch. Chain-stitch Embroidery No. 1579 suggested.



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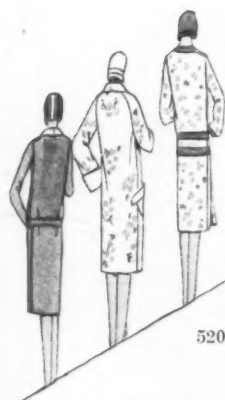
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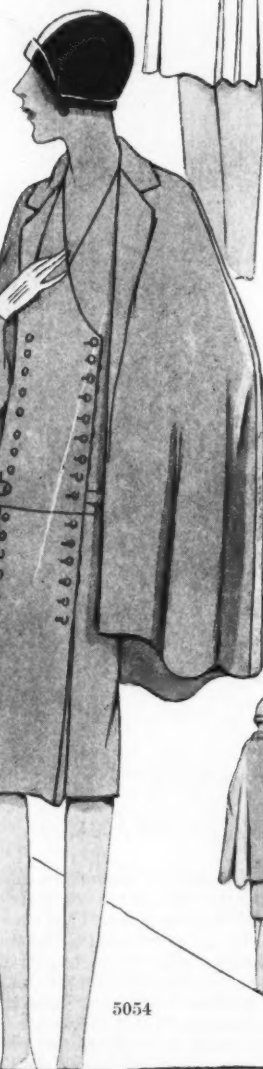
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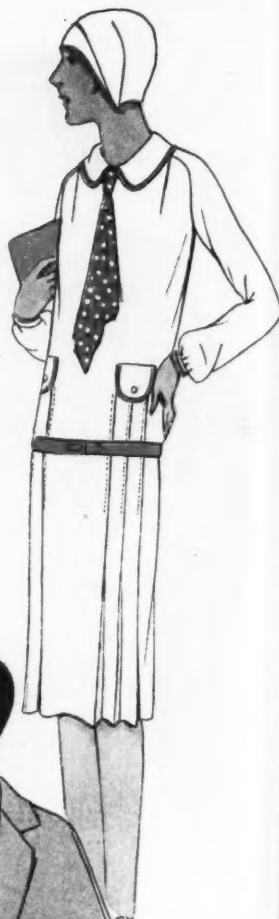
5200



5271



5054



5203

## LECHO de PARIS

*The Straight Line Is Not  
Always the Demure Line*

**T**HE clothes designers trick us a good deal this season. They give us many frocks and wraps that seem to have the guileless air of being in simple straight-lines. But they are far from it. They may start out on that path, but they soon leave it. The large and small cape do much to confuse the lines. Bias seams or openwork, bias neck lines, impulsive flounces, flying polka dot cravats, several belts instead of one, pockets placed at unusual spots, are some of the odds and ends that give every gown the effect of flying off at a tangent.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 5200. This printed linen coat strikes a new and significant note in wraps. It gives color to any plain frock. The bravado of its collar and pocket and cuffs puts it in the picture of today. Size 36, 4½ yards of 36-inch material; lining, 2½ yards 40-inch.

No. 5253. Colored satin goes into practical clothes this season. It's not a luxury fabric. Here it is punctuated with bias seams; decorated with a hip length collar that gives the desirable surplice line. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch material; collar ½ yard 40-inch.

No. 5203. The Victorian trick of binding edges with contrasting color is resumed. This frock of habutaye silk employs such trickery. Belt and cravat carry the colors. The skirt pleats forget to stop at the waistline, and run into a pocket. Size 36, 3½ yards 36-inch or 3¼ yards 40-inch.

No. 5271. This silk frock, like its equals and imitators, confines itself within borders of solid silk that carry out the dominant color of the design. Here the new square neck is held in place by a border. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch; contrasting, ½ yard of 40-inch.

No. 5054. Suddenly, the cape lifted itself above the horizon. It has taken the place of a coat when picturesque effect is desired. Here an outward swing reveals the entire frock beneath. Size 36, dress, 2¾ yards 54-inch material; cape, cut crosswise, 2¾ yards 54-inch.

No. 5252. Seasonable the eye, but the glory of the pleated tons and n 3¼ ya

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from the McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 124.



# ECHO de PARIS

## The Neckline Suddenly Determines to Change

IN the swift reversal to the coquetry of dress which has been so evident in the last few weeks, the student recognizes extraordinary softening of the neckline. It is rarely left crude and unadorned as it has been for pre- and post-war years. The Italian severity has given place to English methods and mannerisms. Lace is regaining its old sway over the neck opening. Deftly cut fabric diversifies the simple line. Wide collars, and long ones, draw attention to collar-bone and shoulder line. The back of neck is more often covered than not.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE



5252



5254



5263

5269  
Emb. No. 1539

5263

No. 5263. The back of this cape coat has so much merit it's no wonder it is exploited. The cloth fabric is so soft the short cape adds slight weight. It leaves the arms free which adds to its grace. Size 36, 3 3/4 yards 54-inch material; lining, 3 yards 40-inch.

No. 5269. The neckline treatment in this silk frock is immensely diverting. There's a yoke, to begin with, and two tabs that cross over and make an attractive decoration. Size 36, 3 3/4 yards 32-inch or 3 yards 40-inch. Embroidery No. 1539 worked in chain-stitch would be attractive.

No. 5252. Printed linen is one of the seasonable fabrics that not only catches the eye, but fills a need. In this frock the glory goes to the rolling collar and the pleated shoulder line, to the gay buttons and narrow belt. Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards of 36-inch material.

No. 5254. Printed rayon voile has taken its place in the season's clothes. The neckline of this frock is shirred and bound, then left in a slight oval. There's coquetry, also, in the hip shirring and flying sash ends. Size 16 requires 2 5/8 yards of 27- or 32-inch material.

No. 5263. As you see, the front of the coat is not hampered by the swing of the cape. Its wide rolling collar takes on the fashionable surplice line. It has no fur and needs none. Size 36 requires 4 1/2 yards of 40-inch; lining, 3 yards of 40-inch material.

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**20 MULE  
TEAM  
BORAX**

L'ECHO de PARIS



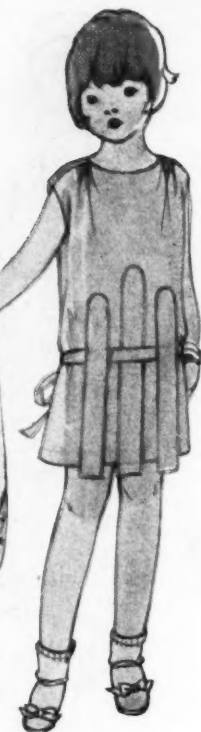
*Pilet Larvesire*  
5261



*Barilet Faugeon*  
5259



*Lina Mouton*  
5258

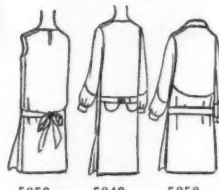


*Suzanne Dubin*  
5268



4502

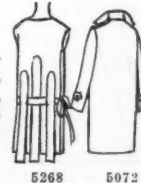
*Coblentz*  
5249



5259 5249 5268



4502 5261



5268 5072

No. 5259. Girl's Dress; without sleeves and with shirred front panels. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2½ yards of 32-inch material or 2 yards of 40-inch.

No. 5268. Girl's Dress; with pleated skirt section and two-piece sleeves. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 12, plain, 1½ yards of 36-inch; plaid, 1½ yards of 36-inch.

No. 4502. Girl's Slip-On Dress; with bertha collar and circular flounces. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 6 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material or 2½ yards of 40-inch.

No. 5261. Little Boys' Suspender Suit; knee trousers. Sizes 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires, waist, 1½ yards of 36-inch material; trousers, ¾ yard of 36- or 54-inch.

No. 5268. Child's Dress; kimono sleeves; panels on front and back. Sizes 2 to 10 years. Size 6 requires 2½ yards of 32-inch material or 1½ yards of 40-inch.

No. 5072. Girl's Coat; without underarm seams. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 6, 1½ yards 36-inch material or 1½ yards 54-inch; lining, 1¼ yards 40-inch material.

No. 4708. Dress; w  
Sizes 4 to  
requires 17  
material on  
or

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 124.



## L'ECHO de PARIS



Collin  
5266



Mignapouf  
5256



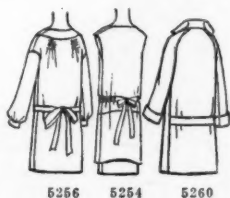
Pilet Lavesvre  
5257



Blaixe  
5260



4708



No. 5254. Misses' and Juniors' Dress; dropped shoulders; with tunic. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 14,  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36-inch or  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards 40-inch material.



4708 5266

No. 5266. Girl's Dress; kimono sleeves, lengthened by gathered sleeves. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 12,  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 36-inch material; contrasting,  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 36-inch.



5257 4948

No. 5260. Girl's Coat; raglan sleeves. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 10,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 36-inch material or  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yards 54-inch; lining,  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 40-inch.



4948

No. 5257. Girl's Dress; pleats at lower left side. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 8,  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 27-inch material; collar and binding,  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 36-inch.

No. 4948. Child's Dress; with bertha and with puff sleeves. Sizes 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36-inch material; bertha,  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 40-inch.

No. 4708. Child's Slip-On Dress; with cape collar. Sizes 4 to 10 years. Size 6 requires  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 32-inch material or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36- or 40-inch.

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\$1.00

The Face Powder of Quality

**Sablacke**  
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

HAVE you ever enjoyed the charm of Lablache

—with its delicate clinging texture;

—its subtle illusive odeur;

—its unchanging high quality through all the years of its preference by the women of America —since 1871?

Let your next purchase of face powder be Lablache. You will find at your dealer's the old standard fifty cent size or the newer dollar size with its slightly accented fragrance.

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Dept. 201 125 Kingston St.  
Paris BOSTON



50c

The Face Powder of Quality

**Sablacke**  
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

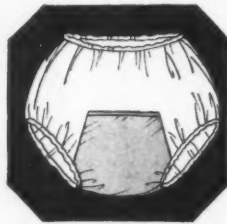
# HICKORY

## the ounce of protection

that sets your mind at ease



Bloomers and Step-ins  
cut to fit



With rubber back, and  
rubber panel in front

You'll like the trim slimmess of these very modern Hickory protectors. The material is ample but the cut is shapely—no bulk whatever. Deep top and side portions of open mesh or fine voile. Extra grade rubber. The bloomers sketched, medium or large size, flesh color only, \$1. Others at 50c and up.

## The Belts that never bind

Be considerate of yourself in this matter of protective aids. And be particular about the ones you buy... they mean so much to your peace of mind and sense of security. You can make yourself completely comfortable, for instance, with a Hickory Sanitary Belt... so soft and light and easy-fitting... so absolutely safe!

Above—A favorite Hickory Belt in gentle, non-binding bandage elastic with elastic pendants. Made in easy slip-on style—no fastenings. In flesh or white; medium, large or extra-large; as low as 25c; satin trimmed, 50c.

Right—Comfortable shield portions of soft mesh. Elastic only at the sides. Front closing with pearl buttons. Easy to put on and take off. Flesh or white; medium, large or extra-large size. As low as 50c.

If you do not find Hickory Personal Necessities at your favorite store, write, mentioning name of the store. Address, Mrs. Ruth Stone, 1183 West Congress Street, Chicago.

# HICKORY

## Personal Necessities

*The Ounce of Protection*

© A.S. & Co., 1927

CHICAGO NEW YORK A. STEIN & COMPANY LOS ANGELES TORONTO 52

L'ECHO  
DE  
PARIS



5206



3625



5144

5034  
Emb. No. 317



5144



5268



5268 5259



5259  
Emb. No. 1576

No. 5144. Girl's Combination Undergarment; in knickerbocker style. Sizes 2 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1 1/4 yards of 32-inch or 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch.

No. 5034. Girl's Set of Underwear. Sizes 2 to 12 years. Size 8, 1 1/4 yards 36-inch. Scallops from Embroidery No. 317 would make a dainty finish.

No. 5206. Child's Set of Underwear; drawers and underwaist. Sizes 2 to 8 years. Size 4, 1 1/4 yards of 36-inch material or 1 1/4 yards of 40-inch.

No. 5268. Child's Dress; kimono sleeves. Sizes 2 to 10 years. Size 4 requires 1 1/4 yards of 27- or 32-inch material; collar, 1/4 yard of 36-inch.

No. 3625. Child's Romper; buttoning under leg. Sizes 6 months to 3 years. Size 3 requires 1 1/4 yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, 1/2 yard of 36-inch.

No. 5259. Girl's Dress. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 6, 1 1/4 yards of 32-inch. Embroidery No. 1576, worked in lazy-daisy and running-stitch suggested.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 124.

Patte  
The



# L'ECHO DE PARIS



No. 3640. Child's Dress; with bloomers. Sizes 2 to 10 years. Size 4 requires 2½ yards of 32-inch material or 2½ yards of 36- or 40-inch.

No. 3114. Child's Romper; closing under leg. Sizes 6 months to 3 years. Size 2, 1½ yards of 32-inch material; collar, cuffs, ¾ yard of 36-inch.

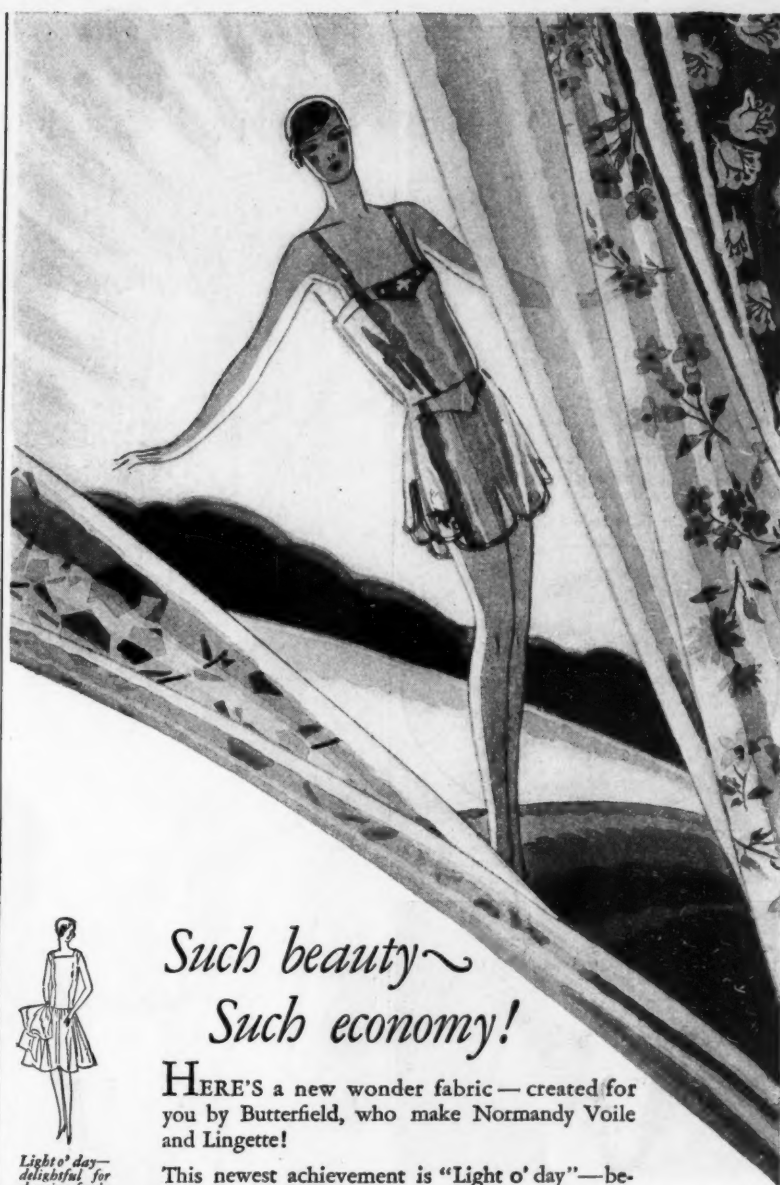
No. 5266. Child's Dress; with short sleeves. Sizes 2 to 10 years. Size 3 requires 17½ yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, ¾ yard of 40-inch.

No. 4019. Child's Dress; with bloomers. Sizes 2 to 8 years. Size 4 requires 2¾ yards of 32-inch material or 2½ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 3892. Child's Dress; with bloomers. Sizes 2 to 8 years. Size 4 requires 2¾ yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, ½ yard of 36-inch material.

No. 4977. Little Boy's Suit. Sizes 2 to 6 years. Size 2 requires, blouse, 1 yard of 32-inch material; trousers, ¾ yard of 32-inch material.

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## Such beauty~ Such economy!

HERE'S a new wonder fabric—created for you by Butterfield, who make Normandy Voile and Lingette!

This newest achievement is "Light o' day"—because it seems spun from sunbeams. It has such lustrous beauty, such matchless "bloom" to its colors, that you will want to consider Light o' day before you plan a single frock or slip or piece of lingerie this Spring!

Light o' day is really a joy to handle, to sew upon, to wear. It is so soft in finish, it drapes so flatteringly. It does not crush or cling. It will not curl, or work up. And it is offered to you in the most breath-takingly lovely colors you ever saw! Every plain tint and shade that Spring Fashion approves—plus adorable prints which vary from great, splashy, brave designs to wee motifs suitable for the tiniest walking child!

When you see Light o' day at your favorite store, you'll think of it in terms of dollars-per-yard, but—happily—it costs only cents-per-yard! It is not Light o' day unless you see Light o' day marked on the selvage.

FRED BUTTERFIELD & CO., INC., 361-363 Broadway, N. Y. C.

# Light o' day

A Butterfield Fabric



Look for this label in the finished dress or lingerie!





"New wonderful MELLO-GLO Face Powder stays on longer and the youthful bloom it bestows does not wear off so quickly."

Rachael Chester, 301 W. 105th St., N. Y. C.



"MELLO-GLO Face Powder keeps away the ugly shine which mars that soft velvety touch so essential to a youthful complexion." Berna Deane (beautiful prima donna), 243 West End Ave., N. Y. C.



"A new French process helps MELLO-GLO Face Powder to keep ugly shine away without drying the skin or clogging the pores." Janet Salling, popular New York beauty, 660 Riverside Drive, N. Y. C.



"I prefer MELLO-GLO Face Powder because its exclusive youth shade spreads so smoothly that not a single pore is visible."

Frances Johnston, 1726 Davidson Avenue, N. Y. C.

## Beautiful Women Choose MELLO-GLO

MADE by an exclusive French process, MELLO-GLO Face Powder stays on longer and spreads ever so smoothly. It does not dry the skin or clog the pores. If your favorite store is out, ask them to get MELLO-GLO for you or send us one dollar for a full-size box and Beauty Booklet. Just address MELLO-GLO, Statler Bldg., Boston, Massachusetts.

### FREE SAMPLE

Please send me, without charge, a sample of this new wonderful face powder with a Beauty Booklet. MELLO-GLO, Statler Bldg., Boston, Mass. Dept. F.

My name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Please tell us the name of the store where you buy your toilet articles.

My dealer's name \_\_\_\_\_

## L'ECHO DE PARIS



5198  
Emb. No. 1585



4995



5275



5044



5022  
Emb. No. 1625

No. 5275. Ladies' and Misses' Pajamas; trousers in knee length. Sizes small, medium, large. Medium size, 36 to 38 bust, 2 1/4 yards 36-inch; contrasting, 1 yard 36-inch.

No. 5198. Ladies' and Misses' Set of Underwear. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch material. Single-stitch Embroidery No. 1585 suggested.

No. 5044. Ladies' and Misses' Negligee. Sizes, small, medium, large. Medium size, 36 to 38 bust, 2 1/4 yards 40-inch material; contrasting, 1 1/4 yards 40-inch material.

No. 5022. Ladies' and Misses' Slip. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36, 2 1/4 yards 40-inch or 1 1/4 yards of 54-inch material. Chain-stitch Embroidery No. 1625 suggested.

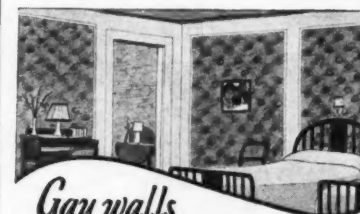
No. 4995. Ladies' and Misses' Step-In Chemise. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1 1/4 yards 36-inch; edging, 1 1/4 yards 4-inch; insertion, 2 1/4 yards.

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## Corns Lift Off!

Ah! What relief! One touch of "Freezone" stops the pain, then shortly corn lifts off without hurting. Why have corns when you can get "Freezone"? A small bottle is sufficient to remove every kind of corn and foot callus.



## Gay walls transform the somber room

ADD cheer to every room with colorful wall paper. Newest, brightest, most charming designs in the Niagara Blue Ribbon collection now at your dealer's. Their dainty patterns will enliven the dullest room.

Ask your dealer for the new Niagara samples and booklet, "From Spruce to Use." Both are free. Or write direct to the Niagara Wall Paper Co., 76 Walnut Street, Niagara Falls, N. Y., enclosing 10c in stamps for postage.

Enroll in the \$710.00 Prize contest for best papered rooms.

## NIAGARA BLUE RIBBON WALL PAPERS



## money!

Time is money—clothes are money! Save both. Use La France with soap in the laundry. La France cleans in half the usual time—without rubbing. Blues while it cleans.

Your grocer has

**La France**

LA FRANCE MFG. CO.  
Philadelphia, Pa.





## Eyes that have "IT"

"IT" . . . that subtle something which attracts others . . . usually lies in the eyes. Don't be discouraged if your own eyes are dull, lifeless and unattractive. A few drops of harmless *Murine* will brighten them up and cause them to radiate "IT".

Thousands upon thousands of clever women use *Murine* daily and thus keep their eyes *always* clear, bright and alluring. A month's supply of this long-trusted lotion costs but 60c. Try it!

## MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

**Free** Mail this coupon to Murine Co., Dept. 92, 9 E. Ohio St., Chicago, for book checked: "Eye Beauty" "Eye Care"

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
Please PRINT your name and address in PENCIL

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One of the most important of all our vegetables. Rich in iron and vitamins, but lacking in flavor. Make it palatable and appetizing Season it with

## LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

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NOT only one \$5, but many of them are what you will get if you take up our offer. No investment required. No expense. Just cut out the coupon below and send it with your return address today. It will bring you complete information about this easy, practical way for you to secure many extra \$5 bills.

Mail This Coupon Today

THE McCALL COMPANY, Dayton, Ohio, Dept. 5M.

How can I get \$5.00 or more in my spare time without previous experience or any expense?

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City & State \_\_\_\_\_



5090

5006  
Emb. No. 1522



5275  
Emb. No. 1072

5045  
Emb. No. 1426

No. 5275. Ladies' and Misses' Pajamas. Sizes, small, medium, large. Medium size, 36 to 38 bust, 3 3/4 yards 40-inch; 7/8 yard 36-inch. Embroidery No. 1072, in satin-stitch suggested.

No. 5090. Ladies' and Misses' Set of Underwear. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 2 1/4 yards of 32-inch material or 1 3/4 yards of 40-inch material.

No. 5264. Ladies' and Misses' Negligee. Sizes small, medium and large. Medium size, 36 to 38 bust, requires 4 1/4 yards of 36-inch material or 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch.

No. 5045. Ladies' and Misses' Combination Envelope Slip. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 2 3/4 yards 40-inch. A dainty motif would be Embroidery No. 1426 in satin-stitch.

No. 5006. Ladies' and Misses' Set of Underwear. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 1 1/2 yards 40-inch. Embroidery No. 1522 worked in lazy-daisy-stitch, suggested.

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## "A Third of a Century Ago"

Early in the Gay Nineties—in 1894—when women rode tandem bicycles and wore mutton leg sleeves, before autos, airplanes and radios, 3-in-One made its advent as a bicycle oil.

During this third of a century it has become the most widely sold of all packaged oils.

## 3-in-One

Prevents Rust—OILS—Cleans & Polishes

Its uses have extended to the oiling of all light mechanisms—sewing machines, typewriters, vacuum cleaners, Ford Timers; preventing rust on metal surfaces indoors and out; cleaning and polishing pianos, fine furniture, hardwood floors, windows, mirrors. There are 79 uses for 3-in-One in the home alone.

Most of these applications were discovered by the actual users. They told us. We told others. And the high quality of 3-in-One did the rest—a quality that never varies—a quality based on compounding, scientifically, a number of primary oils of invaluable and exceptional virtues.

3-in-One is sold by all dealers in Handy Oil Cans and three sizes of bottles. The Big Red "One" on the label is your guarantee.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY  
130 William St. New York, N. Y.

A Third of a Century of Continuous Service

## FREE

Generous sample of 3-in-One and illustrated Dictionary of Uses. Request both on a postal card.





## DARING Sunshine and Water

**K**ALBURNIE Gingham is gay with colors that last. The patterns, colors, weight and price of this soft, long-wearing gingham make it the good all-the-year wash fabric for children's blouses, rompers, and dresses. Send for free samples. The name "Kalburnie" is always on the selva of every yard.

Made by Lancaster Mills, Clinton, Mass.

# KALBURNIE

## THE CHILDREN'S GINGHAM

Amory, Browne & Co., Box 1206, Boston, Mass.  
Please send me FREE samples of Kalburnie, the Children's Gingham.

Name.....  
Street No.....  
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for stiffness+  
lameness-  
sore muscles

rub in

**Absorbine Jr.**  
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

At all DRUGGISTS \$1.25  
Send for free trial bottle  
W.F. YOUNG, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

## The Allure of the New Smocking

by Elisabeth May Blondel



No. 1639. "Smocktop" is the name of the new method of smocking that simplifies the completion of little frocks trimmed in this way. There is no fitting problem, as the underarm seams are quite straight. The three styles shown on this page are perfect examples, each with a distinct charm of its own. At the left is No. 1639, adapted to 5 sizes, 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years, with designs for front, back, sleeves and cuffs. Delightful color possibilities are suggested, the rows being worked either plain or filled in solid as shown in the detail below.

1639. Lovely on dotted swiss, organdie or silk.

1649 (Right). The "smocktop" party frock is very chic.

1640 (Below). For school wear too, practical yet dainty.



No. 1649. Mothers are enthusiastic about the new smocking which facilitates their work so greatly. Illustrated above is the daintiest of party frocks, adapted to 3 sizes, small (2 to 4 years), medium (6 to 8), large (10 to 12). On sheer materials, cottons in pastel shades may be used with charming effect.



No. 1640. Another of the fashionable "smocktop" frocks for little girls. This pointed design is especially attractive, in single rows or filled solid, with or without the embroidered flower in center. Designs are adapted to front and back, sleeves collar and cuffs, etc., for 2 sizes, small (2, 4, 6 years), and large (8, 10, 12). Accompanying leaflet explains each step of the smocking.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 124.

## Will You Give 10 Minutes to bring back color to

# Gray Hair



1 You try it first on a single lock of your hair to see what it does. Thus have no fear of results.



2 Then simply comb this water-like liquid through your hair. Clean... safe. Takes 7 or 8 minutes.



3 Arrange hair and watch color gradually creep back. Restoration will be perfect and complete.

No more dangerous "crude dyes." Instead natural shade is called back to hair by clean, colorless liquid 100% safe. Faded, graying streaks disappear. Hair becomes live looking and lustrous. Stays easy to curl. Nothing to wash off. This way embodies elements that take place of color pigment and give natural effect. Auburn hair reverts to auburn—black to black. Used by 3,000,000 women. Send coupon for free test—or get bottle at drug store. Few cents' worth gives perfect restoration. Money returned if not amazed and delighted.

## TEST FREE

Mary T. Goldman, 142-F Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Cheek color: Black.....dark brown.....medium brown.....auburn (dark red).....light brown.....light auburn.....blonde..... [Print name]

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

**MARY T. GOLDMAN'S**  
Hair Color Restorer

## Soft Hands

Hard water turns soap into scum! Use Softo—have bubbling suds in any water—with less soap! Softo makes laundry easier—dishes brighter—baths more pleasant! Saves hands!

At your grocer's

# Softo

A La France Product

La France Mfg. Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

## Maternity

LANE BRYANT Maternity Clothes enable you to dress stylishly during all stages of maternity, and after baby comes, as well.

Latest modes, cleverly designed to conceal condition. Simple adjustments provide expansion.

Free Style Book, showing the latest styles in Maternity Coats, Suits, Dresses, Skirts, Underwear, Corsets. Also Apparel for Baby. Write for it today.

**Lane Bryant** Address Dept 91 New York

100 ANNOUNCEMENTS \$3.35

Script Lettering, including two sets of envelopes.

100 Visiting Cards—One Dollar. Write for samples.

C. OTT ENGRAVING CO., 1046 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

STYLE BOOK FREE





## Send for this Book of New Sewing Ideas

WRIGHT'S newest Sewing Book—No. 18—is ready! Home sewers know what that means! This year more fascinating and original than ever. 28 pages of brand-new ideas. Clever things, easy to make—negligees, dresses, hats, bathing suits, children's outfits, collars, table linens, curtains, door stops, smart new sleeves. New monograms, lingerie, toys, purses, pillows, quilts, trimmings, decorative stitches, etc. More than 155 attractive novelties that any woman can make—and make *easy*—with Wright's Bias Fold Tape.

### Send 10c in Stamps

for a copy of the new book with a 3-yd. sample of Wright's colored percale bias tape, Quality No. 22A, "Fast to Every Use" in your choice of these colors: Nile, Pink, Yellow, Linen, Gray, Light Blue, Orange, Red, Navy, Yale, Emerald, Lavender, Old Rose, Copenhagen, Tan, Reseda, Brown, Peach, Gold, Black, White. Which color do YOU prefer?

WM. E. WRIGHT & SONS CO., Mfrs.  
Dept. 18, Orange, N. J.

## WRIGHT'S BIAS FOLD TAPE

In Soft Finish Silk, Taffeta, Lingerie Silk, Lawn, Cambric, Percale, Gingham, Chambray and Mercerized Nainsook



Free Booklets showing new

## Corticelli Silks



You find charming designs and shades, marvelous quality always in Corticelli Dress Silks.

See our new spring prints at your dealer's. Corticelli's name is your guarantee of smartness, beauty and utmost quality. Use spool silk for strong smooth seams and nicely fitting garments.

Makers of Corticelli and Brainerd & Armstrong Spool Silks, Corticelli Dress Fabrics and Women's Fine Silk Hosiery.

**FREE BOOKLETS** showing latest dress silks sent on request. Corticelli Silk Co., 35 Nonotuck St., Florence, Mass.

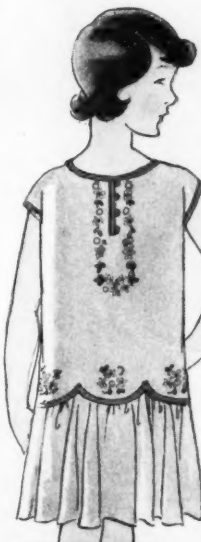
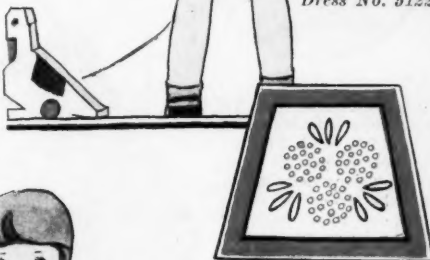
## Smart Notes in Hand Stitchery by Elisabeth May Blondel

No. 1506. Tiny flowerets done in close French knots add to the daintiness of the small tot's Slip-On Dress No. 5122 (in 4 sizes, 2 to 8 years). The French-knot detail below shows also the contrasting lazy-daisy leaves. Variations of this in a large assortment of spray motifs.

No. 1522. Around the opening of the larger Girl's Dress below, No. 5075 (in 5 sizes, 6 to 14 years), is worked a lovely rambler-rose motif about 7 inches long. In the scallops at waist line are worked diminutive motifs (illustrated in detail below), which are effectively placed.



Emb. No. 1506  
Dress No. 5122



Emb. No. 1522  
Dress No. 5075

Emb. No. 1576  
Dress No. 5092

No. 1576. Two rows of an easily worked lazy-daisy flower border down the front smartens the finish of this Girl's Slip-On Dress No. 5092 (in 5 sizes, 6 to 14 years). The design is adapted to 4 yards of the 1-inch border and 5 corresponding trimming motifs; for either strand cotton or silk floss.

No. 1559. Between the shirrings of a small Slip-On Dress No. 5164 (in 4 sizes, 1, 2, 4 and 6 years), a charming embroidery motif is worked in simple satin-stitch and lazy-daisy. A number of dainty sprays form this attractive design for small frocks.

No. 1641. Stamp a quaint little girl motif on the youngster's Bloomer Dress No. 4598 (in 3 sizes, 2 to 6 years), and worked in gaily colored cottons, it makes all the difference. Eight delightful picture motifs including bunnies, bears, etc. may be similarly used.



Emb. No. 1641  
Dress No. 4598

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## PAIN FREE FEET

in 10 minutes—or costs you nothing



1 Trouble starts in weakened muscles. Tiny bones of forward arch are displaced. Pain follows.

2 A super-elastic band assists and strengthens weakened muscles, replaces bones. Pain stops instantly.

SCIENCE says 94% of all foot pains result from weakened muscles. Now a way is discovered to assist and strengthen these muscles. Results are almost immediate. That burning, aching, tired feeling in the feet and legs—cramps in toes, foot calluses, pains in the toes, instep, ball or heel—dull ache in the ankle, calf or knee—shooting pains from back of toes, spreading of the feet, or that broken-down feeling—all can now be quickly ended. Pain stops in 10 minutes when an amazing band is used, called the Jung Arch Brace. It is highly elastic and amazingly light and thin, yet strong and durable. For severe cases an exceedingly soft cushion rubber lift is attached to the brace and is urgently advised. Slip it on, that is all. Pain stops like magic. Stand, run or dance with delight—wear stylish shoes comfortably. The secret is in the tension and stretch of the band. Nothing stiff to further weaken and cause discomfort. Nothing to mis-shape shoe. Results are permanent. Soon band may be discarded. Feet are well to stay. Nearly 2,000,000 now in use. Specialists, amazed at results, urge it widely.

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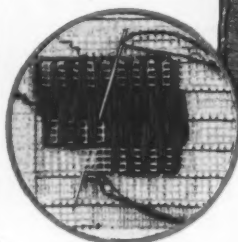
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the SHAMPOO plus  
MAGIC KEY TO YOUTHFUL "LOCKS"

## Novelty Handbags for Spring by Elisabeth May Blondel

1646. Detail (below) of interlacing stitch found in the background.



No. 1646. Above is a smart new envelope bag (5½ x 9¾ ins.). The design on canvas is covered by long stitches of tapestry wools or crepe twist in vivid hues or neutral tones, an asset to the Summer ensemble.

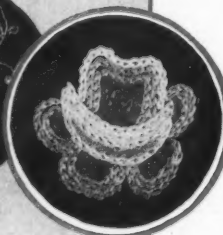


1646



1636

No. 1636. This beautiful bag design on soft black silk poplin is quickly worked in chain-stitch (see detail) or with beads. Resembling a smart French creation (6 x 8 ins.) it is excellent for afternoon or evening usage.



No. 1623. The bag and coin purse for tapestry wools worked on canvas (size 6¼ x 10 ins.), a nifty addition to sport frocks, is quickly worked using the long stitches and is provided with a metal slide fastener.



1623



1637

No. 1637. Another popular bag and coin purse is of tan suede, blue, green or black, ready cut for beading edges. About 4 x 6½ inches, a perfect accessory for the more tailored costume.

No. 1638. This shoulder flower of suede leather ready to make, matches the bag below in French blue, tan or green.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 124.

## White as snow



SANI-FLUSH will keep the toilet spotless and glistening. It is easy to use, efficient, and thorough. It takes the unpleasantness out of a very necessary household task.

Just sprinkle a little Sani-Flush into the toilet bowl, following directions on the can. Then flush. Stains, marks and incrustations disappear. Foul odors are banished, for Sani-Flush reaches the hidden, unhealthful trap.

Sani-Flush leaves the toilet sparkling. It is harmless to plumbing connections. Use it frequently. Keep a can handy all the time.

Buy Sani-Flush in new punch-top can at your grocery, drug or hardware store, 25c. In Canada, 35c.

## Sani-Flush

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.  
Canton, Ohio  
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## Read, if Gray!

A wise man or woman won't use a dangerous hairdye; nor anything that gives hair the dull, dyed look that's worse than grayness. Kolor-Bak is a very different proposition! A clean, colorless liquid which gently and gradually brings the hair to the color it should be. Your hair is unharmed—doesn't even lose its luster—and the scalp is actually benefited!

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## Kolor-Bak

Banishes Gray Hair

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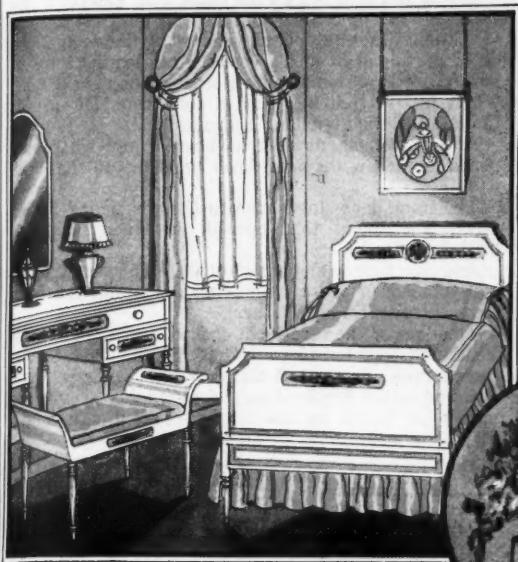
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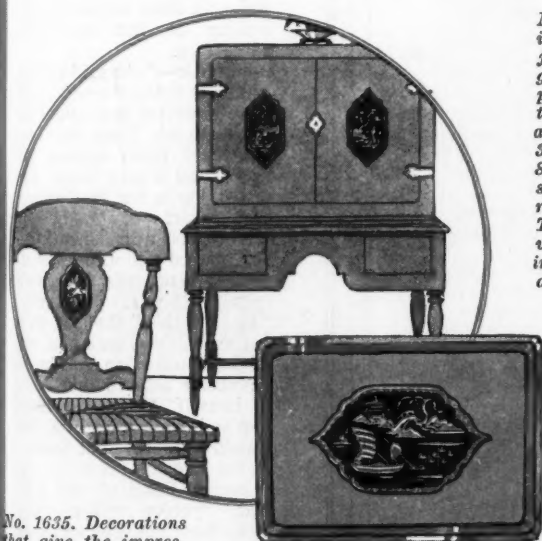
# Pasted Decorations are the Vogue

by Elisabeth May Blondel



No. 1644. Milady's boudoir has a truly French daintiness owing to the lovely coloring of the pasted decorations, the flowers in soft lavender, rose and yellow, and the bowl blue with gold trimming. The effect against a neutral gray background is that of oil painting. The set is adapted to 14 medallions for pasting: 3 round, 5 x 5 inches, 2 side strips; three 11-inch strips and six 6-inch strips.

No. 1644. Daintiness itself, this boudoir set with its pasted medallions that look as if painted by hand. Described above.



No. 1635. Chinese motifs in black, terra cotta and jade green, look like genuine lacquer when pasted on cabinet, chair, tray, etc. The set is adapted to 15 medallions: 3 large, about 7 1/2 inches, 8 small and 4 corner-shaped, useful for mirrors, trays, boxes, etc. There is an increasing vogue for lacquer effects in decorating articles that are generally useful in the house.

No. 1635. Decorations that give the impression of lacquer.

No. 1627. Simplicity and charm give the keynote to the young girl's bedroom (see below). The colors in the pasted medallions are delightful—pink and blue, pale gray and light tan. The set has 1 basket oval 3 1/4 x 6 inches; 3 each of horizontal ovals and 6 little circles for drawer knobs.



No. 1627. Nothing lovelier for the young girl's furniture. See description above.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 124.



## What every woman wants —and can readily obtain

WOMEN the world over are constantly seeking greater opportunities for expression of the yearnings and talents within them. Half-puzzled, half-plaintive, they ask themselves this question—"What can I do to accomplish something worth while—to win my own way in the world?"

It is the plea of women who have lost husband or father, and find themselves facing, for the first time, the grim reality of self-support.

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The response is immediate. It comes from the large group of other women already successful in business and the professions:

"Today, women are welcomed in scores of vocations formerly closed to them—provided they have the necessary training. Only study will qualify you for the position you choose. . . . You must learn, to earn."

Thousands of women have found a certain, simple way to acquire the training that is so indispensable—through the courses of the International Correspondence Schools. Nearly 10% of the students in "The Universal University" are co-eds!

Accounting, advertising, architecture, art, banking, chemistry, drafting, industrial and personnel management—many, many fields include women who have gained their background from home-study courses. To a great number of them, instruction by any other means would have been impossible. Their letters of appreciation fill our files to overflowing.

If necessity has set you to searching for a vocation—even if you want work just for the zest of it—the coupon below will help you to a decision. It will bring you booklets explaining the modern method of spare-time study at home. It will start you toward the full independence that every woman wants and so many women have achieved through I. C. S. training.

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five years, and now it's gone." He spread out his hands to show how empty they were . . . Everything gone . . .

It was Grandmother Pentland who answered him. "What are you planning to do now that you haven't any salary?"

Mrs. Milburn's hands were clenched at the edge of the table. "Please don't talk to him now, Mother!" she begged, "he's not—quite himself." It was the nearest she had ever come to admitting the truth about her husband.

Grandmother Pentland gave no sign of hearing.

"I should think you'd come to your senses pretty soon, Charlie Milburn!" she rapped out at him, "here you are, facing old age without a job! In fact you won't have any old age if you keep on doing what you are doing!"

"And what am I doing Madame Pentland?" he asked, very dignified and waiting for her answer with a great show of politeness.

It came. She told him what nobody ever before had told him about himself. She told him what he was sure nobody ever had known about him.

"You're drinking yourself into the grave. That's what you're doing!" she said deliberately, her voice quavering.

Mr. Milburn pushed back his chair and looked at his wife. "You heard what she said to me Rosy?" he asked pathetically.

"Yes, and I've something more to say to you," Grandmother Pentland went on. And she told him all the things that she had been thinking about him for twenty-six years—that he had ruined the life of her daughter, Rosy, that he had spoiled the lives of his three children and that he had completely wrecked himself.

"But you're not going to spoil my life, Charlie Milburn!" she said. "You're not going to disgrace me by staggering up Prospect Street at ten o'clock Sunday morning with a string of fish in your hand! You're not going to have an army of bill-collectors coming to my house, let me tell you . . . I don't want you ever to set foot on my door-step again, so long as I live." She was in a towering rage.

Mr. Milburn stood up. Once more he spread his hands to express emptiness of everything.

"We should never have come here, Charlie," his wife told him. "You said it was a mistake, and it was. Oh, my dear—" She went to him, and put her arms around him as if to shield him from everything that could hurt him. "We should have stayed in our own little house."

But he pushed her gently away from him, picked up his hat and put it on at a swaggering angle. Swaying a little, he walked out of the house.

Grandmother Pentland broke the silence. "Please remember one thing, Rosy," she said, "I didn't ask you to come here. I knew it would never work out, but I let you come anyway, because of Emmy. And this is the result!"

She went upstairs and locked herself into her sitting room.

"Where will we go now, Mother?" Dan asked cheerfully.

Mrs. Milburn's blue eyes looked unnaturally big. "Robb's bought the yellow house," she said, "I suppose we can rent it from him."

## THE LITTLE YELLOW HOUSE

[Continued from page 126]

Dan grinned. "Gosh, I'll be glad to get back," he said, "this place is a regular vault."

His mother gave him a disapproving look. Then she gave a long deep sigh. "I wonder where your father's gone?"

The day wore on. Mrs. Milburn sat upstairs in the sewing room reading her *St. Thomas à Kempis*, and listening whenever the telephone rang.

Grandmother's old card-playing friends came to have supper with her. Finch served them with cold chicken and fruit salad in the card-room. He laid supper for Mrs. Milburn and Dan and Emmy on the dining room table, but only Dan ate.

At eight no word had come from Mr. Milburn. Emmy and her mother sat together in the sewing room, pretending to look over the Sunday newspapers.

"Mother," Emmy began, "you understand I'm not going back to Flower Street with you, don't you?"

But her mother only looked up at the clock with anxious eyes. "I'm so worried."

"All right," thought Emmy, "I've told her anyway."

She thought of the little apartment overlooking Gordon Park, of herself and Wells Harbison sitting there

. . . She would have him in for little dinners. She caught her breath on a quick sigh of happiness.

Mrs. Milburn suddenly sat bolt upright in her chair. Her red and roughened hands gripped the arms of it. "Emmy—listen!" Her eyes were wide with fear.

Emmy listened, but all she could hear was the sound of an automobile coming to a stop in the street outside.

Through the one opened window of the room there came the sound of men's voices. And floating into the house with that sound came a sense of disaster. Emmy felt it just as if it had been a cold wind. Downstairs the doorbell rang—a long alarming peal.

Afterwards she never remembered just what happened. Somehow they got down the stairs to the lower hall.

The front door stood open to the whispering Spring night. The rooms that opened on either side were brightly lighted.

And like figures moving through a nightmare, Finch and young Dan and a strange man came up the front steps carrying Emmy's father!

The door of the card-room opened, and Grandmother Pentland stepped out into the hall. Behind her came her three cronies, horror and curiosity in their fading eyes.

Grandmother Pentland came forward, her eyes on the motionless figure on the leather-covered seat under the stairs.

"Charlie Milburn!" she gasped, "he's been hurt, hasn't he?"

It was the stranger who answered her. "My automobile struck him down here at the corner. He got off a street car and walked around behind it—straight into my car."

Mrs. Milburn walked jerkily over to the leather seat and sank down on her knees, looking at her husband's white face.

"Charlie—" she said softly. With her apron she wiped off some mud that had caked on his forehead. Then she laid her cheek down against his breast and Emmy knew she was trying to feel the beating of his heart.

Then she turned her head and looked up into Grandmother Pentland's face with eyes that were quite dry. "You did this," she said in a flat voice, "you sent him out of the house when you knew he wasn't able to take care of himself. You never liked him and didn't want him. We should have stayed at home," and at last she began to cry. "Charlie—Charlie," she sobbed, "you've never gone away from me. You've never left me before."

Some one came into the hall. Emmy saw it was the doctor. He bent over Mr. Milburn. His hands went over the checked waistcoat, the bright tie, the mud-stained shirt with its broad blue stripes. Then he straightened up and shook his head.

Mrs. Milburn looked up with eyes that were gray as grief itself. "He's dead," she said mournfully to herself, "he's dead—he's gone—"

And she walked past them all, staring blindly ahead of her as she went.

Not until then did Mrs. Brett, Mrs. Derby and Miss Bunts make up their minds that there was nothing more to stay for.

They got their wraps and walked out of the hushed house as they might out of a theater after a very depressing, but nevertheless excellent third act.

[Concluded in  
JUNE McCALL'S]

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MAY · 1928

COVER DESIGN, PAINTED FOR McCALL'S  
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# "It was the happiest moment of my life!"

Kansas City, Mo.

"A BATHING BEAUTY CONTEST was held in our city, the winner to receive the title, 'Miss Kansas City.'"

"I was run down and underweight. My digestion was bad and I was very nervous—probably due to poor elimination.

"My physician advised fresh Yeast. I ate it—3 cakes a day, dissolved in water. In two weeks my elimination and digestion were better, my nerves had quieted and my weight had righted itself. My complexion cleared up too. I felt fine.

"Well, I won over 200 girls, receiving the

unanimous vote of the judges for beauty of face and form. *It was the happiest moment of my life.*

I then went to Atlantic City, to represent Kansas City in the National Bathing Beauty Contest. I arrived with the required weight, a complexion the judges termed 'peaches and cream' and an unlimited amount of pep—which I surely needed to stand the strain of a solid week of judging.

"Thanks again to Fleischmann's Yeast, I finished third in the Atlantic City finals. You will always find Yeast in my diet."

MARGUERITE JORDAN.



Wins title, "MISS KANSAS CITY," in beauty competition . . . Read her story at left

AS FRESH as any garden vegetable, Fleischmann's Yeast is a pure health food. Where cathartics bring but temporary relief, Fleischmann's Yeast strikes at the very root of common ills. Cleanses the intestines. Keeps them active. Frees you from the constipation that daily saps your vigor and health.

As elimination becomes more regular, more complete, new stores of energy are released. Indigestion gives way. Skin troubles vanish. Your whole outlook on life brightens.

Buy 2 or 3 days' supply of Fleischmann's Yeast at a time from your grocer and keep in any cool dry place. Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. F-52, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.



"I was placed in a very embarrassing position," writes WILLIAM BLAKENEY. His letter follows:

"IN MY WORK with one of the largest photographic studios in the world I meet hundreds of people every day. Naturally it was particularly embarrassing to me when my face broke out in pimples.

"Various soaps and ointments didn't help. A boil broke out on my skin. I couldn't sleep. Then more boils, leaving ugly scars—what was I to do?

"The advice of a former classmate was 'Fleischmann's Yeast.' I tried it, and in a month the improvement was wonderful. My skin cleared up. I felt great. Yeast surely was a life-saver to me—I can't praise it enough!"

WILLIAM BLAKENEY, Newtonville, Mass.

Easy, natural—this new way to health, to greater zest in living

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal or between meals. Eat it just plain, or dissolved in water (hot or cold) or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation physicians recommend drinking one cake in a glass of hot water—not scalding—before each meal and before going to bed. And train yourself to form a regular daily habit. As you are benefited by eating Yeast you can gradually discontinue dangerous, habit-forming cathartics.



"I learned to ride as I learned to walk," says Miss RITA LA ROY. Who will doubt it in the face of the testimony above? Miss La Roy writes:

"THE 'GREAT OPEN SPACES' were my first school. At an early age I was taken by my father to live on a large ranch. Before I was ten years old I was riding the plains with a .22 automatic strapped to my saddle. Breaking in ponies was a regular thing for me. One year I rode in the annual stampede.

"Then—my father died. The ranch grew unbearably lonely. I came to the city to live. But in spite of my hardy childhood life I gradually became run down, suffering with constipation and frequent colds. Every winter I seemed to get worse. I was beginning to become distressed.

"Then, three years ago, I began eating Fleischmann's Yeast, dissolved in milk. Next winter I didn't have a single bad cold. My constipation was helped, too. I am now one of the healthiest people about."

RITA LA ROY, Hollywood, Calif.





## LIVES AND LETTERS

### *The lamp in our hands*

By Margaret Severance

#### *Our New Department in Human Relations*

ALL readers of McCall's are invited to contribute their experiences, problems, and philosophies to this page to the end that they may understand themselves and others better. Address all communications to Margaret Severance, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th St., New York City.

THE EDITOR.

ONCE upon some time or other in our lives, we have all been guests in the House of Happiness. But we have not stayed long; we have been only transients on holiday or for spasmodic week-ends. Most of us have gone away of our own will or our own unworthiness, or have been too blind to find our way back or so careless that, even stumbling again up to the very door, we have discovered that we have lost the key. And, having lost it, we are too lazy or too indifferent to search for it again. A few have sat down and wailed, feeling that, if we only cried enough tears to dampen the spirits of our friends and to soak ourselves in a strong solution of self-pity, the House would surely appear magically like Aladdin's genie, offering us all things. But no good genie, as all who are versed in the art of white magic know, ever appeared unless somebody first rubbed the lamp. That, of course, is only another way of doing what the wise virgins did when they kept their wicks trimmed and ready for burning.

No wonder we have lost our way! No mortal of us ever found the way and the beautiful House at the end of it, by a searchlight set in the sky, but only by the flickering lamp in our own hands. Otherwise happiness would not be worth having. Everything worth having is hard to get and harder to keep. Nothing good is easy. When our husbands and wives turn cold toward us or away from us altogether, we do not blame ourselves; we always blame them. When our mothers and our daughters and our sisters and our brothers and our friends misunderstand us, we blame their generation, their blindness, their conservatism, their radicalism, their selfishness, their over-coddling, or any other faults that we can pin upon them. We never blame our own. When we search for our enemies, we go armed with field glasses, not with hand mirrors. When we seek to untangle the snarled web of life, we do not, like Socrates, look within for the pattern.

The House of Happiness, as all who have been there remember, stands upon a high place, with a precipice falling away from it on the one side and a broad plain sloping down upon the other. Thus it is not to be approached at all except by climbing. Those who live upon the plain—those who are by nature unselfish and forgiving and full of tolerance and understanding—can reach it with less struggle than those who live down in the valley. And, since by far the greater number of persons live in this valley, it is to them that this page is addressed.

But hard as the way is and full of obstacles, more of us reach the House than abide there. For beautiful as it is beyond describing, one cannot stay and be lazy. There are no servants except the guests themselves and there is more work there than in any of the houses of either the valley or the plain. There is none to show us what task is ours; we must be intelligent enough and patient enough and energetic enough to find it ourselves. The rooms are many and unlike in degree and kind, some being wider and more lovely than others, according to the occupant. The widest and the loveliest fall to those who have been willing to take the smaller ones and to be glad for what they had—and willing to work for the larger ones, for they are harder to keep. We who have turned away or lost our keys are like the man

who preferred to starve rather than to shell the corn his neighbors had given him. No matter what misfortune overtakes us, whether death or desertion of loved ones, or poverty or loneliness or ill health, there is always something we can do even if it is only changing out attitude toward it. If there is one truth modern science has taught us, it is that we have not reached the ultimate consciousness of our own powers, that there are forces in us and around us more potent than we are yet capable of understanding, and, therefore, of using. Happiness is the highest of the creative arts. Not all of us can be artists, any more than all musicians can be Beethovens, but, if we practise persistently enough, we can evolve harmonies and colors of which we never dreamed. Just a few notes at a time, if we can achieve no more. A little is better than none.

The lamp is in your own hands. Rub it! There are two million of us McCall women, all of us with lamps, which we want to keep burning. We are all neighbors, living just around the corner from each other, near enough to borrow a little oil or a new wick, if we need it or to trim the old charred wicks with good sharp scissors, if we need that, too. Let us give, therefore, whatever we have to each other, whether it be a problem to solve or the answer to one we have solved already.

We want this page to be the liveliest and the most helpful sociological forum in America. To me, its new editor, and, I hope, to many of you, it is the most important page in the magazine. It is not life as depicted by a fictionist, but life as it is really being lived by real people. The letters that come to me every day tell more about what is happening in the United States—and in lands beyond the seas—than all the news reports in all the papers. They take me behind walls, the walls of

houses and, deeper still, of personality itself. Wars do not make history; we make it in our kitchens and our parlors and our hearts. The speed with which civilization moves forward is exactly in proportion to the strength of the composite light that comes from all the little lights of all our little lamps!

A charming woman—I am sure she must be charming from her letter—from one of the richest sections of the country, writes that she hates the little town where from childhood she has been marooned. She hates everything about it; its ugliness, its monotony, its dearth of art and literature, its—oh, everything she can think of and everything she can't! She has a comfortable income and a good husband and a family of interesting grown up children. It has not seemed to occur to her that she, who has the feeling for better things, the desire for beauty, should try to bring these to her neighbors and the town rather than to flee from the ugliness there. If she cannot get out into the world, she can use her wit—and she has a lot that she has not been using—to bring the world to her. Think of the possibilities of the radio, of traveling libraries, of the phonograph, of good movies, of lectures on timely subjects, of university extension courses, of horseback riding, of tennis, of fishing in fresh streams, of gardens, of wandering country roads! If the people of her village are indifferent, she can stir them up and the very stirring will keep her busy and banish her boredom and help them besides. Every great leader of thought, every mover of the world, has been dissatisfied with his environment. But he has not been dissatisfied and *nothing else*. If he has not liked the old wick in his lamp, he has got a new one, and has told his neighbors how to do likewise.

A wife of three years standing, a girl of twenty, complains that her husband is cruel to her. She can't stand him any longer, she says, and she knows another young man, a perfectly lovely one, who is anxious to be husband number two. Does she think that marriage is to be put on and off like a garment? Why, I know women who wear the same coats for longer than that! And the old coat often does not become unbearable until the wearer sees a new one. My young friend, I fear, did not realize how cruel one husband was until she fancied that she wanted another!

A more mature wife inveighs against fate that she should have married at all. She wanted a career! If she can point out a harder or more important or more profitable (in happiness and general usefulness) career than marriage, let her speak now. Her trouble is that she has taken a hard job and is too lazy to work out its difficulties! The first woman I mentioned is blaming her town; the second her husband; the third her marriage! Not one blames herself, you see. She blames the lamp, not its lack of oil, or its sodden, burned-out wick.

One of the greatest journalists the world has known, a man who, with the years, goes to higher and higher triumphs, told me that the secret of his achievements lay in one thing—that every manuscript was his first offering to an editor. He does not rest upon his past laurels, but works as hard at each new piece of copy as he did when he began breaking into print as a cub reporter. And if we do not follow the same rule as human beings, the lamps in our hands will go out and we shall not be able to find our way to the House of Happiness!



# THIS POLISH CLEANS *and preserves*



YOU CAN ADD the charm of wax-polished floors to your home without disarranging your rooms or even soiling your hands.

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# JOHNSON'S POLISHING WAX

PASTE OR LIQUID . . . CLEANS · POLISHES · PRESERVES · PROTECTS



This is the creamy, fluffy, snow-white shortening that is so easy to use because it is *all creamed for you*—the shortening that has made so many, many good cakes they could never be counted—tea cakes, birthday cakes, orange cakes, chocolate cakes, cakes made by professional cooks, cakes made by young brides who never cooked before. This is the shortening that is so fresh and pure—so sweet and cream-like, it is used in making the icing of the cake, too. This is Snowdrift.



## Here is a way to make a very good cake

*Out from the oven comes stealing  
the sweet warm smell of cake. A  
fresh loaf of cake for dinner—  
a golden, fine textured cake—  
delicious, made with Snowdrift.  
And this is the way to make it:*

Spoon out from the can  $\frac{2}{3}$  cup of Snowdrift and stir  $\frac{1}{4}$  cups of sugar into it. You don't need to "work" Snowdrift down to softness. For Snowdrift, you see, is creamed before it is packed, and that is why it is so easy to use.

Add four egg yolks. Your mixture is so creamy these mix right in quickly. Sift 3 cups of flour, 4 teaspoons of baking powder,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon of salt together and add to the mixture. As usual you will want to alternate the flour with the milk—first a little of the dry ingredients and then a little milk—using in all a cup of good rich milk.

Then into the pan and into the oven. It is really as simple as simple can be. Follow your own recipe if you prefer, using the same amount of Snowdrift as you would use of any shortening. But remember to add a pinch of salt,

for like butter fresh from the churn, Snowdrift is unsalted.

### THE FROSTING

And then for the frosting. Stir two tablespoons of Snowdrift with 1 cup of XXXX sugar and  $\frac{1}{8}$  teaspoon of salt add 1 tablespoon of cream, 1 teaspoon of almond extract and  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon of lemon extract. Spread on your cake while it is still warm and there you are . . . delicious cake delicious icing.

There are countless good things to be made of this good shortening . . . pies and biscuits and gingerbread. Try for frying, too. Send for the new Snowdrift cook book full of good recipes. Address the Wesson Oil—Snowdrift People, 210 Baronne Street • New Orleans, Louisiana